The Boston Weekly Globe.

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THE PEOPLE'S DEAD.

Thousands Attend Wendell Phillips' Funeral.

Scenes in Old Hollis Street Church and in Faneuil Hall.

His Remains Laid Away to Rest in the Granary Cemetery.

No greater tribute to the memory of Wendell Phillips could have been paid than was expressed on the faces of the sorrowing multitude who assembled on Hollis street Friday morning, and patiently awaited the arrival at the church of all that was mortal of the great commoner. It was announced that the body would be taken from the residence at a little before 11 o'clock, but as early as 9 o'clock the crowd began to collect opposite the old church, and when, two hours later, the funeral arrived the street was nearly impassable. There could not have been less than 5000 persons in the crowd. A large force of police, under Captain White of Division 4, was on hand and rendered much valuable service in regulating the immense throng, otherwise their services were not needed, as the thousands outside conducting themselves in a remarkably orderly manner, each one seeming to feel that he had sustained a great loss in the death of him whose obsequies were in progress. The body arrived at the church promptly upon the hour and was carried down the broad aisle, the audience standing respectfully meanwhile. When the funeral procession entered the church "The Angels' Coronation' was sung by a choir of 40 selected voices, under Mr. J. A. Preston, organist.

There was an entire absence of floral decorations, but a simple sheaf of wheat was placed over the casket. The pall-bearers were Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Judge Samuel E. Sewall, Wendell Garrison, R. P. Hallowell, Lewis Hayden, C. Whipple, William I. Bowditch and John M. Forbes.

Prayer was then delivered by Rev. Mr. May:

This concluded the exercises at the church, and after the casket had been borne out and placed in the hearse a procession was formed in the following order.

Platoon of police under Captain White of Division 4.
Company M (colored), Sixth Regiment, M. V. M., Captain C. F. A. Francis, Lieutenant G. W. Brady; 45 men.
Robert G. Shaw Veteran Association—Major J. B. Watkins, Adjutant Howard L. Smith, Judge-Advocate Edwin G. Walker, Quartermaster ——Day, Aide-de-Camp Ebenezer Brewster, Drum Major W. D. Lee.
Company A, Captain Ludlow.
Company B, Captain Elliot.
Color Guard with colors in mourning.
Robert A. Bell Post 144, G. A. R.
Senior Vice-Commander Thomas L. D. Cannon.
Junior Vice-Commander Benjamin Phœnix.

The hearse was followed by eleven carriages, and the entire procession was flanked by a detail of police. The route taken was through Tremont street to Cornhill, and from thence through Dock square to Faneuil Hall. Along the whole route the sidewalks were lined with spectators, and almost every window was crowded with people. Nearly all hats were removed, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the cortege proceeded slowly on its way.

BY THE TRIBUNE.

The Remains Lying in State at Faneuil Hall—Fully 20,000 People View the Body.

At 12.15 the funeral cortege, to the music of two muffled drums, arrived at the eastern entrance to Faneuil Hall, Company M of the Sixth Regiment, and the Shaw Veterans, in command of Major Watkins, forming the guard of honor. The entire military escort was thus most fittingly composed of colored men. When the procession came to a halt the remains were lifted from the funeral car and borne to the hall by four white men and the same number of colored soldiers from the guard of honor. Directly in front of the platform, from which so many times the stirring voice of the great Abolitionist had been heard, was placed his body, that the thousands might take one last look at his face. In the centre of the hall was an enclosed space containing a platoon of police, around which the throng passed during the afternoon.

The floral tributes were few, but beautiful in the extreme. On the centre of the platform was a mound of flowers about 3x4 feet. In the centre of it was the word "humanity," in fresh violets on a bed of carnations. Around the carnations were wreaths composed of niphetus roses, shamrock hyacinths, pansies and smilax. This beautiful tribute was presented by the Irish National League of Boston. On the easterly end of the platform was a harp four feet in height, composed of ivy leaves, dotted with japonica blossoms and pansies. On the base of the harp was the word "Ireland" in violets; on a bed of carnations and around the base were numerous calla lilies. The strings of the harp were of silver, and one of them was broken, emblematical of a life departed. This was presented by the Irish-American societies of Boston.

On the westerly end of the platform was the tribute presented by ex-Governor Butler. It was a crown of ivy, about two feet in height, dotted with niphetus roses, japonicas and pansies. On the coffin was a wreath of laurel and a sheaf of wheat, presented by George E. Hosler, the latter tied with lavender ribbon.

After the relatives and friends who followed the dead to the hall in carriages had taken a last look at all that was mortal of the departed, the military companies marched in and stacked arms on one side of the hall. A bodyguard was detailed to stand watch over the remains, and sentinels were posted at various points to assist the police officers in managing the crowd. At one corner of the platform the battle-flag of the old Fifty-fourth Regiment, which is now in the possession of the Shaw Veterans, was borne. Opposite were the colors recently presented to the same association.

The assemblage in front of the Cradle of Liberty seemed to grow larger as the hours went on. Orderly and intent upon their mission as the great gathering proved, it was no small task for the officers of the police and the guard of honor to guide them aright. Nearly a quarter of an hour after the procession arrived at the hall the doors were opened to the public. The police arrangements were admirably made to preclude the possibility of any confusion. The incoming crowd was given entrance through the eastern portal of the hall, while those who had looked upon the face of the dead made their departure through the other broad doorway.

The throng was emphatically a gathering of all sorts and conditions of men and women. Old anti-slavery workers, such as John W. Hutchinson, who sang the cause of freedom for the slave so effectively in early war times, were there. The friends of the woman suffrage cause took the opportunity afforded of a last look at the remains of their lost leader. It was fitting that men in their working clothes, toilers who could afford no time for preparation, should be noted here and there in the line. Next to one of these perhaps would come a dignitary of State street or some merchant well to do, who had opposed the agitator all his life, but had yet respected all the while his absolute purity of motive and intensity of purpose. The crowd adjured now and then to "keep in line," "Keep moving, please," was as democratic, in truth, as such an occasion should have called together. Few words were spoken, but tears often gave keener expression to the thought of the great heart of Boston. Men of every race and of all walks in life; agitators of all names; people widely differing in their views on well-nigh every other subject, were as one in this purpose of honoring, so far as their presence could honor, the memory and the great work of the "silver-tongued" orator whose voice can no more be heard among men.

White-haired old gentlemen, whose tottering footsteps showed declining strength and years, passed by with bowed head, and dropped a reverent "God bless him." Aged women stood with tears in their eyes as they thought of their boys who had fought and died for the same cause that Wendell Phillips had so grandly espoused. Young men and women looked in sadness upon the features of him whom they had listened to with admiration in that very hall. Then there were hundreds of boys and girls assembled to obtain a single glance at one they had often heard of with pride. Occasionally a father would pass by with his child in his arms, and, as the tears flowed down his face, the little one would look as if dazed and then burst into weeping. Children, whose heads barely reached above the casket, were lifted up, that they might look upon the face of him they had never heard, but whose addresses they will read and be thrilled by in the coming years.

The colored race, as a matter of course, was well represented in the long line of passers-by. In fact, it seemed as if the entire colored population of the city had assembled. They would gaze reverently upon the face of him whom they considered almost divine, and then, looking up at the battle-flag of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, would burst into tears as its tattered shreds brought vividly before them the scenes of their old bondage.

Whispered expressions of admiration for the deceased were heard on every side, but the colored people were the most demonstrative. "Bress de Lord, he am gone to de New Jerus'lem, shoah," said an old colored lady, as she reverently raised her hands as if invoking a blessing. Another was heard to remark, feelingly: "He was de best fren' we ever hed. We owes him a heap."

Many touching and expressive incidents and scenes happened during the afternoon. An old colored lady hesitated a moment, as if she would take one more glance at that face, and then as she turned away with every feature expressing the deepest sorrow, murmured to herself: "Our Wendell Phillips has gone." Behind her came an old soldier. As he stood there for a second he said, as if in deep thought, "We all fought for the same cause, and suffered alike."

On the platform, at 1.30 o'clock, was seen the familiar face and form of Frederick Douglass. Many a glance from the passing multitude below was directed towards the tall figure, white-haired, of noble presence, evidently much affected by the scenes of the day. At his side stood the golden-haired wife whom he has so lately wedded, scarcely less moved than her husband by the scenes of the day. It was but a few moments before that he had passed the casket of the dead. As he gazed at the features of Phillips there seemed to be a pause for a moment in the current of humanity that had so steadily set toward the platform. Douglass was affected to tears, and bowed his head, saying brief words of regret and farewell to the leader so idolized by his race. Surrounded by some of the best colored citizens of Boston, Mr. Douglass said to a friend, "I came here not alone only to see the remains of my dear friend. I wanted to see this throng, and to see the hold that this man had upon the community. It is a wonderful tribute."

As the hours went by, with no sign of abatement in the number of pilgrims to the old hall, but a constant stream of people pressing to do honor to the dead, the great significance of the demonstration became more and more evident. It was a gathering long to be remembered, and but seldom equalled in numbers at any similar occasion of honor to the illustrious departed. At 4.10 the procession was stopped and the doors closed, although thousands were still waiting outside, and were thus obliged to go away without obtaining a farewell glance at the familiar features of the "silver-tongued" orator.

IN THE GRANARY CEMETERY.

Wendell Phillips' Remains Laid Away to Rest.

After the doors of Faneuil Hall were closed in the afternoon no more were admitted to see the face of Wendell Phillips. The crowd gathered about the door and all the space around the hall was thronged with people. The hall was cleared of all but a few of the most intimate friends, one or two gentlemen necessarily present and the guard. Before the kindly face of Mr. Phillips was covered forever by the coffin lid a cast of the features was taken by Mr. P. A. Garey.

At about 4.30 the guard filed out of the hall and formed in line, facing the hearse, which stood at the door. The crowd in the meantime occupied every available inch of space on the steps of the lower market, in the windows and balconies of buildings facing the square, on the market wagons standing in the street, and every place which commanded a view of the lower door of the hall. Here, as elsewhere, the number of colored persons in the crowd was unusual, and plainly indicated the affection which the negroes felt for Wendell Phillips and their respect for his memory. After a considerable time, during which the crowd waited with no sign of breaking up, the coffin was brought from the hall and placed in the hearse, a guard of three from each of the military companies taking their places on each side, with arms reversed. The procession then formed with Company M (Commander C. F. A. Francis) at the head, the Shaw Veteran Association, commanded by Major James B. Watkins, following, and immediately preceding the hearse, behind which came perhaps a dozen carriages, containing intimate friends. A vast crowd lining the streets, and following in a long procession behind the hearse, constituted the mourners. The line of march was through Merchants row to State street, up State to Washington, Washington to School, School to Tremont, and so to the Old Granary burying ground, where in the family lot, hallowed to him by the ashes of his father and mother, Wendell Phillips was laid to rest. No words were spoken at the grave, and in a few moments the vast crowd had dispersed, having paid by its presence an honest tribute of respect to the memory of the dead.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

A Few Figures for Conscientious Congressmen to Ponder.

In 1860 the amount of American tonnage engaged in the foreign carrying trade was 2,609,001 tons; in 1882 it was 1,259,492 tons. This great decline has taken place in the face of an increase in our foreign commerce of over 100 per cent. Or in other words while our foreign commerce has grown from $762,000,000 to $1,607,000,000, the American shipping engaged in the trade has fallen off more than one-half. Or, to state the same facts in still another form, the percentage of the trade carried on in American bottoms has decreased from 67 in 1860 to 16 in 1882. During this same period the tonnage of Great Britain has grown from 4,359,695 tons to nearly 7,000,000, and the tonnage of all other maritime nations has also been materially increased.

Even the tonnage engaged in the coasting trade, in which American vessels have an absolute monopoly, no foreign vessel being all wed to engage in it, has fallen off, or at best only held its own, 2,644,867 tons being the figures for 1860, and 2,637,685 tons for 1880.

We are now paying to foreigners over $140,000,000 annually for freight money, in addition to large sums for conveying our mails. The greater part of this money goes to Great Britain, who, it will thus be seen, is rapidly being reimbursed for the $225,000,000 which she has spent since 1837 in aid of her shipping.

The following are the approximate amounts paid annually in the way of subsidies by some of the more important countries of the world:

France	$4,700,000
England	3,700,000
Italy	3,200,000
Brazil	1,700,000
Japan	500,000
United States	150,000

All American vessels must be registered at some port of entry, and they are subject to the same rate of taxation as other personal property, which in some cases is as high as 2½ per cent. England imposes no direct taxes on her ships, but levies a tax of 1 per cent. upon the net profits which they earn.

For the year ending June 30, 1880, $826,546 76 was collected from vessels bearing the American flag in the way of consular fees. Of this sum $745,823 30 was paid out by the government for consuls' salaries and other contingent expenses, leaving a net gain to the treasury of $80,722 40 from this source. The consular service of Great Britain, on the other hand, instead of being a source of profit to the government, is a very heavy expense. And yet the English nation, although not troubled by surplus revenues, look upon this as a legitimate, and, in the long run, a beneficial expense.

CHRIST'S WORDS FULL OF DEW.

Heber Newton Wants Them Sung—Why Look Always Upon Sin?

NEW YORK, February 11.—Rev. R. Heber Newton said in All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon: "The beatitudes are the very words of Christ, if we have them at all, and yet the church, so to speak, passes them by for the apostles' creed, written by no one knows whom, and the Nicene creed, the outcome of the wrangling of a council. I have wondered why the beatitudes are not set to music and sung as a part of the service. They are the words full of dew which Christ spoke as he turned his face from earth to Calvary.

The normal condition of man is only to be learned by studying his disease of sin, and that course of study is necessary; but what shall we say of the church which keeps its eye down on the disease which should be forgotten? Why pause to look on sin always? Awaken love, and sin will be driven away. Christianity is learning this one lesson today. The age when Christ came was rotten to the core. In the age after him his words were twisted and perverted out of all reason. In the middle ages scholars disputed and wrangled over them, and now the spirit of man is awakening and trying to find out what Christ meant. We are turning away from dogmas and back to sit at the feet of Christ, and say to him, 'To whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the eternal word.' When the church does that, she will renew her power, and will go forth conquering and to conquer."

"And what is Christianity?" added Mr. Newton. "It is not the comfortable complacency of orthodoxy or the rigid adherence to dogma, but it consists in so bearing in our minds the words of Christ that we do them."

Judge Lochrane's Large Fee.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

A good deal has been said about the big fee Judge Lochrane made the other day, rumor giving it range between $50,000 and $100,000. The facts are these: Two syndicates were fighting for control of the Memphis & Charleston road, one headed by General Sam Thomas of the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad and the other by Mr. Jere Baxter of Nashville. Judge Lochrane, knowing both parties, opened negotiations between them. He managed affairs with great diplomacy, and finally composed the difference, and made harmony where had been war. A journalist who stood behind the scenes tells me that Judge Lochrane received, to his knowledge, a fee of $60,000, which he invested in 7 per cent. bonds. He was made director of the road under the consolidation of forces. It is said that he will shortly give up much of the travelling he is now doing and settle down. The Lochrane property in Atlanta is worth nearly or quite $200,000.

SWOLLEN STREAMS.

Villages Entirely Submerged in Kentucky.

Thousands of People Rendered Homeless and Penniless by the Floods.

The Weather Turning Colder and River Men Growing Hopeful.

CINCINNATI, O., February 10.—The latest news from points above is that all the rivers of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky have shared in the rainfall of the upper Cumberland and Tennessee, and are now rising fast. The Muskingum is also at its highest where it empties into the Ohio. The effect has been to retard the fall of the Ohio below the mouths of these rivers. A despatch from Maysville says that the Ohio is already above the highest mark of last year and rising an inch an hour. It may be considered reasonably certain that unless a sudden and severe freeze should come before morning the highest stage of water here will not be reached before Sunday night, though the rise will be very slow. At Lawrenceburg 1100 families have registered and will require the assistance of the relief committee for several weeks yet. Eight hundred people were fed yesterday and fully 1200 today.

The river tonight at Cincinnati marks sixty-four feet two and one-half inches and is still rising one-half inch an hour.

Never since the famous flood of 1852 has been witnessed such scenes of devastation as when the river reached a height of fifty-two feet. The Ohio, which when confined to its regular channel is only 800 feet in width at Wheeling, W. Va., has been changed to a roaring, angry torrent a mile and a quarter in width. The island which lies in the centre of the river, and is the most lovely portion of the city, is now entirely under water, and at least 1000 families, who reside upon it, have been rendered homeless. In the city proper the water has covered the tracks of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railroad, and flooded the company's depot. The Baltimore & Ohio depot is also flooded, and telegraph communication by that line has been entirely cut off. At 9 this morning the water had reached and hidden from view Water street; then it began slowly climbing the hill towards the centre of the town, filling all the cellars on its way and doing untold damage. At 9 this evening it had reached Market street, upon which are located the leading wholesale houses, and is now making its way toward Main street.

The damage to property of all kinds is estimated at from $500,000 to $750,000. At Benwood, six miles from here, three men and a boy were drowned. In the city no loss of life is reported.

Louisville Dyke Threatened.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 10.—The river here up to 10 o'clock has risen within eight feet of the highest point last year, and all the front of the city is submerged. Rain has been falling steadily all day. All of Shipping and half of Portland suburbs are flooded, and 400 families have been compelled to move out of them. The greatest interest centres in the Point district, in the upper part of the city, which is protected by a dyke that gave way last year and let the water in upon 500 acres of well-populated residences and manufactories. The dyke has since been strengthened and raised, but the flood is threatening to rise over it. The people are fleeing in every direction with their furniture and effects. Streets are filled with drays and wagons piled with goods. Watch lights were kept burning in every house during the night, and as the darkness deepened the fear grew into a panic. All business was suspended, and every vehicle that could be pressed into service was demanded. The city is being searched and shelter is accepted wherever it can be found, in rooms, sheds and stables. All day, in the threatened districts, people have been busy tying down frame houses to prevent their being swept away. The fire department has assisted 700 families out of the Point, but a number refused to leave.

CINCINNATI'S IMMERSION.

A Struggle to Save Life and Property—The Flood Backing Up Mill Creek Valley—Sad Scenes in the Suburbs.

CINCINNATI, February 10.—This morning there was nothing hopeful about the situation. Everything was looking gloomier and more unpropitious than yesterday. The rain still continued over the whole extent of the Ohio valley and in the mountains, and the river will continue rising as long as this condition of affairs exists.

Forewarned by the experience of last year, the wholesale houses have removed the most of their goods. The $1,000,000 damage of last year from this source will not be repeated. How many people are already driven out of their homes by the flood cannot now be stated, but it will reach probably 20,000 in the three cities before noon tomorrow, unless the rising floods are checked.

Already the relief committee is preparing to feed and house the victims that are sure to present themselves. The Council is preparing to appropriate $100,000 for relief. The fires in the gas works will soon be put out and then we will be in darkness. Lamps and kerosene went up in price today on sales of thousands. Country produce has risen also, and will go higher, as several avenues to the city are being closed. The city is full of strangers, who are beginning to show some anxiety about getting out. All sorts of prices are paid to reach railroad trains, and all sorts of conveyances are used. It was impossible to get any kind of team for hauling this morning, all being in use. An oil tank at the mouth of Mill creek burst, and the oil is over the water. Every precaution is being taken to keep it from igniting. The water supply will be cut off at sixty-five feet, and the engines are being taxed to fill all the reservoirs before that point is reached. Street cars on many lines are stopped, and more will have to follow. It is hard to reach suburban points.

HOMELESS THOUSANDS.

Sufferings of Those Who Have Escaped Drowning—Relief Steamers Navigating the Streets of Wheeling.

WHEELING, W. Va., February 10.—Of the 50,000 people within a radius of five miles of the City Hall a third are homeless and helpless. It is hoped and believed that all immediate wants can be supplied. The response to the appeal for aid has been prompt and generous, and no outside help will be asked for unless the need is urgent. The situation of 600 families is very distressing. In Ward 8 hundreds escaped with nothing but their clothing. Women and children are there huddled together, wet, cold and hungry. A relief steamer reached them yesterday afternoon, and their immediate wants were supplied. Over 300 dwellings in the lower wards have gone, with all their contents, and many more are partially wrecked or have floated away. The water is receding.

Relief steamers were navigating the streets with fifteen feet of water beneath their keels. Four thousand people are homeless. Early today two people were taken out of an island house dead. This is a manufacturing city, and on its industries nine-tenths of the people depend, and five-sixths of the manufacturing establishments cannot be started up for months to come. The estimate of the damage is $2,000,000. Several people are reported dying from overwork and exposure, and dozens are sick. The loss of life from subsequent sickness, due to the flood, will be large.

Judging from the topography of Parkersburg, nearly the entire city is submerged. Belpre, O., is undoubtedly entirely under water, and probably about three-fourths of Marietta.

In Benwood, a town of 3000 inhabitants, only six houses remain out of water.

At Wellsburg, W. Va., half the town is washed away, and the people are on the hillside without food or shelter.

Heavy Losses for the Railroads.

COLUMBUS, February 10.—The water in the Scioto river has fallen several feet, and all fears of further destruction of property have disappeared. The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railway, east, is more seriously broken than was thought, and trains which left here on Wednesday night are still side-tracked at Coshocton.

Serious washouts are numerous between Frazersburg and Coshocton, and no trains from the east have passed that point west since Wednesday night. The loss of the Hocking Valley road at and below Logan is very heavy.

The machine shops at Logan have been so seriously damaged that they will have to be rebuilt. The engineers expect to have the bridge over the Hocking river rebuilt on Monday or Tuesday next.

At Nelsonville another long bridge has been washed away, together with fifteen loaded coal cars which were placed upon it to weigh it down. Between Nelsonville and Athens the washouts are numerous and trains will not be got through much short of a week's time.

The Baltimore & Ohio road is still covered with water between Zanesville and Newark, and the Muskingum river is still rising. The weather here is moderate, with a slow, drizzling rainfall.

Floating in Darkness to Probable Death.

STEUBENVILLE, O., February 10.—The river is slowly subsiding, and the work of clearing is going on. The loss by ice will be larger than was thought. The steamer Abner O'Neal has gone to Wellsburg with eatables for the needy. The water is still at forty feet. Last night at 10 o'clock an unknown man passed down the Ohio on a log loudly calling for assistance. Rescue was impossible owing to the darkness. No trains are yet running on the Panhandle road west of here. It will be several days before the Cleveland & Pittsburg road can resume operations.

LAST OF THE ZULU KINGS.

Cetewayo Dead—A Sketch of His Eventful Life.

LONDON, February 11.—Advices from Cape Town confirm the report of Cetewayo's death.

Cetewayo, the last of the Zulu kings, was the fourth of his line. His grandfather, the formidable Chaka, founded the Zulu nation. Between 1812 and 1815 he conquered all the independent chiefs in Zululand and Natal. He did not deprive them of power, but he compelled them to own him as their king. His soldiers were not permitted to marry, and his military organization, the most perfect in Africa, was perpetuated by his sons. Sir Bartle Frere called Cetewayo's army "the celebrated man-slaying machine." Chaka was succeeded by his son, the cruel and treacherous Dingaan, who in 1838 murdered, in the sight of some English missionaries, a large party of Boers who were his guests. He was killed by his brother Panda in 1840, and Cetywayo, son of Panda, succeeded his father in 1872. Cetewayo was opposed to missionaries and distrustful of the whites in the neighboring territories of Natal and the Transvaal Republic. In 1879 some of his subjects made a raid into Natal. Cetywayo's refusal to surrender the offenders for punishment led to a short but very bloody war between England and the Zulus. The English suffered terrible reverses at Rorke's Drift and Isandlwana, but six months after the war began they routed the Zulu army in a great battle at Ulundi. Cetewayo was captured and kept at Cape Town until 1882, when he was exhibited and feted in England. The attempt to reinstate him in Zululand last year was a disastrous failure. The Zulus no longer feared or respected him. Most of the thirteen chiefs among whom the country was partitioned after the war opposed his return to power. They defeated his adherents in several battles. Cetewayo fled into Natal, and has since been kept a prisoner in one of the English garrisons near the Zulu border.

TRAMP LIFE ENDED.

A Wandering Scotchman Goes Home to a $30,000 Inheritance.

PHILADELPHIA, February 7.—Among the steerage passengers by the American line steamer British Prince, which sailed from this port today for Liverpool, was a young Scotchman, William Anderson, who, after two years of vicissitudes in this country, returns home to claim an estate left him by his father, amounting to $30,000. When tidings reached him he was absolutely penniless, without a place to lay his head. Hungry and half naked, he secured the means to return home from a charitable gentleman of this city. Anderson, now 26 years of age, left his home near Inverness, Scotland, in the middle of June, 1882. His father was one of the many prosperous wool growers of that vicinity. William, becoming tired of restraints put upon him, and the drudgery of work among his father's flocks, came to this country, knocked about New York for a while, vainly endeavoring to secure work, and after that went West, and was for over a year engaged in herding sheep in Colorado. Then he made his way back to Chicago, where he went from bad to worse, working at odd times, drinking hard and spending many nights in the station house. From Chicago he came to Philadelphia. He landed at Broad street station, Tuesday, January 22, and on the following Saturday sought lodgings in the sixth district station house. In looking over a Ledger two or three weeks old, which was wrapped around some cold victuals he begged at a back gate, he ran across the name of William Anderson among advertised letters. He went to the post office and applied for it. It was several weeks old and had been sent to his old address in New York. Though the number was correct the street was given as "North" Eighteenth instead of "East" Eighteenth street, and the envelope for this season was endorsed "Try Philadelphia." It was this letter from a firm of attorneys at Inverness which told Anderson of the decease of his father in December, leaving him sole heir to property amounting to £6000.

A COLORED DUDE AT A BALL.

He Dances in Mask With Daughters of "De Fust Families" of Stamford.

STAMFORD, Conn., February 7.—Professor Dudley combines the trade of a bootblack with the dress and profession of a dude. He is a negro, black as ebony, with a capacious mouth and large spread of nose, and boasts of pure African blood. Just at present he figures in Stamford as a defender of negro rights. His appearance at a masked ball recently caused no little disturbance, which roused Dudley's ire, and a few friends spurred him on to new assertions of his rights. Another bal masque was held in the Town Hall on Monday night. It was attended by nearly 1000 persons. No one noticed two persons attired as Oscar Wilde and Uncle Sam, who entered the hall and mixed with the dancers. At about midnight, when the time came to unmask, Uncle Sam and Oscar Wilde were dancing with white partners. When they removed the masks there were screams in the hall. Dudley's partner nearly fainted. The other negro, Henry Carpenter, became alarmed and skipped. Dudley was ejected by the managers. He demanded his money back but did not get it. Dudley is about town describing the quality of the dancing of his white partners, who feel terribly indignant. He has consulted an attorney, who informed him that he could not legally be ejected from any public entertainment. Dudley has decided to attend several local entertainments yet to come, and it looks as if there was fun ahead.

OLD FARMER WILLS' DAUGHTER.

She Leaves His House in Scanty Dress and Marries an Interdicted Suitor.

BALTIMORE, February 9.—A special from Fredericksburg, Md., gives an account of a very romantic and exciting elopement which took place near Mount Jackson, Shenandoah county, Va., Monday night. Miss Victoria Wills, the young daughter of a wealthy planter, was denied by her parents the company of her suitor, Charles E. Stanton, a young neighbor farmer. Anticipating an elopement, all the girl's good clothes were taken from her Monday night, but her lover went to her residence late at night, while all were asleep, and, gaining her room, persuaded her to elope with him. The determination was so sudden that she was unable to dress, and in only her night robe, without shoes or stockings, she was carried down the ladder and taken to a barn, where she dressed. Accompanied by a number of friends, they proceeded to a clergyman's house, and were married.

An Important Land Case Decided.

NEWARK, N. J., February 7.—Judge Depue today charged the jury in the suit of the receiver of the New Jersey West Line Railway Company vs. the American Dock and Improvement Company, the Central Railroad Company and others in the matter of about 12,000 feet of water frontage on Communipaw bay. This case is one of the most important that has ever been before the courts of the State, and has been pending several years. The judge directed the jury to render a verdict in favor of the plaintiffs, which they did without leaving their seats. The land in question is valued at several millions of dollars, and other matters of importance concerning the grant are still pending in the Court of Chancery. The case decided today was handed down from the Court of Chancery and occupied eleven days of Judge Depue's time.

Such As "Were You Ever in Jail?"

[Lowell Citizen.]

"Pa," said the bright little girl to her fond father, "why can't I go to a minstrel show some time? I should like to, ever so much, and there couldn't be any harm it, could there?" "My child," answered the kind parent, with much feeling, "it would not do for you to attend a minstrel show at your tender age. You are not yet sufficiently versed in ancient history, and some of the jokes, I am afraid, would prove too much for you. You are not advanced enough to appreciate the classics, my dear."

MASSACRED IN ANNAM.

Three Hundred Christians Put to Death.

Bradlaugh Walks Up to the Bar of the House and Takes His Own Oath.

England's Nile Elephant Badly Managed by Gladstone.

PARIS, February 11.—A despatch from Hong Kong states that 300 Christian catechists have been massacred in Annam.

Bradlaugh Makes a Scene.

LONDON, February 11—4 p. m.—The House of Commons is now awaiting the first scene of the session. The House is crowded. Prayers are just over. The ministerial benches and the ex-ministerial benches are now well filled, affording a striking contrast in this respect to the House at the opening. Bradlaugh has just entered and taken his seat in his accustomed place under the gallery. Liberals and Conservatives alike are looking askance at the persistent member for Northampton. In another moment the clerk will call upon new members to take their seats. The House is in breathless silence, awaiting the first move from the infidel.

6 p. m.—After the clerk had concluded the call, Mr. Bradlaugh, uninvited, advanced to the table and administered the oath to himself. The excitement at this moment was intense, and the speaker ordered him to withdraw, which he refused to do, whereupon Sir Stafford Northcote moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be excluded from the House of Commons.

Stellmacher Reveals Socialist Plots.

VIENNA, February 11.—Stellmacher, the assassin of Detective Bloch, has confessed that he murdered Police Commissary Klubeck. He declares that Herr Eisert, the money changer, was murdered and robbed by Socialists in order to procure funds for the Socialistic agitation. Stellmacher was implicated in a plot against the Emperor of Germany. The Austrian authorities will ask Switzerland to extradite his accomplices.

Socialists Want Blood.

DRESDEN, February 11.—Numerous placards have been posted here signed "The Socialist executive committee," saying: "Only blood can avenge our cause."

Ætna in Eruption.

LONDON, February 11.—It is announced from Sicily that Mount Ætna is in a state of eruption. Strong earthquake shocks were felt before this began.

ENGLANDS NILE ELEPHANT

Badly Managed by Gladstone and the Other Keepers—Theories and Opinions as to the Proper Way to Force Subjection.

PALL MALL, LONDON, February 9.—Thursday night, Sir Stafford Northcote, with much hesitation and many coughs, gave notice amid loud Tory cheers of a vote of censure on the government policy in Egypt. The debate on the address was afterward resumed. The Times said in its first editorial yesterday morning that Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons and Lord Granville in the House of Lords will meet the vote of censure on the Egyptian policy of the government with a direct negative. The Times believes that the country approves the vote of censure and that the government should be warned in time, otherwise the storm may become a tempest in which the vessels of the ministry may be wrecked. It adds that the dromedary now carrying General Gordon to Khartoum is an important animal, being freighted not only with the illustrious traveller, but with the fortunes of the British ministry as well.

Yesterday, with a view of ascertaining the real truth as to rumored war preparations, I went down to Woolwich and visited the arsenal. I found unusual activity in every department. A number of light guns on saddles, suitable for eastern warfare, are ready. They can be strapped on a mule or a dromedary and fired in any direction from a pivot. Public opinion in London is in a very feverish state in consequence of the Egyptian disasters, and the general feeling is that troops must be sent at once, but it is uncertain whether from England or India. The feeling on both sides of the House is impatient at Baker Pasha's defeat, which it is thought renders an immediate and radical change in the government policy imperative. The Tories declare that a British protectorate is absolutely necessary to secure British interests. They will propose a vote of censure on the present policy of the government in Egypt. The debate will probably last three days, and the vote will certainly fail in the Commons and succeed in the Lords. The general opinion is that General Gordon will be killed on his road to Khartoum unless he succeeds in reaching the Arab tents in safety.

Baker Pasha's Defeat.

In an interview with a leading British officer at Alexandria yesterday, in regard to the defeat of Baker Pasha, he stated that it was nothing more than had been predicted. When Baker Pasha's forces were being recruited the applications from Europeans were so numerous, on account of the starving condition of their families, that the Egyptian government ordered the recruiting of Europeans stopped, and many of those who had enlisted were released from their engagements. The government then began the enrolment of the Soudanese, under advice of Zubehir Pasha, who, owing to the grudge he must entertain against the Egyptian government, is likely to join the Mahdi at any moment. The government began the enrolment by offering each man £3 bounty, with three months advance. This did not bring forward any volunteers, the blacks mostly hiding themselves. After the enlistment they are closely confined, and not allowed to visit any one for fear they should escape. Such is volunteering in Egypt. It is not much different to the press-gang system which prevailed in England in former years. The Alexandria regiment and the other Egyptian troops under Baker Pasha, and who caused his defeat, was recruited in this manner, and nothing but defeat could be expected from such troops.

Red Sea Ports to be Garrisoned by English Soldiers and Sailors.

LONDON, February 7.—The government has telegraphed the admiral commanding the British fleet in Egyptian waters to station a sufficient number of war vessels at each of the ports of the Red Sea to protect them from incursions by the rebels, and to land immediately a body of marines at each of the ports to occupy the available positions until the arrival of English soldiers and blue jackets, who will be sent immediately to garrison those points. Admiral Hewitt will command the marines.

More Marines for Egypt.

LONDON, February 11.—The government becoming convinced of the danger of allowing black troops to guard the Red Sea ports, or, in fact, the use of them outside of Egypt proper, has ordered an additional force of marines to be sent immediately to Egypt, to take the place of the mutinous blacks at Suakim, who will be sent to Cairo today. Considerable complaint is made by English officers in Egypt at the recent action of the Egyptian government in stopping the enrolment of Europeans, and releasing those who had enlisted from their engagement, and enrolling blacks in spite of the latters' expostulations, and forcing them into an army. Many of the European volunteers were men whose families were in a starving condition, while the blacks refused $15 bounty and three months' advance to enroll, hiding themselves for fear of being conscripted.

A Tale of the Cold Snap.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"When the water wouldn't run, you know," he said, "I tinkered around the sub-basement until I caught the rheumatism. The plumber couldn't or didn't come, and the next day there was incidentally some confusion. I got my Dutch up finally, and concluded to carry water from a neighbor's and fill the bath-tub up stairs. This was not a pleasant job, as it hurt my stiff knee and my dignity, but I stuck to it and made several trips. On every trip I was much encouraged by the sympathetic attitude of my little three-year-old boy. He labored up stairs after me every time, and on my return trotted down at my heels, waiting for me at the basement door. On my last trip the little fellow seemed taken with a new idea, and remained up-stairs. When I toiled up with my last bucketful I was thunderstruck at the appearance of the bath-tub. The stopper had been pulled out, and the last of the water was disappearing with a swish. My sympathetic three-year-old had tried an experiment on his own hook, and had made all my labor in vain. I looked about for the little culprit, and found him peeping out of the hall bedroom to see how I would take it. I was at the end of my string and I couldn't bear to say a word. I came down street, leaving the house without explanation, and naturally I feel a little discouraged."

WRECKED BY AN ICEBERG.

Officers and Crew of the Notting Hill Safely Landed in New York.

NEW YORK, February 10.—The State Line steamer State of Nebraska, Captain Braes, from Glasgow, dropped her anchor at quarantine at sunset this evening. She had on board, besides her passengers, ninety-two persons comprising the captain and crew of the steamer Notting Hill from London which was fallen in with in a sinking condition February 5 in latitude 46° 50′, longitude 46° 20′. Captain Richard Bennett of the Notting Hill made the following statement: "We sailed from London, January 19, with a general cargo of merchandise and a crew of ninety-two men all told, but no passengers. Saturday the 2d inst. at 9 p. m. in latitude 47° 30′, longitude 46°, we fell in with a heavy pack of field ice. We slowed the vessel down and proceeded cautiously. At 11.25 p. m. while the vessel was going dead slow with a heavy roll and little or no steerage way on her, she came in collision with a heavy sunken iceberg. The iceberg first struck the vessel on the port side near the bridge, and rebounding, struck again near the engine room, making two large holes in her side under water. The water began to pour in rapidly, but in a quarter of an hour had reached the furnaces, putting out the fires. Canvas was placed over both holes and the vessel allowed to drift so as to keep the canvas in place. We then set to work and jettisoned all the cargo in the after hold and kept the pumps constantly going, the vessel drifting about in the ice. On Sunday, the 3d inst., at 3 p. m., a large four-masted steamer, with black funnel, bound to the westward, passed by us, and although our signals of distress were set and could be plainly seen she paid no attention to us, but kept on her course. During the afternoon we drifted out of the ice into clear water. Tuesday, the 5th instant, we were getting out the cargo in the forward hold when the State of Nebraska from Glasgow for this port hove in sight and kindly lay by us. We put off in our own boats to the Nebraska, saving nothing but what we had on at the time. We left the ship in latitude 46°, longitude 40°, 20′, with 18 feet of water in her hold. She was four years old, 2616 tons, hailed from Liverpool, and was owned by the Twin Screw Line Company." Captain Braes of the Nebraska also reports having passed some detached ice on the 5th inst., in latitude 46°, 15′, longitude 46°, 20′.

OYSTER PIRATES CAPTURED.

Two of the Chesapeake Navy Make a Descent and Get Prizes.

CRISFIELD, Md., February 10.—The Governor Hamilton and the Leila of the oyster navy descended this afternoon upon the oyster pirates of Fishing bay and Honga river, and captured the Frank and Mary McNamara, W. S. Boyer master, and the Martha E. Morse, Samuel T. Cox master, both of Dorchester. The vessels at the time were dredging, and were unaware of the close proximity of the gunboats, which were heavily armed and completely manned. The Leila left Annapolis on Saturday, and the Hamilton left Baltimore Saturday night. Along the route a large number of oyster boats heavily ladened were passed direct from the forbidden waters, but neither commander thought it advisable to turn from the course and the looters escaped with their plunder. In the meantime the pirates were hard at work on the oyster beds. They saw the Hamilton and Leila approaching, but mistaking them for steam yachts they continued at work. The Hamilton was first among them, and before they realized it the crews of the McNamara and the Morse were prisoners. The men on the McNamara would have fought had it not been for the frowning muzzles of the ten-pounders on the Leila's deck. The captured schooners were placed in charge of Captain Mitchell, and made fast under the Leila's guns. For the past week the bay has been in possession of 300 pirate vessels, and since the assault upon the Julia Hamilton Tuesday last the surrounding country has been in a state of intimidation. After the capture the Governor Hamilton went in search of the Julia Hamilton, which was virtually a prisoner of the dredgers and found her and her crew at the head of the bay. Tomorrow the police fleet will pursue the pirates now in force in another portion of the bay.

ROWS IN AN OHIO CHURCH.

Disgraceful Scenes Between Officers Finally Stopped by the Police.

ADA, O., February 11.—At the meeting of the Sunday school of the Baptist church, yesterday morning, Deacon D. A. Wood, a leader of one faction of the church, declared the election of a Mr. Enos as assistant superintendent of the Sunday school null and void, and made some very uncomplimentary remarks. Superintendent Carey ran down from the pulpit, and, shaking his fist under the deacon's nose, commanded him to sit down. The deacon's friends arose to his rescue and commanded Carey to sit down. The superintendent endeavored to dismiss school, but the deacon commanded his party to remain, and rallied his forces by singing "Hold the Fort." One faction left and the other remained.

In the evening the church was jammed with people in anticipation of another row, as three expelled members were to have their trial. Promptly at 7.30, as the music began, the deacons jumped to the floor. Sometimes as many as twenty-five persons were yelling at one time. The roughs who had congregated cheered, women screamed, and everything was confusion. The police finally quelled the riot, and the meeting closed without any result or any benediction.

RAILROADING WITHOUT TRACKS.

Wonderful Trip a Car is Said to Have Taken Into the Country.

MILAN, Mo., February 7.—The Wabash train from Green City to this place met with a peculiar accident yesterday morning. The car next to the engine broke loose from the tender and also from the car next behind it, and started out at right angles into the country. The other cars closed up the gap and the engineer kept on for more than a mile before he found out that he was disconnected with the train. The strangest feature about the whole matter was that the disappearance of the front car never disturbed the rest of the train, not even waking up the sleeping passengers. The railroad men agree in saying that it was one of the most singular freaks they ever knew. The car that took a notion to run off on its own account on a tangent was loaded with iron, and the train at the time was moving at about twenty miles an hour.

COMING SCOTCH CROFTERS.

Over 350 of Them from the Island of Skye to be Welcomed to North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., February 11.—The welcome to be given to the Scotch crofters from the Island of Skye will be a hearty one. The new colony will number, according to cable advices, some 350 souls. They left Liverpool, Saturday, and will set foot on our soil at Laurinburg about the 20th inst. A public reception will be given them at Laurinburg, ending in an old-fashioned Scotch dinner. The exercises will open with prayer in Gaelic by Rev. John Monroe of the Spring Hill Baptist Church. A representative Scotch countryman will deliver an address of welcome, to be responded to on behalf of the new citizens by D. P. McEachern of Robeson county. Mr. Livy Johnson is expected to set forth the advantages and opportunities offered by our country and State, and introduce them to an acquaintance with the people, the modes, manners, etc., of their new-found home.

SIX DOGS AND FIVE CHILDREN

Share the Food Given by Portland to One of the Recipients of Her Charity.

PORTLAND, February 8.—John Connors was arrested tonight on the charge of keeping six dogs at the expense of the city. He has a family of five little children in very destitute circumstances, and has for some time past received help from the city. The police visited his house and found six dogs sharing the food of the children, all being kept by the city. He was ordered to get rid of the dogs, but refused to do so, and was arrested. At the station he said to Captain Black by way of excuse: "I don't own but four dogs, the others only stay there." He was locked up, and the case will be investigated.

A Patent Worth $25,000,000.

[The Electrician.]

"The value of the telephone patent is enormous, and we very much doubt if it could now be purchased for $25,000,000. It is probably by far the most valuable single patent which has ever been issued."

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

Sherman and Hawley Named as a Strong Ticket.

Senator McDonald Said to be the Favorite of the Democrats.

Edmunds Not Wanted for President—Mistakes of the '80 Delegation.

WASHINGTON, February 9.—General Sherman is regarded as an available candidate for president by many Republican members of the House, notwithstanding the interviews in which he has expressed his abhorrence of filling the high office of chief magistrate. His friends say he would consent to play the role of martyr for at least four years. Representative Calkins of Indiana said today that in his judgment General Sherman would poll more votes in the Hoosier State than any other man that could be named. The enemies of the general are unkind enough to assert that he retired from the position of general of the army before the date of his retirement under the law, in order that he might take up his residence as a private citizen in St. Louis, with the expectation of receiving civil honors greater than those bestowed upon him for his grand military exploits. The ticket of Sherman and Hawley is suggested as a good one for the Republicans next fall.

OTHER POSSIBILITIES.

But Little Discussion Thereof—Logan and McDonald Said to be the Favorites.

WASHINGTON, February 10.—There was never such a dearth of political speculation in Washington, the presidential conventions being less than six months off, as at present. Senators and representatives who have personal preferences fear to express them, and the great mass of influential Republicans in Congress feel that the time has not come to begin a contest over nominations. All would be satisfied with the nomination of any man of character upon whom the party could unite, be it Blaine, Arthur, Sherman, Logan, Edmunds, or any other of the long list of available men. The principle of district representation, which controls the election of delegates, will, so far as Northern representation is concerned, make the convention a fairer body than any of recent years. If the President is working for the nomination, as signs of it are visible upon the surface, it is not believed here that he can secure the delegation from New York, and a failure to do so will destroy his chances of success. Blaine says he is not a candidate, and his friends believe him, but the people know that, if nominated, he will make the fight. Logan's boom is increasing in proportions. The Illinois senator is an honest man, popular with the soldiers and Republican to the core. There is very little talk of Edmunds, but every one admits he would be a strong candidate. Sherman has learned the folly of establishing a "bureau" to work up public sentiment in his favor, and he is quietly working on the national bank bill, willing to accept the consequences if lightning should strike in his direction. On the Democratic side the Payne boom seems almost extinct. The defeat of Pendleton has disgusted the best class of Democrats with the Ohio machine as at present organized, and it would be impossible to get a strong Eastern man to accept second place on the ticket with him. Poor Holman spends his days in objecting to everything that comes before the House, but he has not a backer for the nomination in either house of Congress. Morrison enjoyed the pleasures of a little boomlet when he was made chairman of the ways and means committee, but his tariff bill has buried him beyond the possibility of resurrection. McDonald has many kind words said in his behalf, and he is probably the strongest candidate yet named. Hewitt's flirtation with Minister West did the business for him. Bayard poses as the truly good statesman, but it is doubtful whether August Belmont will ever again open headquarters at a national convention as the champion of Delaware's candidate. Field's name is not mentioned here. Flower is spoken of as a possibility. McPherson is not a candidate, but he may be found well forward in the race. Neither Republicans nor Democrats appear to take any active interest in the nominations as yet, and no marked drift of sentiment for or against individual candidates is perceptible.

CANDID MR. ROCKWELL.

He Confesses to Some Humbugs in His Party—Gov. Butler Was Not Elected by the Scum of the State—Edmunds Not Wanted for President.

WASHINGTON, February 11.—Representative Rockwell, Governor Robinson's successor, dishes up the good and morality of Massachusetts with a frankness seldom seen in a public man. Speaking of his own party, he says Arthur is the choice of the mass of Massachusetts Republicans for President. He does not think Edmunds the man that is wanted.

"The people want a leader with heart and with sympathy," said Mr. Rockwell. "I know they say that Butler was elected by the scum of the State, but that's all nonsense. More than half of the people of Massachusetts are not scum. The trouble with the Republican party of Massachusetts is in the continual cry that the better element of the party must control it. Mind you, I've no objections to the better element of the party really controlling it, and I want that, and all of us want it; but when four or five men get together, and say, 'We're the better element of the party, we're the saints, and must control,' they drive the voters away. These men are not the better element of the party. They are merely men who are bound to have office, and who have associated with them a few good men, like Professor Seeley, for example, who are actuated, as we know, by pure and noble motives. These good men are put forward by the others as a cover. They want to form a new party. They are willing to do anything to get office for themselves; and they do the talking, and are supposed to represent the Republican party, but they misrepresent it. I think that Massachusetts was misrepresented at the last national convention. Massachusetts was really for Ulysses S. Grant. The thing for her delegation to have done was to vote for one of the strong candidates whom they could have helped to nominate. But they didn't do it. They said, 'We've got a pious little man sitting on a rock up here in New England, and will cast our vote for him.' That's what they did, and they threw their votes away. They may do the same thing this year, but if they do it will be because the genuine Republicans get disgusted and let the whole thing go, and the newspapers that call themselves independent are helping to make trouble. Now, you and I know that a newspaper cannot be politically independent. An independent paper is simply in opposition to the dominant party, and so the independent Massachusetts papers get to be real Democratic, and they have nothing to do but attack local nominees of the ruling party, which is Republican."

BLACKBURN NOMINATED.

The Long Kentucky Senatorial Contest Ended Harmoniously.

FRANKFORT, Ky., February 5.—At the senatorial caucus tonight the first ballot resulted, Blackburn 63, Williams 57. Mr. Blackburn's nomination was made unanimous. Previous to the ballot Mr. Harcourt, who had nominated Mr. Carlisle, formally withdrew the latter's name.

COLORADO SNOWED UNDER.

Seventy Feet on the Denver & Rio Grande and More Falling.

PUEBLO, Col., February 8.—There has been terrific snow storms in San Juan county. The track of the Denver & Rio Grande road in some places is seventy feet under snow. The trains are blockaded. At Silverton the snow is nearly seven feet deep on the level, and it is still snowing.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury and vexation trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. His descriptive book mailed for 10c. Boston office 43 Milk street. Consultation days Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, each week. At New York office, 251 Broadway, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, each week. Patients should be sure to ask for DR. SHERMAN'S office to avoid trickery that has been practised on those who have been misled. A word of

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

FARMERS' GARDENS.

There are many farmers who pay little or no attention to their vegetable garden. What vegetables they raise being grown as farm crops, there is not that variety to supply their table which would naturally be expected, and which would reduce their expenses, besides promoting health; for too much meat in hot weather, either fresh or salt, without accompanying vegetables in their season, are not as conducive to health as a diet composed of a greater variety of vegetables than is usually seen on many farmers' tables.

"If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

We wonder if this doesn't refer to the farmer's garden, and particularly to the small fruit portion of it?

Hot Beds.

For early vegetables some provision for starting certain plants earlier than can be done in the open air is necessary; for this purpose nothing is better than a good hot bed, and its construction is so simple and the expense so light that every garden should have one. A hot bed proper not only protects the plants from the cold, but supplies bottom heat; by this term the gardener means that the soil is constantly kept several degrees warmer than the air above, that being the condition so far as heat is concerned which is most favorable for rapid and vigorous growth. It is evident that to produce this we must in some way apply our heat below the surface, and it is usually done by making a compact pile of some fermenting material and covering it with the earth in which the plants are to grow.

HEATING MATERIAL.

The best heating material that is easily available is fresh horse manure, containing a liberal quantity of bedding, which may be straw, shavings, leaves, or, best of all, spent hops from the breweries. Such manure, if thrown into a loose pile, will heat violently and unevenly and will soon become cold. What is wanted in the hot bed is a steady and moderate but lasting heat. To secure this the manure should be forked over and thrown into a loose pile, which should remain undisturbed for a few days and then be forked over again, piled and allowed to heat a second time, when, after a few days more, it will be ready for use. The object of this repeated forking over and piling is to get the whole mass into a uniform degree of fermentation.

SASH.

Gardeners commonly use sash made especially for hot beds and glazed with small lights cut from odds and ends and so furnished at very low rates. Such sash can usually be procured in any of our large cities, and cost much less than if made to order. For garden use, however, we much prefer a small size that can be easily handled, and the use of larger and better glass. We would recommend that the sash be 3 by 5 feet, and that the glass be not less than 10x14, laid with not more than one-quarter inch lap. In giving the order to one unaccustomed to the work, it would be well to state what they are used for, and that they need to be made like skylight sash.

THE FRAME.

This may be made of sound, one-inch lumber, the back twelve to fourteen inches high, the front ten to twelve. It should be well fitted to the sash, so as to leave as little opening as possible, and yet allow the sash to be easily slid up and down, even when the frame is quite wet.

THE SOIL.

This should be light, rich, friable. Any considerable amount of clay in it is very objectionable. If possible, it should be quite dry and unfrozen when put into the bed; for this reason it is much better to prepare it the fall before, and cover the pile with enough coarse manure or straw to keep out frost.

MAKING THE BED.

This requires careful attention, as future success depends largely upon the manner in which this work is done. Having cleared away all snow and ice, build a rectangular bed one foot larger each way than the frame to be used, carefully shaking out and spreading each forkful, and repeatedly treading down the manure so as to make the bed as uniform as possible in solidity, composition and moisture; unless this is done, one portion will heat quicker than the others, and the soil will settle unevenly, making it impossible to raise good plants. The proper depth of the bed will vary with the climate, season, and the kind of plants to be raised. A shallow bed will give a quick, sharp heat, and soon subside; a deeper one, if well made, will heat more moderately, but continue much longer. For general purposes, a bed one and a half to two feet deep will be best. The bed completed, the frame and sash may be put on, and fresh manure carefully packed around the outside to the very top (this outside banking should be replenished as it settles, if the weather is at all severe). The bed should then be allowed to stand a few days with the sash partially open, to allow the steam and rank heat to pass off. The heat will at first be quite violent, frequently rising in the first few days to 120°, but it soon subsides, and when it recedes to 90° the earth may be put in and the seed planted. If from any reason you are obliged to use frozen soil, it may be placed in small piles upon the manure immediately upon the completion of the bed, but it should not be again disturbed until it has thawed and dried out, and care should be used to give free vent for the escape of the steam and moist air. The importance of allowing this gross heat to pass off before planting the seeds is very great, as every season thousands of hotbeds are failures, and their builders blame the seedsmen for sending them poor seed, when the real difficulty was that their seeds were burned up by this first heat.

MANAGEMENT OF THE BED.

The essentials for success are a steady, uniform degree of heat and moisture; keeping the soil at all times a few degrees warmer than the air, and the careful "hardening off" (by exposure to the air and diminishing the supply of water) of the plants before transplanting into the open air. Simple as these seem to be, there are many difficulties in the way of securing them, prominent among which are overheating the air under a bright sun. Without experience, one would scarcely believe how quickly the temperature inside of a well-built hot bed will rise up to 90° or 100° upon a still, sunny day, even when the temperature outside is far below freezing, or how quickly the temperature will fall to that outside, if, upon a windy, cloudy day, the sash is left open ever so little; besides such a rush of cold air driven over the plants is far more injurious than the same temperature when the air is still. Again, a bed will go several days without watering when kept closed except during cloudy weather, but will dry out in an hour when open on a sunny day. The details of management, however, must be learned by experience, but may easily be acquired by one who gives the matter careful attention, keeping constantly in mind the essentials given above.

A COLD-FRAME

is a simple construction of boards for wintering cabbage, lettuce, cauliflower, brocoli, etc., for planting out early in the spring. Select a dry, southern exposure; form a frame from four to six feet wide, and as long as required. The back should be fourteen and the front six inches high, with a cross-tie every six feet. Seeds of the above-named vegetables, sown in open border early in September, will be ready to plant in cold-frames about the last of October. The soil should be well prepared and smoothly raked before planting. Admit air freely on all pleasant days, but keep close in severe weather. These frames are particularly useful at the South, and may be covered more cheaply with cloth shades than by sash. The shades are made as follows: Make light but strong wooden frames to fit over the bed, and of a width to receive some common brand of cotton cloth. The cloth may be unbleached, and should be stretched over and securely tacked to the frames and then painted with two coats of boiled linseed oil in which a little rosin has been melted, and then a little patent drier added.

SHADES.

At the South it is frequently desirable to shade beds of seedlings. This can best be done by shades made as follows: Make light frames the length of the width of your bed, and four feet wide; to these tack common lath, so as to leave from one to three inches between them. Support them about eight inches above the plants by tacking the frames to short stakes or securing them by easily removed pins. They are more effective if the beds are so placed that the lath will run north and south.

TRANSPLANTING.

In transplanting, the main points to be regarded are care in taking up the plants so as to avoid injury to the roots, planting firmly so as to enable the plant to take a secure hold of the soil, reducing the top to prevent evaporation, and shading to prevent the hot sun from withering and blighting the leaves. In transplanting from a hot bed, harden the plants by letting them get quite dry a day or two before, but give an abundance of water a few hours before they are taken out. It is most apt to be successful if done just at evening, or immediately before or during the first part of a rain, about the worst time being just after a rain, when the ground being wet it is impossible to sufficiently press it about the plant without its baking hard. If water is used at all, it should be used freely, and the wet surface immediately covered with dry soil.

WATERING.

The best time to water plants is at sunrise, or just at evening, and always use rain water when it is to be had. If well water is to be used it should be exposed to the sun a day or two, till it rises to the temperature of the air, before it is applied. Water may be given to the roots at any time, but should never be sprinkled over the leaves in the hot sun, for it will make them blister and cover them with brown spots wherever it touches. If watering a plant has been commenced, keep on until the necessity ceases, or more injury than good will result from it. One copious watering is better than little and often. The use of the hoe should always follow the watering pot as soon as the ground becomes dry. The number of rows of each vegetable and the relative proportions of each, may be varied according to the wants of the family. If necessary, the turning ground at both ends may be filled with winter squashes, as these are planted so late and at such a distance apart that they would not seriously hinder the turning of a steady horse with a careful driver. Whatever the arrangement followed may be, we earnestly urge that every effort be made to secure straight and perfect rows. There is perhaps no one thing that will make the subsequent cultivation easier, or contribute more to the owner's satisfaction in his garden than this, and a little extra effort in this respect at the first will give pleasure all through the season.

SOWING THE SEED.

There is no more prolific source of disappointment and failure among amateur gardeners than hasty, careless or improper sowing of the seed. A seed consists of a minute plant minus the roots, with a sufficient amount of food stowed in or around it to sustain it until it can expand its leaves, forms roots and provide for itself, the whole enclosed in a hard and more or less impervious shell. To secure germination moisture, heat and a certain amount of air are necessary. The first steps are the softening of the hard, outer shell, the developing of the leaves of the plant from the absorption of water, and the changing of the plant food from the form of starch to that of sugar. In the first condition, the food was easily preserved unchanged, but the plant with its undeveloped leaves and no root was incapable of using it, while in its sugary condition it is easily appropriated; but if not used it speedily decays itself and induces decay in the plant. A seed then may retain its vitality and remain unchanged for years, while, after germination has commenced, a check of a day or two in the process may be fatal. There is no time from that when the seed falls from the parent plant until it in turn produces seed, ripens and dies, when the plant is so susceptible of fatal injury from the overabundance or want of heat and moisture, as at that between the commencement of germination and the formation of the first true leaves, and it is just then that it needs the aid of the gardener to secure favorable conditions. These are:

First—A proper and constant degree of moisture without being soaked with water. This is secured by making the surface of freshly dug soil so fine that the smallest seeds may come in immediate contact on all sides with the particles from which they are to absorb the required moisture, and the pressing of the soil over the seeds so firmly with the feet or the back of the hoe that the degree of moisture may remain as nearly as possible the same until the plants are up.

Second—A proper degree of heat, secured by sowing each variety of seed when the average temperature of the locality is that most favorable for its germination.

Third—Covering the seed to such a depth that while it is preserved at a uniform degree of heat and moisture, the necessary air can readily reach it, and the tiny stem push the forming leaves into the light and air. This depth will vary with different seeds and conditions of the soil, and can be learned only from practical experience. In general, seeds of the size of the turnip should be covered with half an inch of earth, pressed down, while corn may be an inch, beans two or three, and pease two to six inches deep. Seeds should be planted deeper in light soils than in heavy ones.

Fourth—Such condition of soil that the ascending stem can easily penetrate it and the young roots speedily find suitable food. We can usually secure this by thorough preparation of the ground, and taking care never to sow fine seeds when the ground is wet. Occasionally a heavy or long-continued rain, followed by a bright sun, will so bake and crust the surface that it is impossible for the young plant to find its way through it, or a few days of strong wind will so dry the surface that no seed can germinate. In such cases our only remedy is to plant again.

CULTIVATION.

Every weed should be removed as soon as it appears, especially while the plants are young; this will require almost daily attention, but if well done early in the season, the later work will be light; but mere destruction of weeds is by no means the only object of cultivation. A. J. Downing, who was, perhaps, the best horticulturist America has known, said: "If I were to preach a sermon on horticulture, I should take as my text, 'Stir the soil,'" and certainly the text would contain much of the gospel of successful gardening; frequent and deep stirring will enable one to grow fine vegetables on comparatively poor and slightly-manured soil, while without it one fails to gain much advantage from the richest and finest soil. Care should be taken that the cultivation is not done when the soil is wet, or pease, beans and melons, stirred when the leaves are wet with dew, as such disturbance is liable to injure the leaves, and make them susceptible to injury from rust. With this exception, cultivate as often and as thoroughly as possible.

SITUATION AND EXPOSURE.

The vegetable garden should never be in an orchard, or have trees or shrubs within it. If the space must accommodate both fruit and vegetables, it is better to set the fruit at one end so as to leave the portion for vegetables unbroken and unshaded, even if it is much smaller. On the farm, it should be so placed as to be easily reached from the barn, to facilitate horse cultivation. Abrupt slopes in any direction are to be avoided. A gentle inclination to the south and east is the warmest, will give the earliest vegetables, and be best for corn, melons, tomatoes, etc., but it suffers more from a spring or early fall frost, because of receiving the direct rays of the morning sun. An inclination to the north and west is later, suffers less in a drought, and is the best for pease, cabbage, lettuce, etc. So it is an advantage, in a large garden, to have both these exposures, but for small gardens, a gentle inclination to the south and east, or a level surface, is the best.

SOIL.

A good garden can be made on any soil, but the best suited to the purpose is a deep, rich, friable loam; and the more nearly other soils can be made to approach this the better. This may be accomplished in tenacious clays (and must be for a good garden), by good drainage, deep and judicious cultivation, use of coarse manure, and liberal applications of leached ashes, sand, and in some cases of peat. If the soil is naturally too light and sandy, it may be improved by rolling and the use of large quantities of well-composted manure and muck, and dressings of clay.

SIZE AND FORM.

A single bed ten feet square, well manured, well spaded and thoroughly cultivated and cared for, will produce more *good* vegetables, be more profitable, and give better satisfaction than an acre unmanured, half-prepared and poorly cared for. Our golden rule for size is, make your garden *no larger* than you can prepare and care for in the best possible manner. If it all has to be done by hand, it will take the entire time of one man to keep in good order a garden of one acre; but, if it is so arranged that the horse cultivator can be used, he can care for four times that area. In village gardens the form is usually determined by that of the lot; but, where there is a choice, a rectangle several times longer than wide, the sides running from north to south, is the most economical; if this can be so placed that a space eight feet wide at both ends, or along both sides, can be left for a horse to turn in, it will be a great advantage.

DRAINAGE.

Nothing is more essential for a good garden than good drainage. It is impossible to raise a supply of fine vegetables without it. If the soil is at all wet, it should be well drained with tile; but if this is not possible, something can be gained by ploughing or throwing the soil up into beds from six to thirty feet wide, with smooth-bottomed trenches between them to collect and carry off the surface water."

Soils possessing the greatest amount of capillary porosity, most friable and mellow, or, in other words, such as are in the best agricultural condition, will condense the greatest amount of fertilizing material, and the more they are pulverized the better will they resist the leaching action of water. Soil in an improper physical condition may hold fertilizing materials in sufficient quantities for a full crop; it will, however, yield only a small percentage to the vegetation upon it until it is made friable, and so become conducive to growth. Carbonic acid is one of the chief agents in this process, and in order that this acid may be formed, the carbonaceous matter in the soil must be brought in direct contact with the atmosphere. As long as the soil is in compact condition, or is saturated with water, carbonic acid is not formed. Heat is evolved during the decomposition of vegetable matter, and the darker the soil the warmer it will become. Half the crop sometimes depends upon the previous preparation of the land.

MANURES.

For garden purposes there is nothing better than well-rotted stable manure composted with peat or muck, *all fermented together* in equal proportions, and ploughed in not over four inches in depth. This will enable the soil to retain moisture even in time of drought. Plaster, wood ashes, guano, ground bone, are all valuable, and can be used in connection with the stable manure compost, and may be sown broadcast either before or just after planting. At this time, however, at the prevailing low rates of chemicals, nitrogen is most cheaply applied either in the form of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia; phosphoric acid in the form of fine ground Charleston phosphate of lime; potash in the form of muriate of potash. There are few gardens that an addition of air-slaked lime would not materially help.

PREPARATION OF THE GROUND.

The land having been properly prepared by ploughing and sufficient manuring, the most important matter to the farmer is thorough culture, or keeping the earth fine and mellow among the plants. Stirring the soil can scarcely be repeated too often during the earlier periods of growth, or until there is danger of injury to the roots or tops of the growing plants by the cultivator. The ground may be too wet, but never too dry for stirring, because the more frequently it is broken up, fined and aerated, the more moisture will the soil absorb from the atmosphere. This is an operation that should be performed after every rain sufficient to cause incrustation or baking, which would prevent a free admission of air into the soil. The most obvious effect of stirring the soil is the destruction of weeds, for no crop can become remunerative if crowded by weeds which deprive it of air, light, moisture, and even a part of the fertility of the soil. Thorough and frequent culture of the soil admits air to the rootlets of the growing plants; it increases the capillary attraction of the soil, by which its humidity is rendered more uniform, by presenting a larger number of points of radiation. The deposits of dew, so beneficial in dry weather, are augmented; the temperature of the soil is increased by the freer admission of warm air and rain, and by the chemical processes thereby facilitated, and finally the fertility of the soil is increased through the ammonia, nitric acid, etc., which are introduced with the air. The plough, horse-hoe and cultivator are to be used whenever available, but the hand-hoe is not to be neglected on the finer and more careful work, when, particularly in the later stages of the crop, only superficial stirring is advisable.

When plants are grown in a crowded state darkness and want of air elongate the stems and leaves at the expense of the roots and of a general healthy condition. The operations of thinning and hand-weeding are performed in connection with hoeing, to admit a free circulation of air around the remaining plants, and thus the sun is permitted to have an immediate influence on each to develop the desired form, bulk and other qualities. The better the land has been cultivated and the more thoroughly it has been enriched and put in condition, the larger and better will be the crops, and less the labor to attend them, and that labor will be more cheerfully bestowed on account of the various vegetables coming along in their season.

Gardeners, and, above all, farmers, have no business to live meanly, or to think of themselves as obliged to drudge ceaselessly, without the indulgences of other classes. One has no business to see town folk having early vegetables and berries a month before his tardy supply comes on, to be out of them in dog-days before the merchants and cheap boarding-house keepers in the city have begun to see the end of fresh things. He has no need to live on doughnuts and boiled dinners the year round, when others try the changes of spring lamb, fresh fish, broiled chicken, salads, ducks and green pease, capons and veal, till turkey comes again. Why does not the farmer have these things, with the fruits, in their season?

A. H. W.

Hints on Butter Making.

No man should engage in butter making with cheese-making cows. He should know whether the milk of cows is rich in fats or rich in cascine, and whether the butter globules have a predominance of large ones that will readily separate from the milk, or an excess of small ones that will slowly separate or not separate at all. Though as a rule it may be true that the small globules peedominate in Friesian or Holstein milk, it is not always true, for some Friesians are excellent butter makers. Nor does it follow that every little Jersey will give milk containing an excess of large fat globules. The milk of some Jerseys is as poor in quality as it is small in quantity. It will not do to depend on breed or pedigree, though both may be valuable guides. Nothing is quite satisfactory but an individual test of each cow's milk.

Whether deep setting or shallow setting, submerging or exposing as much surface as possible to the air, is practicable, the butter-maker should see that the system he has adopted is carried out to perfection, and that all the conditions and his surroundings are adapted to it. I will not say which system is best, for not enough is as yet positively known to determine for certainty. It appears to be pretty well demonstrated that airing or oxygenizing cream is an advantage so far as flavor is concerned, provided the air in contact with the cream is sweet and pure; but the best method of oxygenizing has not yet been determined.

Sweet and sour cream butter both have their advocates, but the amount of acid is not agreed upon by any two, and I know of no way to determine the amount of acid. But sweet-cream butter without thorough oxygenation will prove a failure. I strongly suspect, however, the chief advantage in souring lies in the longer time that is given for the cream to imbibe oxygen from the air. Yet it is probably true that souring, though it cuts out the fine flavoring oils and destroys the butter flavor proper, imparts a positive flavor of its own, which many relish. There are many who want fresh churned butter, with a buttermilk flavor in it. Though there may or may not be any accounting for tastes, if a dairyman has a special set of customers who want a buttermilk flavor, it will retain them and put money in his pocket to give them what they want. He should be careful, however, to deliver it fresh from the churn, and deliver it often so that none will remain unconsumed long enough to be affected by the rapid change to which it is certainly liable. But if he is packing butter for the general market or to keep, it will not do to leave much buttermilk in it. A pretty sure way of getting out the buttermilk is to stop the churn before the butter gathers, draw off the buttermilk, give the butter one good washing in clean water and then pour in sufficient brine to float the butter, letting it stand a while—the longer the better—before drawing it off. The brine will not dissolve the caseine, as has been supposed, but it will coagulate it and also the albumen into a soft, soluble curd. Draw off the brine and then thoroughly wash in water until the water runs clear. The water will dissolve and wash out the brine-coagulated albumen and caseine.

So far as acid and sweet-cream preferences are concerned, perhaps in the present state of knowledge it is safer to not go to either extreme, but to churn the cream just before acidity sets in, or as soon as it is perceptible. I know of hundreds who take this medium course and succeed admirably. We shall by and by find out more about this acid question, for some scientists are investigating in this direction, and will sooner or later settle the question by showing precisely what the acid does, as well as what the effect is when no acid is developed. The churning question is still a mooted one. Some who have been investigating I the past season tell us we know nothing positive about it. The old theory of sac over the globules, which are broken by churning, is disputed, and we are still left to conjecture. Is it concussion or friction that causes the fats to adhere together, or is it both or neither, but something else that occurs through agitation? I don't know, and want to see the man who does. Until we find out, we must follow blindly the old rut, and choose our churn by guess or accident. Some simple way may yet be devised. But should we churn as quickly as possible, or be a long time about it? Economy appears to be on the side of quick churning. But how quickly can we churn and not "break the grain" of the butter? Here we are again stumbling in the dark. Who can tell us positively anything about the "grain?" Are we not constantly deceived, if not led astray, by appearances?

A what temperature ought churning to be done? The traditional one is 60° to 63°. Some go a little higher, and many a good deal lower. It is probable that a great deal depends on conditions. It is pretty positively decided that you must churn sweet cream at a lower temperature and for a longer time than sour cream, if you get the most butter. It is claimed by many that sour cream yields the most butter. Do they not overlook two things? Don't they churn sweet cream in the same way and at the same temperature that they do sour cream; don't they overlook the fact that there is more caseine in the sour cream butter that adds to weight but not to the amount of fat? In some cases I know this is true. I was recently informed that a noted creameryman in Ohio has churned his cream sweet all the past summer, for the purpose of using his buttermilk in cheese making, and that he ordered all his creameries to churn at 55° or below. He has obtained the usual average yield. His butter soon found a special line of customers, and he was unable to fully supply the demand. I do not know this, but I have it on good authority, and believe it because it is reasonable. How much this cream was aerated I did not learn, nor is it known how long the butter would have kept sweet and nice, because it was at once consumed.

Temperatures in setting have a very wide range. Some say 65° to 70° even is not too high for good results, and others go clear down to the freezing point. To go below 40°, however, is to introduce a new law into the operation of cream raising. Water, of which average milk contains 87 per cent., begins to expand at about 40°, and consequently grows lighter and lighter, as the temperature falls, until the point of congelation is reached. Whether it expands faster below 40° than it contracts when falling in temperature until it reaches 40°, I do not know; possibly this point has never been determined. But the fact of expansion below 40° shows that there is nothing gained by going below. The object is to render the liquid denser than the fat, thus making the fat relatively lighter, and hastening its separation by rising through the liquid. If we reverse this operation we must reverse the effect and retard the separation of the cream. A temperature of 48° would seem to be just as effective as one at 32°. In a long line of experiments (made in shallow setting, I think), Professor Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College got the best results at a temperature below 60°, and not below 50°. There is the advantage at this temperature of incurring no danger of injuring the product by chilling it. But I have already more than consumed my space, and must stop.—[T. D. Curtis, in Mirror and Farmer.

Tillage is Manure.

When he first read or heard the above unqualified statement, probably almost every farmer was strongly inclined to doubt its truth. Doubtless many readers, who for many years have seen this statement, are still very far from being convinced that this is really true. They can understand how manure makes plants grow, for in the use of manure there is a direct application of foreign material which contains a large proportion of plant food, but there is nothing tangible about tillage. It adds nothing which the farmer can weigh or measure, and he does not see how it can do any particular good. That it can take the place and perform the functions of manure, seems to be almost beyond his power to believe.

But while the average farmer may not be willing to accept the theory, it is certain that he has seen it in practical operation. He may not have understood it; may not have been able to trace the effect back to its cause, yet he has seen it proved that tillage is manure, and that want of tillage is want of manure. Many years ago, in company with my father, I was passing one of my neighbors' farms, and remarked that the growing crops seemed to be very poor. He replied that it was no matter for surprise, because the owner spent so much time away from home. His boys "carried on the farm" in a way boys whose fathers are constantly away from home are likely to do. In proportion to the crops produced quite a fair quantity of manure was applied, but there was hardly anything worthy the name of tillage. Now, I presume my father would not then have accepted the doctrine that tillage is manure if it had been stated in words, but it is evident that he held, unconsciously, perhaps, a belief which was its full equivalent. He knew that in former years the man stayed at home, cultivated his land and secured good crops. Also, that when the work was left to the boys, the crops became very small. As the quantity of manure applied was about the same as before, it would have been fair to infer that the difference in the quantity of the crops obtained was due to the difference in the amount of tillage which they received. This may be considered negative proof, and too uncertain to be confidently accepted. I will give one example of positive proof that tillage is equivalent to manure. For quite a distance all the farms on the east side of a certain highway in my native town contained more or less of what was termed "meadow land." This land was cold and wet, and, being at the farther end of the farms, was not considered very valuable. Still, by the use of manure, pretty fair crops were obtained when the land was ploughed. Almost all the farmers in the neighborhood raised part of their corn on this land. They believed that manure was an indispensable requisite to success, but as the land was difficult to cultivate they made but little account of tillage. One year one of these farms was hired by a stranger. He attempted to grow corn in the "meadow," but as he had very little manure and planted a large field, he reversed the usual practice, and made use of tillage, while his neighbors applied manure. Throughout the community there was the utmost confidence that this innovator would utterly fail. Men who had farmed in that section for thirty years were sure that manure was an absolute necessity, and that it was useless to try to grow corn on that kind of land without it. The season was unfavorable, but the man cultivated and hoed his corn time after time, and in the fall harvested a good crop. This and many similar cases seem to prove that, as far as the production of crops is concerned, tillage is manure.

Although a firm believer in the good effects of tillage, the writer is not willing to recommend its substitution for farm-yard manure. The two should go together. As solids and liquids are both necessary to a perfect development of animal life, so tillage and manure should be combined in a perfect system of culture for plants. Alone either one is imperfect. Together they ensure the highest success. The largest possible quantity of manure should be made, and with its use the most thorough system of tillage should be employed. Probably many readers would like to know how it is possible for tillage to be equivalent to manure. I suppose the explanation of this apparent mystery to be as follows: The land is full of materials capable of being converted into plant food, but until the action of the sun and rain and air shall decompose and make them available, they will remain locked up in the soil. Also, the soil is capable of absorbing nitrogen from the air, and thus storing up within itself one of the best of materials for promoting the growth of plants. Now if the land remains unbroken, or is only partially stirred, the air can enter it in only a limited degree. But if it is thoroughly worked, the air can pass through it freely, the material capable of being made into plant food will be rapidly decomposed, and nitrogen will be quite freely absorbed. Thus, by means of tillage, plant food is furnished as truly as by manure. This I do not assert as a scientific fact, but merely as the opinion of a busy farmer, believing it, however, to be correct.—[Ohio Farmer.

Orchard Pruning—Hints for Beginners.

The fruit trees have shed their leaves. The sap, which hitherto supplied their life, has deserted them to their fate, and gone down into winter quarters in the roots. The upper part of the tree is left thereby in a sort of dormant state, wherein, with least risk and most advantage, the pruning of an orchard may be undertaken. At this season of the year there are always odd days when the ground is too wet either to plough or plant, which can be advantageously applied to this most needful, but too often much-neglected operation. It is generally supposed that any man who can wield a hatchet or saw is competent to perform this job. There was never a greater mistake, and the ruin of many a fine orchard before now has proved to its unlucky owner the fallacy of such a doctrine, and taught him at least that to properly prune an orchard requires both knowledge and skill on the part of the pruner. There is a right way and a wrong way in this as in other things. There is a reason why, for every clip of the intelligent pruner's shears, and even to a man worthy of wielding these shears, there are trees now and then which have been neglected or badly pruned whereof it requires a mighty deal of nice consideration to enable him to decide just what branches to take off and what to leave on to bring them into proper and profitable shape. It is, indeed, no easy job to "revise and correct" an abused orchard, and it frequently requires the thoughtful planning and pruning of several consecutive years to accomplish the desired end. It is well, therefore, when one has found a man who thoroughly understands this business, to employ him, year after year, upon the same trees, that he may have time to carry out his plans, which can really be only well begun in a first year's pruning.

Whole books have been written upon proper pruning, from time to time, and people read them, approve of their suggestions, resolve to apply them to their own orchards the next year, if they live, and then forget all about it before the next year arrives; when, in the rush of getting in their crops, they hire the first man who comes along to give them a lift with their work, and some day, after a rain, when the ground is too wet either to plough or plant, the master rides off to town, saying to the hired man, as he goes out of the gate: "I guess, John, when you have mended that fence you may as well start in and prune the orchard; it's about the right time of the year for that job, I reckon."

So it is; and John goes at it with the best intentions in the world, but with neither knowledge nor experience to guide him in his task. He puts in faithfully a "square day's work "pruning" trees; that is, sawing off great limbs, here, there and everywhere, just as his fancy may dictate. The master rides home at dusk and finds to his dismay—we had almost said to his desert—a ruined orchard, as the result of John's "pruning," which will require years of patient labor and waiting to bring again into the condition in which it might have been placed that day, had the man who undertook the job been competent to perform it.

Let us look into the principles of this pruning business, for they are so plain, and the reason for them so obvious, that we feel inclined to put forth a pruner's primer, or catechism, for the benefit of the thousands of young orchardists scattered throughout the country who have all their experience yet to gain upon this subject, and to whom a few timely hints now may save years of trouble hereafter in the treatment of their trees. Our catechism should proceed somewhat on this plan:

What is the chief end of an orchard tree?

To bear good fruit.

Very well. Now, what shape of tree is best adapted to this purpose?

That which is trimmed into a round, compact head.

Why?

Because in this shape the tree is less apt to part or split from overweight of long, unbalanced branches; the fruit is less liable to injury from strong winds, as it is borne on shorter, stouter branches, and the harvesting thereof is a much easier matter than if the tree had been left with its boughs sprawling around in every direction, and rivalling those of the Lombardy poplars in their height.

"What, then, should be the object of the pruner?

To keep the tree clipped back into that symmetrical, globular form, which will best facilitate these ends.

How is this to be accomplished?

By pruning, always with that end in view; for it should be remembered that no fruit is borne on the new year's growth, but on that made the year before; and if the proper trimming has been neglected at that time, one may be obliged to sacrifice a large part of the next year's fruitage to atone for their previous neglect.

How, then, shall one proceed who is anxious to establish an orchard in the shortest possible time, and upon the best approved principles?

Procure from some reliable nurseryman a choice lot of fine, healthy, two-year-old trees, straight as an arrow from root to top; plant them twenty feet apart, using every possible care in the preparation of the soil, and spreading the roots with the hand evenly in all directions. Then water them well and settle the earth firmly around them with the pressure of the foot, on all sides, to prevent any possible "air chambers" being left about their roots. Next, as the first step in the future pruning of the tree, cut off the top with a sharp knife at the height from which the future branches of the tree are desired to start, say at four feet above the ground.

Why at four feet? Why not lower?

Because this height will permit the cultivation of your orchard (which should always be kept clean and free from weeds or other growth of any kind) to be done by horse power, which would be impracticable by and by, if the limbs branched nearer to the ground.

What is the next step?

With the coming of spring the young tree will burst forth into buds, from the root clear up to the top. Rub off with the hand, whilst yet but a tender green tip, every one of these buds but the three nearest the top. This rubbing off prevents a loss of sap expending itself upon useless wood and the formation of ugly wounds by and by if these shoots are left to absorb the vigor of the tree until they require the knife to remove them. By the end of the season your tree will have become a stout standard, branching into three long prongs.

Why were but three buds left to form the future tree? Why not more or less?

Because experience has proved that the triple crotch is the strongest form of tree growth. Had you left two or four buds, dividing the tree into two equal divisions, in their aftergrowth their weight would have been always apart from each other, and in some year of heavy fruitage your tree would have split in twain, losing you the time as well as your reward for the care bestowed upon it; whereas, the three limbs interlock their strong fibres around each other, and give a triple strength to this foundation of your future tree, which ensures it against any such after catastrophe.

Shall we not leave these three prongs their full growth, so as to taste the fruit of our tree in the coming year?

No; work for the year beyond that; clip them back to half their length, when from each will spring three other lateral shoots, as in your first year's pruning, giving you nine limbs in your second year instead of the three you would have had, besides placing your crop upon short, stout branches, where it has greater security from sudden gusts of wind. In the next season clip back your nine shoots to half their growth, as you did the three of the previous year, and under your careful training your tree will grow on in beauty, symmetry and strength, and thereafter repay you a hundred-fold for all the care bestowed upon it; nor ever require the dangerous experiment of taking off limbs the size of a man's arm here and there, with the consequent loss of sap, to bring it into proper shape.

Is the process of pruning alike beneficial to all trees?

No. Some endure the operation much better than others. Our experience has been that cherry trees are particularly averse to pruning of any kind, and seem, from the exuding gum, never quite to recover the taking off of a large limb, even though the wound was instantly covered with a coating of shellac dissolved in alcohol, which preparation we keep on hand to use for this purpose when such amputations are unavoidable. Peach trees, on the other hand, seem to renew their youth and vigor all the more for the pruning they receive. Indeed, without this, a peach tree only lives from eight to ten years, when, by constantly renewing its growth, pruning off the old and letting the new wood take its place, they have been known to thrive for thrice that time.

But suppose one comes into possession of an old, neglected orchard. What then?

Put it into proper training as soon as possible, for the sooner this end is attained the sooner you will reap your reward. Take, for instance, an old, neglected apple tree, which has had no clip from the pruners' shears since the day it was first planted (and one may sample of these in almost any drive of a mile throughout the country); have your saw, shears and shellac all ready. Now stand back from the tree and take a good look at it from all four sides, through an imaginary circle held up between yourself and the tree. Have the centre of the circle exactly over the trunk, and let it include the main average of the tree's circumference. Note, now, what limbs extend beyond that circle, and take them off at once. Step back again. Go all around the tree, applying your circle on all sides, and shear off all the straggling boughs to the limit it proscribes. This being done, take another good look at your subject. Wherever you see limbs interlapping, crossing and interfering with each other, cut them out, coating over the wound with shellac, if it be a large one. Condemn at once all old, half-dead or diseased wood, leaving as far as possible only new and healthy stock from which to train your future tree, thinning out even those where they are too thick, for there must be free ventilation for both sunlight and air throughout the tree to enable it to bring its fruit to perfection. Do not be afraid to trim severely in this case for fear your tree will not be able to bear, in the next year, a crop sufficiently large to satisfy your desires. Herein lies the fault of most all orchardists. They let their trees bear too much, losing in quality every time more than they gain by the increased quantity the tree attempts to bring to perfection.

The result of this short-sightedness tells upon the fruit-growers' pocket materially when he comes to dispose of his crop. The small, stunted apple from the overloaded tree, being a drug in the market, finds no purchaser, and fails to repay even the cost of picking, to say nothing of boxing and shipping; whilst the large, perfect fruit from the well-pruned tree, where it has had a chance to develop all its lusciousness, will always be in active demand, command the highest price, and pay a fair profit to the producer.

In conclusion, Solomon's advice with regard to the bringing up of children is equally applicable to the establishment of an orchard: "Train up a tree in the way it should go, and when it is old" you will reap your reward; neglect it "in the days of its youth," and no after-pruning can quite supply its lack of early training, though much may be done, even with an old orchard, to improve its fruitage and ensure an abundant reward for all the care bestowed upon it, whilst in the meantime a a young orchard is under training, and with the quick flight of time coming rapidly along to lay its bounties at the feet and bless the hand that planted and pruned it.—[Rural Press.

Things Worth Knowing.

Artificial fertilizers are indispensable to the fully profitable culture of farms, and especially of dairy farms upon which large fodder crops are grown. In fact, this method of feeding the soil is exactly parallel to the feeding of animals with supplementary foods, and it goes without saying that no dairyman or farmer can succeed without using these. And yet there are persons who are prejudiced against artificial manures. One writes from Ohio: "If farmers would take more pains to make and save all the manure they could, there would be no need of buying so much artificial manure. I know one man who bought a ton of superphosphate at a cost of $34, and left a large lot of barnyard manure lying in his yard, to wade through all winter and spring." This proves nothing against artificial manures. It proves that this man was very stupid, not for buying the superphosphate, but for leaving the manure in his yard unused, unless he had good reason to do so on account of its being unfit for present use, which it might easily be.

There are only three insects that are really troublesome to parlor plants, the aphis (or green fly), the red spider and mealy bug. The first is easily destroyed by tobacco in any form, either as a liquid, dust or by smoke. The most convenient way to use it for house plants is to first wet the leaves, then dust snuff or tobacco dust over them. The red spider insect is not quite so easy to manage, it never appears unless the air is hot and dry, when it attacks the lower side of the leaves. The best remedy is to wash the leaves off with a sponge, or, if the plants are very large, lay the plants on their side and strike the leaves forcibly with water from a syringe or hose. The mealy bug insect looks like little bits of cotton, and is usually found at the axils of the leaves. It is best removed by a strong hair pencil, after which syringe or sponge the plant.

It has been truly said that one of the most common mistakes in farming is the attempt to cultivate too much land. Too much work is laid out and too little done. One man and one assistant for three or four months of the year will undertake to crop eighty acres. The ground is imperfectly prepared and poorly seeded. The whole work is rushed, and although the labor is performed late and early the work is never overtaken. There is always more to do than can be done with so few hands. The result is a hard year's work and no profit, with, sometimes, the conclusion that "farming does not pay."

Every farmer who can should have a neat, bluegrass lawn next to the house, at the front and sides. Purchasers will pay an extra price for so desirable an addition to the attractiveness of a farm home.

Dr. Walker of Carroll county reports to the State health board the death of eight persons in one family of typhoid fever, the disease being contracted by drinking water from a well poisoned by dead rats.

So far as possible the farmer should keep around him young stock, the value of which will increase, rather than deteriorate, by the lapse of time. If he does not do this, more of his apparent profits than he is aware of will be required to replace old cows and old horses; besides, the returns from animals past their prime are always much less, while their cost of keeping is often greater than in the case of young stock.

Experiments show that 100 pounds of yellow Dent corn, cribbed in October, weighed 85 5-12 pounds in the following February.

A practical farmer recommends the growing of two crops of buckwheat in succession as a means of exterminating wire-worms. They will not eat buckwheat, and are starved to death.

Next to the thorough preparation of the land the matter of manuring is of the utmost importance.

A frequent cause of malaria is impure water from cisterns and wells. Upon the first symptoms of any unpleasant odor clean out the cistern. See that the well receives no drainage from any unclean source.

It is said that the best quality of charcoal is made from oak, maple, beech and chestnut. Wood will furnish, when properly charged, about 20 per cent. of coal. A bushel of coal from pine weighs about twenty-nine pounds. A bushel of coal from hard wood weighs thirty pounds. About 100 parts of oak make twenty-three of charcoal; the same quantity of red pine twenty-two and one-tenth, and of white pine twenty-three.

There will be an urgent demand for seed corn in spring. Much of the corn that looks poor will grow if it is husked early and got dry before the first hard freeze. Corn planted before it is glazed at all will shrink and look poor, but if dried quickly will grow as vigorous shoots as ripe plump kernels. So, if you have corn that was husked early and dried quick it will probably grow. Shell one or two kernels from each of twenty different ears, put them in soil in a tin pan and set on the stove, and in three days you will know what proportion will germinate.

Unless the crop can be got in early oats are safer than barley. Barley, if late sown, is usually below standard weight, and then it is almost unsalable except for feed. Light weight oats, on the contrary, will commonly sell for as much per bushel by weight as will those that are heavier. The same weight when measured out by the peck or half-peck goes farther.

In Ireland the area under cultivation is constantly diminishing. The decline extends alike to grain, grain crops, flax and rotation grasses. Even potatoes occupy 30,000 acres less than in 1882. The decrease in the area under wheat amounts to 58,000 acres, or nearly 38 per cent. There is some increase in the number of cattle and a slight increase in sheep and lambs, but the number of both the latter is about 28 per cent. less than two years ago. In pigs there has been a decrease for the year of over 100,000.

Much difficulty is often experienced by farmers in making cuttings of grape and other wood when planted in cold soil in the spring. The trouble partly arises from the fact that air is much warmer than the soil, which starts the bud before root action commences. If cuttings are placed with their base ends in dry soil in the cellar bottom, the base will callous and be ready to emit roots as soon as planted. Market gardeners make every cutting live by furnishing bottom heat, which simply means keeping the soil in which the cutting is planted warmer than the bud, which is exposed to the air.

It is sometimes a good plan where sows can be kept in a warm basement in a barn to allow them to farrow late in winter. The pigs will be more valuable as they will be made of marketable size for porkers earlier in the season. But the warmest quarters will not prevent the necessity for watchful care about the time the pigs are to be dropped. It is worth while sitting up all of one night to save a litter of pigs, each one of which counts at least $1 at that early age. One danger from sows farrowing in winter is that they will become feverish and destroy their young. Lack of green food is the cause of this tendency. Feeding with roots or with bran, rather than with more heating food, will prevent this difficulty.

The exact value of the meal of corn and cob ground together is a subject upon which a great variety of opinions have been expressed. Many farmers believe that cob meal is more or less injurious to the stomach of animals; others admit that the cob contributes somewhat to the value of the meal when ground with corn, but not enough to pay for the difference in the cost of grinding the kernels alone and the corn with the cob. The nutriment of the corn cobs rests almost entirely in the carbon-hydrates—sugar, starch cellulose—there being an infinitesimal quantity of the more important ingredients of albuminoids and fats. The advantage of grinding the cob and corn together, according to as good authority as Elliott W. Stewart, is not altogether in the nutriment of the cob, but because the cob, being a coarser and a spongy material, gives bulk and divides and separates the fine meal, so as to allow a free circulation of the gastric juices through the mass in the stomach. Cornmeal when wet into plastic dough is very solid and not easily penetrated by any liquid; hence pigs when fed on cornmeal alone often suffer with fever in the stomach because the meal lies there too long undigested. The authority referred to, who has fed corn and cob meal largely to both swine and horses, says he never observed any ill effects therefrom, but on the contrary found it a healthier feed than clear meal.

The old notion that any soil is good enough to raise beans is a mistaken one. In planning for next season's crop it will pay you to select one of your best pieces of ground for beans, and see that it is put in prime condition. While they will exist in a poor soil, they will only do their best in a rich one. Given a good rich soil and good cultivation, beans will usually prove one of the most profitable crops on the farm.

Corn will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock, in the autumn, in well-protected cribs, from 20 to 30 per cent. by spring. That is, 100 bushels will shrink to seventy or eighty, according to how dry it was when gathered. Sound corn will shrink 20 per cent., so that forty cents per bushel as it comes from the field is as good as fifty cents in the spring.

In an address before the Indiana Poultry Association, Mr. A. M. Halstead made the following statement: "In the State of New York, according to the last census—1875—the value of the poultry owned in the State was in round numbers $3,000,000; value of poultry sold in 1875, $1,800,000; value of eggs sold in 1875, $2,500,000. New York City alone now consumes over 20,000 car-loads of live and dressed poultry yearly. The capacity of a freight car is about ten tons; to be within bounds allow only half that amount to a car-load—five tons—and we have a total of 100,000 tons, which at ten cents per pound (another low estimate) gives us $20,000,000 as the valuation of the poultry consumed every year in New York City alone. It also consumes over 300,000,000 of eggs, the value of the latter at average New York prices being $8,000,000. The number of eggs produced yearly in the whole of the United States is upward of 9,000,000,000, valued at $240,000,000. The value of the poultry consumed in the United States is estimated at $300,000,000 per year. The total of the two items is $540,000,000 per year, representing the value of the poultry and eggs consumed yearly by the people of the United States.

"Which yields the better or greater profits, eggs or table fowls?" inquires an experimenter. Perhaps the former—if we cultivate the right breeds for egg-production. A good way to calculate this problem is to select the sort of fowls that will, in proportion to size, yield you the largest average number of eggs in a given time. Two dozen eggs, at the best market rate of fresh ones, will bring about the price of a common fowl's dressed carcass. If you cultivate only the ordinary barnyard fowls, or the lesser-sized birds, like the Leghorns, for example, you may get so goodly a product of eggs (in number) in a season as to make these pay you better than will the fowl itself merely as dressed poultry. The Leghorns will lay a good many eggs in a year, with a fair chance and good keeping. It costs, to support these small fowls, less than it does to feed the Asiatics, while the eggs are being grown. And in the market "an egg is an egg." We should, therefore, say that, ordinarily, the production of eggs from moderate-sized flocks, that may be disposed of at a handy market (or to families in your neighborhood who are willing to pay the highest price for fresh ones for their own tables) will give a greater profit than will dead poultry alone.

Fanny Field thus expresses herself as to the food value of milk for hens: "I quite agree with the correspondent of the American Poultry Yard, who declares there is no feed on earth so good for fowls and chicks as milk in some form. For very young chicks we make the clabbered milk into Dutch cheese, and use the whey to mix feed for other fowls and chickens. From the time they are a week old till sent to market for broilers, our early chicks have all the milk, sweet or sour, or buttermilk, that they can drink. If the home supply of milk falls short of the demand, we buy skim-milk at two cents a quart, and consider it cheap at that. For laying hens in winter there is nothing better than a liberal supply of milk. A pan of warm milk, with a dash of pepper in it, every morning, will do more toward inducing hens to lay in cold weather than all the egg-food in creation. For fattening fowls, we find that boiled vegetables mixed with milk and barley or cornmeal will put on flesh at an astonishing rate. Don't be afraid to give milk to fowls or chicks; from the time when the chicks are given the first feed up to within the last day of the old fowl's life, milk may be safely and profitably given."

The Poultry Record gives this method of liming eggs for long keeping: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold, put it in stone jars. Then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish, after it fills with the liquid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place and they will keep fresh for a year.

Few understand how absolutely an essential are a certain number of degrees of accumulated heat in a given period, longer or shorter, for the maturity of crops, and that excess on one side or the other is detrimental in proportion to its measure. Thus wheat requires from 1600 to 1800 degrees centrigrade; corn, 2200 to 2800, and cotton, 2500 to 3000. Knowing the mean for each day of the entire month, the outcome of crops could be calculated with something like mathematical accuracy, and absolutely, when the rainfall is known, together with the number of days the plants have been above ground.

It is a matter too little regarded by farmers and horticulturists that the selection of poor seed, or that from poor plants, or the use of any inferior stock in propagating, is a potent cause of the deterioration of varieties. Many a grower has raised a poor crop because poor seeds were sown. Shrunken grain may produce a crop, but the yield is almost invariably inferior. This fact is recognized by good farmers. What is true of wheat is also true of garden vegetables and fruits. Flower seeds selected from plants which have grown on poor soil, or have been stunted by drought, are not fit to be sown. Such seeds, even if sown on good soil and the plants given good care, produce weak plants. They have already begun to "run out."

The farming season of 1883 being over, says a New England journal, study up where you made mistakes and where your experiments proved successful, and write them down. Don't follow in the same rut the next season as you did last, but do something differently. Try experiments of some sort. Save time, money and labor by using your own brains and having your plans for each day's work well matured the night before.

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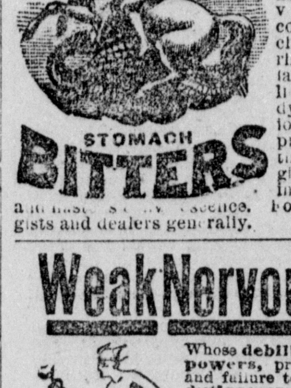

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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

The Work of Women's Unions in Other Cities.

Varied Views Concerning the Life of the American Girl in All Classes.

The Coming Fashions of Spring Cast Their Shadows Before.

The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, the work of which is a distinctive feature among those many humanitarian movements for which Boston is noted, has been the parent stem from which has grown similar associations in other cities. They have sprung up all about, either a direct outgrowth from the Boston institution, or inspired by its ideas and modelled upon its system of work. And, altogether, they are doing a great, good work. They are the expression of a new feeling that is growing in the public mind, a feeling that arises as the reaction from the natural drifting toward caste and social distinctions and more closely-drawn lines between social classes which come with growing wealth. They are one form of the new statement of equality, of the being born "free and equal," which must be said in the face of our changing material conditions as firmly and as bravely as it was said in the first place. Perhaps they do not give a perfect expression to that feeling, perhaps the feeling of equality itself is not as strong as it might be, but they are powers for good, and they do a work that is in every way interesting. An account of the work of the Philadelphia organization, which is called the New Century Club, appeared in the Call of that city, from which we make some extracts that its method of work may be compared with that of the Boston union. It is located at 1112 Girard street. The Call says of its methods:

"The society itself is social and literary, and as such by its rules is strictly private. There are, however, several committees whose work concerns the public, and of which we are privileged to speak. One of these is the committee on legal protection for workingwomen. The work of this committee is not finds plenty of it to do—is to aid poor women defrauded of their earnings by sewing-machine agents and others of their ilk who advance money and goods under false representations. This committee will have its hands full so long as women are untrained to business habits.

"The evening classes for workingwomen are now in their third winter. For the most part the teaching is volunteer, given by members of the club, and is restricted to workingwomen, including any calling from house help to teachers, without regard to color. Any woman who supports herself, and cannot afford to pay higher prices for instruction, is at liberty to attend these classes. Some of the teaching, such as singing, elocution, shorthand, German, etc., has to be done by experts, and even here no difficulty is found in securing such talent as could not be bought by money for evening labor—well-known teachers appreciating the good work, not hesitating to give their services gratuitously.

"A pleasant feature of the club has grown out of the interest the ladies connected with it have come to feel in the workingwomen with whom they are thrown in contact, namely, a society called the New Century Guild. Many of these poor women are deprived entirely of home life. All the semblance they have of it is a room—perhaps cold and uncomfortable—in some boarding or lodging-house, and the guild rooms, always open to members, are furnished with a library, a piano, tables on which the magazines are placed, and the privileges of which are purchased for $1 per annum. It has regular monthly sociables. At present the time is passed in chatting and with music and games, but it is proposed by and by to undertake some work bearing practically on the interests of workingwomen. Both guild and classes are works of love on the part of the club."

VARIED VIEWS.

The Leaven of Discontent—Are Girls to Blame?—The American Shop Girl—The Custom of the Country.

A newspaper letter, perhaps written on the principle of taking the part of "the under dog," speaking of that frequently discussed question of the annoyances to which women are subjected on the streets, says that the "masher" is not entirely to blame. What the writer says may be true sometimes, but women innumerable can bear witness that it is not true as generally as he seems to think.

"So much has recently been written in condemnation of the 'masher' that a few words on the other side of the case will not be amiss. While not designing to present the masher as a saint, we would suggest that the burden of street flirtation be placed on the shoulders of those who justly should bear it. Brazen as the male street flirt appears, he will not often speak to a woman who offers him no encouragement. It would be poor sort of fun for him to invite attention all day long if his invitation met with no response. It is manifest that the girls are to blame for his presence upon the streets. Let them lay aside their dashing boldness of manner, which they often foolishly imagine denotes independence, but which is as dangerous as it is unseemly. Such a demeanor provokes remarks from men and women which would make the ears of the average maiden tingle with indignation could she but hear them."

The Leaven of Discontent.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has this to say in the Christian Union about the universal discontent that is to be found among the young women of today: "Not every girl is discontented, nor are any wretched all the time. If they were, our homes would lose much sunshine. Certainly no class in the community is so constantly written about, talked at, and preached to as our girls. And still there always seems to be room left for one word more. I am persuaded that the leaven of discontent pervades girls of the several social ranks, from the fair daughter of a cultured home to her who has grown up in a crowded tenement, her highest ambition to dress like the young ladies she sees on the fashionable avenue. City girls and country girls alike know the meaning of this discontent, which sometimes amounts to morbidness, and again only to nervous irritability."

The American Shop Girl.

The New York Sun, in the course of an interview with a lady superintendent, an Englishwoman, in a large dry goods establishment, got this opinion concerning the relative qualities of English and American shop girls: "There is no comparison whatever," said the little Englishwoman, with a decisive shake of her head. "The American girls are superior in every respect—intelligence, taste, neatness, quickness and courtesy. It may strike you that there is doubt about the last, but I am right. The London shop girl is insolent, while here they are only saucy or impertinent if they offend at all. There is a vast difference. London girls are so stupid, you know."

The Custom of the Country.

The Philadelphia Press thinks that the universal freedom given to young girls in this country is not exactly the thing, and says so, as follows: "Americans have long been in the habit of boasting of the innocent freedom of their girls, but there is now much cause to doubt whether this freedom is conducive to innocence. Custom requires that girls scarcely past childhood shall be allowed perfectly free, unguarded intercourse with young men of whose characters and morals they know nothing. Now and then a case like this of the Nutts, Jennie Cramer, or the Higbees, flashes a light into these obscure grades of rural life, and proves that, while this intercourse may be barely innocent, it is, as a rule, coarse, vulgar and dangerous in its tendencies. Women complain justly that neither law nor society has any punishment for men like Dukes. This is true. But while it is true, while there are such men in every community, surely it is not the place of mothers to throw victims in their way."

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

Spring Goods—The New Satines—Making Over Old Dresses—Summer Silks.

While the snow is falling new and exquisite satines arrive from France, says the New York Tribune, and are unpacked and purchased in readiness for wear when summer days are long. These fresh and charming fabrics are as soft and silky to the touch as foulard or Corah silks. Set floral designs closely cover the grounds, which are of every shade. There are large oak leaves, black, with shadings of gray and pale gold; a branch of oak with leaves and clusters of acorns; the pendant tips of a beech spray; the branch of the Vogelbeerbaum—the bird-berry tree—like the mountain ash with clumps of red berries; the dark fans of an elm bough standing out against a pale ground. In addition to these are varieties of tropical flowers, the rhadames, lotus, lilies, the rose of Jericho, the scarlet anemone of Palestine, the mimula and saffron flower.

Accompanying French plates show slight deviation from the general style of dress worn through the present season—the kilt skirt of the plain satine; the full panier drapery, caught high on the hips and falling low behind, of the figured fabric; the high shoulders and pleated or shirred plastron. Another style shows simply a pleated ruffle around the edge of the plain skirt; the figured long overskirt or polonaise opens in front over a pleated plastron of the plain fabric; the skirts are draped in paniers and trimmed behind with wide bows of ribbon. A plain skirt is edged with a pleated flounce and trimmed with ribbon bows on the front. The polonaise is draped behind and trimmed with a profusion of lace and bows of ribbon. A great deal of lace is used.

Making Over Old Dresses.

The coming fashions promise to be economical as regards rearranging or "making over" the wardrobe of last year, from the fact of two materials being employed. Both may be plain, but of different shades, or one plain and one figured. If one of the worn fabrics fails to meet requirements, it is easily replaced at much less expense than that of a new costume. This applies to wool, silk and satin, as well as to the beautiful cotton fabrics. For a narrow skirt, there is the introduction of panels, or embroidered or pleated bands. The friendly plastron will effectually conceal any defect or stain or wear.

Rumor has it that the pretty pleated plastrons of red surah silk will give the wearers the name of "robin red-breast," particularly when the enormous toe nure is worn, which daily increases in size. A lace fichu or large lace handkerchief will answer the same purpose, or whatever soft gauzy fabric lends itself to a graceful draping. A dainty device is to fasten the jacket or polonaise at the waist, or with a clasp at the chest. Elaborate metal clasps are also used to confine the plastron at the waist. This fashion of decoration affords an opportunity for the display of heirlooms in the way of brooches, clasps, slides or buckles by those who own them.

Spring Silks.

For the earliest spring silks those with shaded grounds of gros grain or of satin are shown. These have two contrasting colors changing on the finely repped ground, or else upon a satin surface, and there are quaint Persian figures or flowers brocaded in relief upon them; porcelain blue is shot with coral tints, moss green with faded blue, maroon with lilac or with beige, and dark blue with dull red. Ottoman repped silks are not largely represented in spring importations, according to a well-known fashion writer, as these are not handsome unless of too heavy weight for warm-weather dresses, and, moreover, their durability is so uncertain that merchants fear to commend them. Velvet figures of small sizes on satin grounds will be chosen for Easter toilets that are partly of plain satin in the stylish gray-brown and maroon shades, and correspondents who have made inquiries about such dresses are advised that their choice lies between the satin grounds or else the small repped failles that have satin lustre. For still later in the season surahs will be used either with silk or satin finish, and in plain grounds, as well as those with small figures. For summer mantles, visites, shoulder capes, and also for parts of dresses, there are gauze velours or velvet-figured grenadines, not in black only, but in the gray and dull red shades that have been used for wraps this winter. Beige and brown shades will also be considered stylish in these thick and thin fabrics. Black gauze mantles will again be made up over colored satin surah linings, especially of red, lavender, or gray shades. For entire y black dresses for the early spring the handsomest satins are being provided for the greater part of the dress, to be enriched by a vest and skirt front of elaborate embroidery done on satin, or else on net that is laid upon satin.

FANCY-WORK.

New Embroideries.

Among novelties in designs for embroidery is a sofa pillow of deep garnet plush in meal-bag shape; its upper side decorated with blossoms and leaves of the Lady Washington geranium. The leaves and stems were worked with arrasene, and the blossoms formed of plush, appliqued. These can be purchased ready for application, and are made from plush colored to imitate the natural flowers, so that they have quite a life-like appearance. The top of the plush bag, which extends above the pillow, is lined with pale pink silk to the depth of eight inches, and then gathered up close to the pillow-cushion and fastened by a large bow of the same color as the lining.

A brush-holder in the shape of a guitar is the most recent arragement for keeping these necessary articles within convenient reach, though what connection there can be between a musical instrument and a whisk-broom we cannot imagine. The shape of the guitar is first made from some thin wood, then covered with dull blue plush; the strings are of gold cord, held in place at each end by brass tacks with conical-shaped heads; an embroidered strap across the body of the instrument holds the brush in place.

A new design used upon a dark-red stand cover represents the seasons. It consists of a leafless branch worked with crewels shading from a greenish wood color to a dark brown on the outer edge, conveying the idea of winter; in the lower part of the branch a circular piece of ecru satine is fastened to the cover with couching stitches of floselle of the same shade. A couple of pink rosebuds were worked with fine arrasene in the centre of this appliqued piece, which is intended to represent spring; while for summer, in the circular piece near the top of the branch, the buds had developed into full-blown roses. This overlapped the circle just beneath, containing autumn leaves emblematical of fall. The effect of the whole was very pleasing.

A square sofa-pillow of plush has a crackle design consisting of angular lines, among which blossoms and leaves are scattered. This style of ornamentation is a popular feature, seen alike upon colored or white materials, and suggested by the crackle china or crackleware, the glaze of which is applied over a checked surface, so that the glaze or enamel will have the effect of being cracked. For this pillow the angular lines were formed by tinsel-threads, and the pelargonium leaves and blossoms were then interspersed among these angles. In contrast to this and more truly artistic, as its design was in perfect harmony with nature, is a screen panel. Upon dull-blue plush, hexagons about two inches in diameter, were formed by gold bullion, which, by the way, is said never to tarnish. Life-size nasturtiums were trained up this lattice-like work, and the blossoms of velvety-crimson, mingled with those of yellow, with dark-green leaves, looked as though they had just been transferred from the garden.

Some beautiful pieces of modern embroidery were shown at the recent loan exhibition held in this city; a prominent one among them was a series of needle-woven tapestries, designed by Miss Dora Wheeler, and wrought by the Associated Artists. The flesh tints were so perfectly copied in the figures composing the several designs that it was difficult to tell whether they were embroideries or paintings, or a combination of the two.

Jars of roses were very artistically executed upon a pair of silk canvas portieres, the low, greenish-colored jar on one being filled with yellow and deep-red roses, while in the other were combined white, yellow and pink roses, so fully blown that some of the petals had apparently dropped by the side of the jar on the canvas.

The jar of chrysanthemums, the illustration for which is kindly furnished by the Loan Catalogue, was designed for a screen, and was worked upon changeable silk of bronze-blue color. The jar was formed by darning stitches regularly woven in, using light blue at the bottom, and shaded to a dark red on the upper side. The blossoms were of shaded pink, pale pinks and yellows, and worked with satin stitch; the stems were made with chain stitches.

In outline embroidery, leaves and petals are worked much heavier than formerly, which gives more expression to the designs. It is not necessary to employ a new stitch to do this, but rather to take them erect and quite close together. A buffet cover of white linen momie cloth, decorated with a cherry branch, had the edges of the leaves worked in this way: the fruit was outlined in the ordinary manner, and then filled in with darning stitches.

Snowballs, which have been so much used for embroidery designs, are given a more natural appearance, this season, by making the blossoms of bits of ribbon. A foundation stuffed enough to raise it a full half-inch in the centre is first made. Two pieces of very narrow gros grain ribbon, three-quarters of an inch in length and notched on the ends, are crossed and fastened in the centre with a stitch of yellow silk to this stuffed foundation, to represent the blossom petals; these are tacked on quite close together, until the foundation is entirely covered. Worked in this way the snowball is one of the easiest flowers to form that can be used.

How to Knit Stockings.

With common-sized knitting yarn cast on thirty-four stitches on each needle. Rib an inch or more, if desired. Knit plain a good finger length; then begin the narrowing. On one needle knit fourteen stitches; narrow; knit two; narrow; knit the rest plain; also the other two needles. Knit seven rounds; knit thirteen stitches and narrow as before on the same needle you narrowed on before. Continue until you have only twenty-five stitches on each needle. Knit one finger length plain. Take six stitches from each of the side needles and put them on the needle on which you narrowed, for the heel. Knit the heel almost a finger length. Knit fifteen stitches on the right side, narrow, knit three, narrow, knit the rest off plain. Repeat five times, always narrowing on the right side only. After narrowing on the fifth round turn the work without knitting across, take off the first stitch, knit three, narrow the fourth and fifth, turn the work, take off the first stitch, and proceed as before, until the stitches are all narrowed off. Take up the stitches down the side of the heel by knitting into the edge. Knit across and take up the other side. Knit down to the middle needle. Take seven off each end of the middle needle and put on to each side needle; narrow the side needles down to twenty-four on each by narrowing every other round where the stitches of the middle needle join those taken up from the heel. Knit two finger lengths, measuring from the tip of the heel. Begin to narrow off the stocking by knitting one stitch on either of the needles; narrow and knit across, narrowing the last two stitches. Do the same on each needle. Then knit three rounds, narrow as at first, knit three rounds, narrow, knit three rounds, narrow, knit two rounds, narrow, knit two, narrow, and then narrow every other round until it is almost off, and then narrow every time until you get down to two stitches on each needle; then bind it off and darn down the thread.

Chair Tidies.

The variety is almost endless, ranging from the dainty and elegant combinations of lace, satin and velvet, suitable only for the costliest furniture and surroundings, and always more ornamental than useful, to the simple affair of knotted cotton yarn which hangs limp and shapeless over the top of the much used cane-bottom rocking chair. This knotted tidy is too familiar to need description. Its construction may be simple enough, but is a mystery to me, so I shall not attempt to give a rule for making it. If it has merits, our bald-headed grandfathers have failed to discover them, and do not fail to denounce their invention when leaning their weary heads against the knots. Better than these are the quaint Kate Greenaway pictures, wrought in outline stitch in colors on canvas, or silk or coarse muslin. There are dozens of other sorts of more or less merit and practical utility; but to a really busy housewife, whose time is too valuable to be spent in the creation of fancy articles, nothing else has presented itself in this line of equal value in all respects to a simple Turkish towel, ornamented with stripes of bright color, and large enough to be useful. This looks pretty; it keeps clean longer than any other, and looks clean still longer; it stays in place better than the starched affair, and is not uncomfortable to the touch. After many washings have spoiled the beauty of its first estate it will still serve long and usefully at the bath-tub, and here, on cold mornings, it is sure to be appreciated, being much more agreeable than a smooth linen towel.

Fluted Lace with Edge.

Cast on twenty-two stitches.

First row—Plain.

Second row—Knit sixteen, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Third row—Knit nine, purl eleven, leave three stitches on this needle that you do not knit this time, but turn and go back.

Fourth row—Knit fourteen, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Fifth row—Knit ten, purl eleven, knit three.

Sixth row—Knit eighteen, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Seventh row—Knit eleven, purl eleven, leave three stitches on needle unknit.

Eighth row—Purl eleven, knit five, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Ninth row—Plain.

Tenth row—Knit three, purl eleven, knit six, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Eleventh row—Knit twenty-four, leave three stitches unknit.

Twelfth row—Purl eleven, knit seven, over, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit two.

Thirteenth row—Bind off until you have twenty-one stitches on the left needle and one on the right.

Knit across plain and proceed from first.

Work Basket.

Take two peach baskets and fasten the bottoms firmly together with small nails. Line one of the baskets with dark-colored chintz; take a piece of the cloth two inches longer than the depth of the basket and wide enough to go once and a half around; gather this evenly on a circular piece of chintz just large enough to lie in the bottom of the basket. Fit this in smoothly. Then draw the upper end over the edge of the basket, and fasten with carpet tacks. Next take of the chintz a piece a trifle longer than the united length of both baskets, and wide enough to go around smoothly. Hem one end, and make all around a row of pockets five inches deep, gathered quite full, and finished with a heavy rubber cord at the top. Fasten this neatly on the outside of the lined basket; draw the other end inside the empty one, and fasten with tacks. Finish with a band of gay ribbon tied around the centre to give it the shape of an hour-glass, and little knots of ribbon between the pockets.

Cretonne Stand Cover.

I first purchased a variety of quarter-yard lengths of the heavy cretonne, such as is sold for twenty-five cents a yard, choosing medium dark grounds, containing pretty figures in delicate colors. From these squares five inches in diameter were cut, so that each one would have some bright flower or bird in the centre. These were arranged to contrast prettily, and then firmly sewed together on the wrong side, the seams pressed open, and feather stitch of yellow silk worked on the right side over all the joinings. Black velvet ribbon, two inches wide, edged with the feather stiten, bordered the cover and served as heading to the simple fringe made from ravelled unbleached Russia crash. The cover was then lined with silesia.

Unique Sofa Pillow.

It is made from one of the grayish silk handkerchiefs seen in gentlemen's furnishing stores. A cardinal handkerchief is chosen which has an owl in one corner. After the pillow is made and covered with silesia or some similar material, put the handkerchief over it and turn the corner, which is ornamented with the low back toward the centre, and catch it there with invisible stitches. The corner of the pillow that is left visible has a piece of black velvet put smoothly over it, and a handsome ribbon bow of the color of the handkerchief is fastened to the velvet. The pillow is finished on the edge with a silk cord of bright gold color, and the under side is lined with canton flannel. It is pretty, and takes but a few hours to make.

Stocking Supporters.

When buying elastic ribbon for children's stocking supporters, procure a fine-webbed brand; one pair of these will outwear several of the cheaper ones. Do not put button-holes in the elastic, but hem the ends and sew on loops of narrow white tape. Make the supporters long enough for the shortest stockings, and add a couple of loops of tape two inches apart on the upper end for use with longer hose. If at any time it is necessary to allow the supporter to encircle the leg, procure the ribbon with fluted edges, as that is much more elastic than any other kind, and will offer less hindrance to circulation.

Grilled Kidneys.

Two beef kidneys, one egg, bread crumbs, salt and pepper, butter; cut the kidneys in thick slices, dip them in an egg previously beaten up with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with bread crumbs, put a piece of butter the size of an egg to melt; when melted dip in the kidneys and pass them again in bread crumbs, then grill over a slow fire and serve with sauce or rich gravy; before being dressed in any way kidneys should always be plunged in boiling water for a minute or so.

Children's Leggings.

A very good and serviceable garment for school and common use can be made at home by cutting off the feet of worn hose. Turn up a hem at the bottom and sew a strip of leather to go under the foot and hold the legging in place. A bit of leather cut from an old shoe answers every purpose.

Neat Lounge Quilt.

Among the pretty and attractive ways to finish the edge of a silk lounge quilt are these: Put a border of narrow ribbon on in strips, make a point on the end of each piece of ribbon, and under these, allowing it to show a trifle, put a ruffle of lace. Another way is to omit the lace and put a tassel or small ball on each point.

To Fry Partridges.

Take a brace of partridges that have either been roasted or braised, cut them into quarters and dip then into beaten and seasoned yolks of eggs; make some butter hot in a frying-pan and fry the pieces of partridge a rich brown.

To Grill Cold Fowl.

Cut it in pieces and rub each piece in some salt pepper and dry mustard mixed on a plate; then place on gridiron over a slow, clear fire, so that each piece becomes perfectly hot through.

Publishing Under Difficulties.

[White Pine (Tenn.) Eastern Progress.]

Our readers could not have been more annoyed than we were on account of our tardy arrival last week. The delay resulted from circumstances over which we had not the least control. The compositor we had employed left us on account of the measles just as we were ready to begin work. The time lost in securing another compositor and in arranging the scores of matters growing out of moving and setting up in a new place made us two days late. By working till 12 o'clock Saturday night we got nearly the entire edition in the post office. But what was our chagrin to find that the mail service on the trains was so demoralized by wrecks, etc., that our papers could not be sent out of the office till two days later. We expect to be as regular as the sun hereafter. We shall spare no labor nor loss of sleep that may be necessary to reach our readers on time. But if our office is frozen up, or the mails fail to carry our burden, or the editors die suddenly, the thoughtful reader will excuse a few hours' delay.

Buying and Selling Names.

[Dealer in New York Sun.]

"I buy and sell the addresses of people in all parts of the United States and Canada. There are hundreds of business men who reach their customers by circulars as well as by advertising in the newspapers. Agents form one line of special names. Invalids form another. There are two other general classes, one for the sharpers and one for the general advertiser. I have got as high as $25 a thousand for names for sharpers' use. Good lists of habitual invalids are worth all the way from $10 to $20 a thousand. Agents are so easily obtained that $10 is a big price; from $3 to $5 is ordinary. General-use lists copied off the letters bring from $5 to $5 where they have not been mailed to more than twice. When mailed to oftener than that, and where a year or two old they get down to $1 a thousand."

THE GARDEN AND WINDOW.

A Garden Journal—Seasonable Hints—Watering Plants—The Green Fly—Geraniums—Etc., Etc.

We present to our readers at this time a record of the actual operations of a practical gardener, Mr. Richard Gamble, during the past year, at a suburban place near our own, of about three acres, with lawn, fruit and kitchen garden, greenhouse and cold grapery.

The record is not a suppositional one in any line or remark, but relates faithfully what was performed. It can scarcely fail to be valuable to some extent as a guide, or a warning, to inexperienced and amateur gardeners. The operations can be repeated by others through a wide belt of country at nearly the same times, but all will perceive that in this particular they can be discriminately adjusted to every locality.

February 1. Potted off rooted cuttings of chrysanthemums that are intended to make plants for next winter's bloom. Also, potted little plants of Stevia variegata, to be used in summer for edging borders of flower beds.

2. Potted off Mrs. Pollock, Happy Thought, and a general collection of double geraniums for bedding out.

3. Put in a large number of coleus cuttings, intended for summer bedding.

5. Potted off carnations and a variety of other small plants, some for bedding and others for blooming in pots next winter.

6. The same.

7. The same.

8. Potted off Centaurea gymnocarpa.

9. Putting in cuttings of ivy-leaved geraniums, ice plant or mesembryanthemum crystallinum and vines major variegata, for future use in vases and hanging baskets.

10. Put in cuttings of Stevia serrata and lemon verbena.

12. Today I have been shifting some plants into large pots and removing decaying leaves, and have also repotted some plants that were becoming pot-bound.

13. The same.

14. Putting in cuttings of heliotrope, intended for summer bedding.

15. Sowed tomato seed in boxes in the greenhouse, in order to get early plants in spring; sowed egg-plant seed in pots; also cucumber seeds in pots, to make strong plants to put in hotbed in March.

16. Potting chicory roots in large pots to force the leaves for use as salad. The pots, now filled with chicory roots, are placed in the cellar, in a dark, warm corner, where they will blanche nicely.

17. Putting grape cuttings into propagating bed. Also, repotting fuchsias intended for spring and summer bloom.

19. Finished repotting fuchsias today.

20. Potting off coleus that were placed in the propagating bed on the 3d inst.

21. Put in more coleus cuttings to strike. Sowed early tennis-ball lettuce in boxes in the greenhouse, to be transplanted into the hotbed in March.

22. Pruning hardy grapevines today for the first time this winter. The weather to this time has been cold and stormy.

23. Sowed in large flower-pots seed of Early Wakefield cabbage and Early Snowball cauliflower in the greenhouse.

24. Pruning out of doors.

26. Shaking out of the pots some fancy caladiums, and repotting them.

27. Staking up and tying fuchsias.

28. The same. —[Vick's Monthly.

Seasonable Hints.

If plants in pots have not had the soil soured by over-watering, under bad drainage, or otherwise become sickly, say through attacks of insects or very bad treatment, they may be kept in pots for years and do well; but very often it is evident the plant is not at home in a pot. Then it is best to prune it and plant it out in the open ground all summer. Oleanders, oranges, azaleas, camellias and similar things are very much benefited by treatment like this; and most things like to grow in the open ground during the summer in our country, provided the roots are at all fibrous and will permit of their being lifted with care, for potting again in the autumn season. Bouvardias, carnations and many things grown by florists for cut flowers in winter are treated in this way.

In decorating one's garden for the summer there are many greenhouse climbing plants which could be set out to great advantage, helping the plants and ornamenting the ground at the same time.

There are few things more beautiful in home decoration than ornamental grasses, and where pampas and other rich things have been preserved in pots all winter, they should be set out in deep, rich soil, in order to get a good stock for parlor ornament next season.

People seldom think of hanging baskets till the fall comes, but the best lady gardener of our acquaintance starts her baskets in the spring, and hangs them under the shade of trees all summer. Many other kinds in baskets may also be hung all summer under the branches of trees.

Those plants which are to be kept in pots all summer are best set out in partially shaded places. There are not many things which care to be under glass the whole season in our country. It seems very fine to our Northern readers to talk of these things, but we have readers where the spring violet already blooms, and it will not be long before spring is everywhere.

It is not always that latitude means temperature. While all the Union was complaining of the terrible freeze early in January, we in Philadelphia could not get nearer zero than 6°, and while writing this, with four inches of snow on the ground, we can walk around comfortably without overcoats.

Green Flies.

Aphides, or green flies, as we commonly call them, are a great nuisance at this time, and flower buds and young growths are their favorite food. Fumigating them with tobacco smoke in the dwelling-house is a pretty story "for the marines." My practical observation has not been very limited, but when it comes to fumigating plants in dwelling-houses, I know nothing at all about it, would not allow it to be done in my house, and I do not know of any one who would in his. Still, I have read of its being recommended often enough, and how prettily people would do it, too—lumber barrels, wet sheets, in the cupboard, an empty room, or the cellar! The simplest way is to wash off the insects with soapsuds, soft water, or warm water, say at a temperature of 120°; or dip them in tobacco water the color of tea, afterwards washing them in clean water. In washing them you can stand them, pots and all, in a tub of water, and with your hand throw the water up among the leaves and shoots and bring down the enemy—a nice amusement on washing-day afternoons. But for safety's sake, if you stand the roots in the water, do not use it over 110°, or a very little over. Tobacco water won't hurt the roots of the plants, or, let me assure you, the grubs or earthworms in the soil.

Watering Plants.

But at this time of year be careful about watering your plants. If the water stands in the pot without immediately sinking into the soil, turn that plant out of its pot and pick away some of the earth from the bottom of the ball, or, if convenient, repot the plant. Worms clog the drainage. You may sometimes catch them by turning the plants out of the pots and picking out the worms; but, if you fail to see the worms, apply some lime or soot water. Most plants relish it, but worms dislike it. While vigorous plants, as cinerarias, want copious waterings, such plants as coleuses, fresines, ageratums, and the like, that you are merely wintering over for next summer's garden, should not get more than will keep them fresh and plump. Succulent plants, as cactuses, century plants, house leeks, and the like, require very little if any water. Old fuchsias, lemon-scented verbenas, and deciduous woody plants of that nature, if kept cool and dry in winter, start to grow more kindly in spring; and when you do wish to start them, sprinkle them overhead of ener than at the root, and it will help them to break more evenly.

Crowding Roots.

Those of your plants—as calla lilies, Paris daisies, abutilons, growing roses and the like—whose pots are well filled with roots, should receive some stimulating food, and as applying liquid manure to plants is not very pleasant in the sitting-room, you cannot do much better than scratch out a good deal of the old soil from the surface of the pots and fill up with fresh compost, say leaf-soil or loam and well-rotted manure in equal parts, and pack it down very firmly; and to the plants that are blooming and growing vigorously give lots of water.

Geraniums.

The geraniums we lifted in the fall are now breaking into growth, and in a few weeks will be in blossom; the same with abutilons and other plants. Keep them clean from all decaying leaves, cut off dead snags, shorten them back if needed to make them shapely and rearrange them so that they may have as much sunlight as possible. That is, let geraniums, petunias, oxalises and other sun-loving plants, and such as are in blossom, occupy the sunniest windows and places in them, and such plants, as cactuses of all sorts, ferns, German ivy and the like, have the shadier places.

Going Into Business Blindfolded.

[Monetary Times.]

Downright ignorance and lack of system account for the failure of many traders. There are hundreds of men starting as shop-keepers every year who will acknowledge that to learn to shoe a horse requires training, that even to mix drinks behind a bar requires some practice and skill; but the ability to buy and sell goods, they think, "comes by natur'." Hence they act upon the belief that no training, no experience—almost no knowledge—is needed to become a successful shopkeeper, and they plunge into that business. Some people have an idea that it does not cost anything to "run" a store when you get your wife or son to stand behind the counter, or when you happen to own the premises and can do your own "clerking." Many men in trade today without question think their business is prospering. They are happy, they handle a good deal of money, they have a good run of custom. But if an expert were to unravel their accounts, write up their books and give them the result, they would call a halt at once to cut down expenses, and if possible increase profits to avoid a sheriff's sale.

INGENIOUS FLORAL NOVELTIES.

Some of the Favorite Blossoms Among Ultra-Fashionables.

Verily, Boston has caught the craze for original floral decoration.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, who for several years have surveyed new bonnets from the same pew in church and who have always really been great friends, are competing with each other now in the matter of novel botanical effects.

They both had smilax in festoons on their mirrors, but it has disappeared, and the cucumber vine clingeth closer than a brother to Mrs. Smith's mirror and the erratic clematis to Mrs. Brown's.

A young lady whose residence is not wholly unconnected with the neighborhood of Commonwealth avenue recently appeared at a small evening reception in a dress fabricated entirely of sulphur-tinted Mermet roses, carefully sewed upon a delicate wire framework moulded to her lissome form. It was estimated that this dress cost $400; rather a costly garment, for it could be worn for one night only.

At a brilliant dinner given the other day in Chelsea, the centre of the table held a huge pumpkin brought from Florida expressly for this occasion. The pumpkin was crowned by an anchor of French immortelles, which the hostess had purchased a few days before in anticipation of a relative's funeral, which unfortunately did not occur, the relative having gone into cataleptic state instead of dying.

An interior on Beacon street was the scene of aristocratic festivities the other night. The floors of the salon were literally covered with Nephetos roses, violets and white carnations. Considerable amusement was afforded those who watched the new comers wade ankle deep through the flowers, whose sweet incense filled every nook and cranny.

A spinster present, whose sense of the fitness of things was in no wise destroyed by age, remarked waspishly to the lady of the house, "Why! I should think you would be afraid of spoiling the carpet." "Oh, there is no danger, I assure you; there is a matting over it."

Before the evening was over $1000 worth of choice flowers were stamped and crushed into tatters under cold human feet.

At a fashionable funeral in Malden recently the only floral decoration consisted of a representation of a normal tombstone, four feet in circumference, made of white roses—a very appropriate memento, in view of the fact that the deceased had for a long term of years supported a large and growing family upon the profits of the umbrella business.

Rose arches and stuffed doves still prevail to some extent, although a Charlestown widow recently made a qualified departure by substituting for the stuffed dove a stuffed crow.

The true lovers' knot design still holds its own on the upper shelves in florists' establishments subject to order.

At the opera last week a pretty young saleswoman wore in her hair a plain Safrano rose in which was fastened a cluster of diamonds in the form of a horseshoe. On a seat ahead of her sat a stout lady of great wealth who wore a natural leaf from the rubber tree in her bonnet in place of a feather.

One of the happiest conceits in floral decoration was seen at a wedding breakfast awhile since in Cambridge. The grass-green table spread was thickly sprinkled with daisies, buttercups and dandelions in upright position representing a springtime pasture. To add to the illusion butterflies and bumble-bees, hanging by silken threads attached to the ceiling, danced about the flowers.

A debutante appeared at the recent police ball with a basket of hyacinths and pond lilies on her arm. Only the handle of the basket was left by the time the debutante reached home.

The ornamentation of mantel clocks has become very popular. A young lady in Jamaica Plain not long ago gave a party in honor of an old flame, who had just returned from abroad. The young lady in question decorated the family clock, a marble-cased eight-day arrangement, with sheaves of wheat and a scythe made of forget-me-nots and laurel.

Perhaps the cleverest novelty in gentlemen's buttonhole bouquets is the "Leap Year Token," as it has been designated. It makes a comparatively cheap and desirable souvenir for young ladies to present their male friends. It is made of ivy and terra-cotta chrysanthemums to represent an oyster on the half shell.

A bouquet thus constructed is rather larger than the regulation size, but it looks very neat and suggestive.

Another style, especially intended as a leap year gift from the ladies, conceived by a fair damsel in Brookline, is the miniature schooner surmounted by a tortuous pretzel of jacqueminot roses and dun-colored maple leaves.

Kind Wishes from Lowell.

[Lowell Times.]

There is no longer any doubt that it is leap year, or that the gentle sex, as we men delight to regard the authors of all our joys and miseries, are determined to take full advantage of all the privileges. Oral and documentary evidence to this effect could be cited in unlimited quantities, and unnumbered witnesses might be subpœnaed, if it were necessary. But the letter from a darling Minerva, who signs herself "Twenty-eight," published in THE BOSTON GLOBE of Monday, is sufficient unto the day. This charmer of the modern Athens blends modesty with a certain delightful honesty of expression; frankness with a natural reserve that cannot fail to touch the heart of the susceptible bachelor. She is, in fact, like a certain widow, well known to all of us, who knows just what she wants, and, knowing, dares to ask for it. I hope that ere the year of grace 1884 shall be numbered with other years of grace, she will have gotten all she wants. She deserves it.

Yankee Notions.

A New Haven druggist has a prescription book fifty-three years old.

A white pine, 118 years old, 120 feet high and 46 inches through, has been cut down in Pepperell.

An Auburn, N. H., man who had not been out of that town once in thirty years broke the spell the other day, and came down to Boston.

Five thousand Hartford people put on their skates Sunday and watched a game of base ball played on the ice on the Connecticut river.

A Mattapoisett man and his young daughter started last June for Florida in a wagon, intending to settle down there. He was in Charleston last week.

Last year the percentage of deaths to the thousand in the New Hampshire prison was 48; Maine, 16; Massachusetts, 15; Connecticut 15, and 25 in Vermont.

A letter has been received by Postmaster Marsh of Nashua, directed as follows: "To the gentleman who wrote to the mayor of Pittsburg making inquiry about slating and tinning."

The spruce trees on the Green mountains in Vermont have been attacked by some mysterious disease, which is destroying them and causing no little uneasiness among the owners of timber land.

The Phillips Exeter Academy has just adopted the Roman pronunciation in Latin. A large part of its students go to Harvard, hence the departure from the old pronunciation of the Latin, which it has adhered to until now.

A man is walking the streets of Newburyport today who seven years ago was wrecked off the coast, and on returning home, several weeks later, found that a body had washed ashore and been identified as his, buried and a gravestone placed above it.

The first telegram ever sent over a wire, reading "What hath God wrought," as originally written, is preserved in the cabinet of the Connecticut Historical Society. It was sent from Baltimore to Washington, May 24, 1844, and received by Professor Morse.

A Fall River fire insurance agent was called into the country last week by a policy-holder to adjust a loss sustained by him. The agent found, after riding fifteen miles, that the repair necessitated by the fire was 45 cents, adjusted it, and rode back to the city—thirty miles in all.

A woman is peddling in the streets of Bridgeport a little push gun, which can be adjusted to the side and concealed under the skirt or coat, and which, when lightly pressed, will blow out a lot of fine sand on any particularly glassy spot on the pavement, and destroy its slippery quality.

A Worcester musician has just found out that his violin, which he bought twenty years since of an ignorant and impecunious orchestra man in Pittsburg, bears a label with the almost illegible words, "Antatis, Cremona, 1670," indicating that the violin is of superior make, and the product of an Italian shop 214 years ago.

A New Haven merchant bet another last week that 700 boys would jump on to his sleigh in one day. A prominent manufacturer was taken in as judge, and began the drive early Saturday morning. When the Union went to press at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon the sleigh had suffered 370 jumps, and was still making the rounds.

A well-known Irish merchant in Providence recently sent over to a friend in Ireland a newspaper, in which was an account of how much the local Irish National Club had contributed to the Irish fund. He was a good deal surprised to get a letter the other day to the effect that the paper had been confiscated by the British government, and that the man for whom it was intended was told by the postmaster that such papers belonged to the Queen.

The Burlington

DURING

February, March and Apri

14 MONTHS.

In order to encourage the formation of clubs, during the next three months, **14 Months will be given to Each Subscriber** when two or more order together, either directly or through a postmaster or agent. Single subscribers, at $1, will receive THE GLOBE from Now until the 5th March, '85.

PLEASE REMEMEER,

Every Club Receives The Globe 14 Months. A Single Subscriber Receives The Globe From Now Until 5th March, 1885.

EVERY PERSON

Who cannot form a club may ask a friend to order with him, and each will receive THE GLOBE 14 months.

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The sender of a club of five subscribers will receive an extra copy free for fourteen months, and the papers of the club will be entered for fourteen months.

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Single Subscriptions $1, from now until March 5, 1885.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE will be sent one year to England, Ireland or Scotland for $2.04.

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AGENTS WANTED.

The Weekly Globe wishes to secure a permanent resident agent in every town in the United States, to whom it will pay a liberal cash commission on each and every subscriber. Send for agents' private circular. Agents wanted. Every subscriber may become an agent, and he is urgently asked to act as one. Show a sample copy to your friends and neighbors and form a club. Send for agents' private circular.

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Have you shown a sample copy of THE GLOBE to all your neighbors and friends? You have only to call attention to its unequalled merits as a family newspaper and to the long-time offer, and you will secure a large number of subscribers. Let every subscriber and every one who reads this notice form a rousing club.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage, for only $1.00; six copies for only $5.00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three cents.

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers, all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State.

Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinue should give the town county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1884

ALONG THE LINES;

OR

HEROES IN BLUE AND GRAY.

In The Weekly Globe of today, on Page 7, we begin a new story by Ernest A. Young, entitled "Along the Lines; or, Heroes in Blue and Gray." It is the record of Luke Leighton at Antietam. We need not commend Mr. Young's Work to our readers. He has written several thrilling stories for The Globe and they have always been popular. This is in his best vein and is a war story of great power and interest. Form a Club in Your Town.

14 Months for $1.
14 Months for $1.
14 Months for $1.

Postmasters and agents, whether they are to order one subscription or several, at one time, can promise every subscriber that he will receive THE GLOBE 14 months for $1.

All clubs of 5 or more will receive THE GLOBE 14 months.

Every person who sends in addition to his own subscription the subscription of another, with $2, will have both subscriptions run 14 months.

FORM CLUBS FOR 14 MONTHS.
FORM CLUBS FOR 14 MONTHS.
FORM CLUBS FOR 14 MONTHS.

LAST YEAR'S CLUB RAISERS.

Will every agent who sent a club last year kindly see each member and secure his subscription and renew the club for this year? Ask all your friends and neighbors to subscribe, and increase the club by the addition of many new names. It is easy to secure subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, because it shows for itself that it is the best dollar weekly in the United States.

MONEY IN FARMING.

HOW TO GROW CROPS PROFITABLY.

Tuesday, February 26, the first of a series of papers of the greatest importance to farmers will begin. Each of the great crops—wheat, cotton, corn, the grasses, potatoes, rye, barley, buckwheat, etc., will be fully considered in respect of soil and fertilizers. Such information and directions will be given as will enable any intelligent farmer to increase the yield of his crops and make his farm more remunerative.

No farmer can afford to miss reading these articles. Any one of them will be worth much more than the yearly price of THE GLOBE. Subscribe at once, and read every one of the series. Form a club in your town.

Lieutenant RHODES, with the generosity that is characteristic of the truly brave, proposes to divide with his brother officers and sailors the fund collected and presented to him in recognition of his gallant conduct at Gay Head.

The United States army consists of 28,028 officers and enlisted men, and the navy contains something less than fifty efficient vessels, but a means of defence more potent than either is the policy of attending to our own affairs and not interfering with those of other nations.

The conspicuous incapacity of the GLADSTONE ministry has so disgusted the Conservatives that they have given notice of an intention to demand the removal of the present ministers. The trouble seems to be that in Egyptian affairs the British lion bit off more than he was prepared to chew.

The row among the women of Washington over the question of precedence is supremely silly. If the statesmen of the country cannot keep their wives from squabbling in public, they had better send the whole cackling flock of them home to dispute with nurse-maids for precedence in wielding the slipper.

"Another Connecticut Murder" is among the headlines kept standing in every well-regulated newspaper office. The land of steady habits is becoming notorious for the frequency and cold-blooded brutality of its murders and for the fact that the victims are usually women. It is a bad name for a State to get.

The Lancaster (S. C.) Ledger calls the pistol a "curse to the human race" and a "boon to the highwayman" and a "companion of the assassin, the murderer, the thief and the coward," and continues: "There is not a good word to be said for it. Out of every thousand acts committed with the pistol there is not more than one good one."

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD's great scheme for dressing the judges of the Court of Appeals in picturesque gowns, and attracting to their clothes the respect that is publicly withheld from their understanding, has fallen through. The judges have decided not to make a show of themselves, thinking it unwise to make themselves too conspicuous.

A correspondent of the Washington Star, who knows General BUTLER thoroughly and believes in his kindness of heart as well as his remarkable executive abilities, seriously advocates his appointment as governor of Utah, if he will accept the situation. No doubt the Republicans of Massachusetts would hail with exceeding joy such a scheme to get the general out of their way, but if called upon to recommend the appointment in what a dilemma they would find themselves.

Postmaster-General GRESHAM has informed Mr. SPRINGER that it would be detrimental, in his opinion, to the public interests to have certain papers on file in the Post Office Department submitted to the House. The ostensible reason is that the publication of these papers would interfere with further prosecution by the government of persons accused of conspiracy or other wrong actions in the Star route cases. The true reason is that the papers contain the names of several eminent Republica s. It is Mr. SPRINGER's duty to investigate this whole business and report to Congress why the Star route rascals escaped.

A colored dude appears to be causing the first families of Stamford, Conn., much trib lation of spirit. He persists in attending public dances and other entertainments for the purpose of asserting his civil rights, and the more the white folks don't want him the more prevalent he is. As he is a boot-black, and calls himself "Professor," the belles of Stamford object to dancing with him, but he gets around all objections by going to masquerade balls thoroughly disguised and unmasking with white partners. The young lady who gets caught in that trap has no right to complain. When she goes to a public masquerade, she leaves behind all fastidiousness concerning partners and advertises her readiness to dance with any stranger.

FOR A STATUE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS ON BOSTON COMMON.

We have received many suggestions in favor of a popular subscription for the erection of a monument to the memory of WENDELL PHILLIPS. The following letter from Marblehead voices the sentiment which seems to exist in all sections:

MARBLEHEAD, February 5, 1884.

To the Editor of The Globe:

It seems to me that we should start now and build a monument to the dead hero who dared to have an opinion and express it. Why not have a public subscription from one cent to $1. My first customer this morning said that he would subscribe $10. Yours respectfully.

LEWIS R. POWER.

One of the reporters of THE GLOBE who went among the workingmen to get their tributes to the memory of the dead champion of the oppressed reported that

"There was one subject talked of more generally in reference to him who had gone than any other, and that was an expressed desire to contribute a mite towards the erection of a monument to his memory, to be expressive of the love the poor and afflicted bore him. It would seem not a heavy task to raise a large sum of money among the people for this purpose, if the proper persons were authorized to collect it. The contributions mentioned ranged from ten cents to $5."

Several persons have called in person at THE GLOBE office to urge that a subscription be started. The popular idea of a monument can, perhaps, be changed with advantage to a STATUE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS TO BE PLACED IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE ON BOSTON COMMON. There are so many uncompleted monuments to public men that the suggestion of a statue to be placed on the Common or in some public square appears to better meet the case.

THE GLOBE is perfectly willing to head such a subscription and to receive any amount from people who want to subscribe until a properly organized movement is made. Let it be popular and general. A dime from one who can afford no larger sum will be as acceptable as $100 or $1000 from the person of large means. THE GLOBE leads temporarily in the matter simply to open a channel for the subscriptions which we believe the people desire to make. It should not be confined to any party, or sex, or race, and the masses should feel that they are to have a lot and share in a great popular tribute to the memory of the grand old man whose life was unselfishly devoted to helping the oppressed, the weak and the unfortunate.

The delegates from the different Irish societies who met on Friday evening in Stacey Hall decided not to have a parade on St. Patrick's day. It had been voted at a previous meeting to have a parade, but, on account of the death of WENDELL PHILLIPS, it was concluded to have a lecture on the evening of St. Patrick's day. The proceeds will be devoted to a fund for the erection of a statue of WENDELL PHILLIPS. The action was wise and patriotic, and will, undoubtedly, be warmly indorsed by the full membership of the societies which were represented.

Subscriptions will be duly acknowledged in THE GLOBE as fast as they are received, and a committee will be selected to put the testimonial into a tangible and systematic shape.

WIND AND WHIRLWIND.

England busied herself for some years in sowing the wind in Egypt, and harvest time is almost arrived. British money-lenders bought the rulers of the land and sold its liberties, debauched those who should have protected the people and betrayed and ruined the people themselves The Khedive sold his country to the usurers, and under the thin cloak of his authority they treacherously defeated and sent into exile the only man in Egypt who had the ability and the purpose to redeem the land from ignorance and slavery. Having reduced Egypt to utter helplessness, England was bound to carry out her alleged purpose of putting the affairs of the country in order, and improving the moral, physical and political condition of the people. She attended to the morals by keeping in nominal authority a man who violated his pledges, and by herself breaking every promise she had made. When the plague came, it found an ally in the utter inadequacy of British sanitary arrangements. When the MAHDI appeared on the horizon, with his hordes, threatening the political existence of Egypt, British bondholders refused to permit the use of money in the Egyptian treasury for the protection of the country, and insisted upon its application to the payment of iniquitous interest. Thus was the wind sowed by England in the Nile land.

And now all the land is in rebellion against the Khedive, who is but the creature and pliant tool of England. Weakness and vacillation, sure signs of consciousness in the ministry of an unrighteous cause, have multiplied the dangers and perplexities of England. The evacuation of the Soudan was decided upon too late, and now England finds that, having hesitated to go forward, she has made it impossible to retreat. The Mahdi is cutting off and destroying the garrisons in detail, and with every day's march his power increases. STONE PASHA declares that 100,000 European troops would find it difficult to prevent him from conquering Egypt, and that GORDON's mission will probably prove another disaster. The Mahdi may yet prove the deliverer of Egypt, and the Nemesis of England. The whirlwind is ready for the reaper.

HOW TO TRAIN THE BOYS.

[By Dr. Sargent of the Harvard Gymnasium.]

Our schools treat a boy as professional trainers treat a man on the field; the only idea is to make the boy win a certain prize. They do not care anything about his health; that is nothing to them. Their reputation is made upon the success of the boy in his entrance to college. Here I have to step in and say to the father: "This boy must not go any farther. His future prospects ought not to be sacrificed in this way. Your son's success in life does not depend upon his going through the Latin school. Let him step out and take another year. Do not attempt to crowd him." The result of this lack of attention to physical training, even looking at it from the intellectual standpoint, is fatal.

The only way to remedy these evils is by popular education. It is of no use to attempt to bring about at once any regular or prescribed system of exercise, requiring such exercises to be carried out in schools, because our schools, like our theatres, are what the public make them. There is many a master who knows he is pursuing the wrong course, but he is kept to it by the anxious solicitation of parents who wish their children kept up to a certain rank. They are forced to follow the present system by the inordinate demands of parents. The parents must be educated. The father and mother must be converted to the necessity, the absolute necessity for success in life, of physical culture. There are plenty of men who stand as political and financial leaders who are not highly educated men. A man who has the rudiments of education—reading, writing, arithmetic—with a good physique, good health, a well balanced and organized frame, brought into contact with the world, stands a better chance of success than the one who goes through school and takes a high rank at the expense of his physique.

The object of edu ation is to develop the boy, not to put him through so much of arithmetic or so much language. The object is to get out of the boy all there is in him. The first thing, then, is to have the boy examined. If, instead of calling a physician when the children are sick, he was called while they are well, it would be much better. Is he getting round-shouldered? h is he a crook in the back? is he beginning to stoop? There are many things which can be stopped in a child which can never be changed after the habits are hardened. Too late the parent may find that his child is incapacitated for the highest education because there is no room for the heart and lungs to play their parts. The boy is limited in his possibilities as a tree planted in unfavorable soil is limited. He is stunted. He will reach a certain limit, and no efforts on his part will carry him further. But if he had been taken in hand in time, and these suggestions acted upon, different results might have been produced. These efforts to develop the boy's body will awaken the interest of the boy himself. It does not awaken animalism. Let a man have pride in his body, and his morals will look out for themselves. If a boy is thus examined, and a record kept, he will take a pride in keeping up his record. It is not necessary then to have appliances. He can make trees and clothes-horses, and gates and fences take their place. Teach him the value of such opportunities. Teach him to increase the capacity of his lungs and heart, and what relation they bear to the brain, and thus awaken his interest. He will soon learn to exercise in the best way.—[Christian Union.

DRAW THE LINE HERE.

A man in Minnesota, who says he was a private in the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, has discovered a new reason for being pensioned. In a letter to the adjutant-general he says: "When I entered the army I was a young man of good moral character, belonged to the church and attended Sunday school regular. But now, after serving my country, I have contracted bad habits, will now swear and steal—in fact, I am ruined morally. What I want to know, am I entitled to pension for loss of moral character? I hold that the government is bound to return its soldiers in as good a condition as it received them, morally as well as physically. I will defy any man to associate with guard-house bummers, mule drivers and officers as long as I did without losing his moral character."

He says he knows quite a number who are in the same fix, and if there is no law covering cases of that kind, he wants the adjutant-general to have one passed as soon as possible. It may seem like the proverbial ingratitude of republics, but we assure the would-be pensioner that the only provision made by government for such cases is a plain but substantial penitentiary. If the government should attempt to pension every man who has lost his moral character in its service, the country wouldn't be big enough to hold the national debt.

OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

Under our wise and beneficent laws, an American citizen is forbidden to purchase a foreign-built ship, no matter how advantageous it might be to him in the carrying trade. No foreign-built vessel can get an American register, and it is not lawful for such a vessel to sail under the American flag. Such is the law for the citizen, but there is no law for the goverment, perhaps because the government, like the king, can do no wrong. The Washington despatches say: "The Navy Department is negotiating for the purchase of another vessel to join the GREELY relief expedition. It is owned in Scotland, and will cost very nearly as much as the Bear, bought a few days ago in Newfoundland for about $100,000. A third vessel, it is expected, will be secured from the British admiralty."

These ships will be commanded by American naval officers, and will sail under the American flag. Were this relief expedition a private enterprise the projectors would be told by the government that in order to have the protection of American laws and the American flag they must hire John Roach to build their ships. The wisdom of such shipping laws is not glaringly conspicuous.

But there is yet another notable phase of this business. We are spending millions of dollars a year to keep up an ostensible navy, but when we need a seaworthy ship to send to the polar seas we find that there is not one such vessel owned by the United States. We are compelled to apply to the British shipowners and the British admiralty. And then we find that a stanch British vessel can be bought for less than it costs to tin-plate one of our scows-of-war. It would be money in the pocket of this government to hire somebody to tow our navy out to sea and scuttle it.

THE RESULT OF INDECISION.

Old England was not accustomed in other days to do things by halves, to vacillate and shilly-shally when work was to be done. In her dealings with foreign nations, particularly with inferior powers, she was wont to act decisively and vigorously, whether right or wrong. Under the guidance of the Gladstone ministry, British policy has been pitiably weak and shifting.

In bombarding Alexandria and deposing ARABI, the government made a show of at least customary British arrogance and gave promise of acting with decision in dealing with Egyptian affairs, even though dealing badly and without warrant. But the government appears to have been frightened at its own audacity, and all its subsequent course in Egypt has been notable chiefly for ineffectual measures and lack of ability to grasp and master the situation.

There has been ample time to prepare for the struggle with EL MAHDI's hordes, yet nothing adequate has been done. HICKS Pasha was first sacrificed to the incompetence and indecision of the GLADSTONE ministry, and now BAKER Pasha is forced to ingloriously retreat, after a disastrous battle, because he was given only a travesty of an army, composed mainly of Egyptian poltroons, with which to check the advance of a force of unknown strength. TEWFIK Bey and his 400 defenders of Sinkat have been uselessly sacrificed, and it will be rare good luck if Chinese GORDON does not meet with a similar fate.

It required all these disasters to arouse the government to anything approaching activity in the affairs of Egypt. Having lost some 3000 men in experimenting with the Arabs, the government suddenly concludes that troops are needed in Egypt and sends telegrams to intercept troopships on their way to India. England may yet find that something more than the riot act will be needed to crush Islam.

COLD FACTS.

[New York World.]

Torn by jealousy, inflamed by thirst for revenge, honeycombed with corruption, distrusted by the people, the Republican party, with all its patronage, all its money and all its facilities for fraud, is powerless to win another presidential election through its own efforts.

The Democrats are going to elect the next president. They have the power to do so absolutely in their own hands. Whether they will elect a Democratic president or a Republican president depends upon whether they are guided by wisdom or given over to folly. If the former, they will save the country from misrule. If the latter, they will continue a little longer in power a party which within two terms has stained the presidential office with theft, purchase and assassination.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The twenty-five firms who publish school books in this country do a business of about $8,000,000 a year. The words, "Pa, I want a new school book," uttered constantly everywhere, is what will keep the publishers out of bankruptcy, but the outlook for a poor "Pa" is not so good.

That New York man, who had a bullet extracted from his brain, sleeps most of the time, and although rational is a little stupid. The doctor thinks he will not be an imbecile, but have mental peculiarities.

Graphic: If heaven is not made up in large portion of such souls as those of Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison there must be some better place for their accommodation.

The fires of London in 1883, compared with those of 1882, show an increase of 218, and compared with the average of the last ten years, an increase of 446. The number of lives lost by fires during the year was 39.

Nashville World: The magnanimity displayed by that famous coterie, the "old Abolitionists," like Phillips, Smith, Garrison and Greeley, was in such contrast with the vengeful malice of others who had been known as "Northern men with Southern principles," that it excited the surprise and evoked the gratitude of the vanquished.

It is stated that at a certain fashionable London church ladies are beginning to bring their dogs to divine service.

Harvard Lampoon: A youth of limited means, who had just married, sent his wife's rich father a beautiful copy of Tom Hood's poem, "What Can an Old Man Do but Die?" The gratified father-in-law at once took away his daughter, clubbed his son-in-law, and having broken his leg on the front steps of the youthful schemer sued him for $20,000. And now the young man has concluded that an old man's sphere of action is not so limited as Tom Hood supposed.

The Long Island pedagogue who enforces discipline with a dirk does not seem to be just the right kind of a man to teach school. He might do for an army chaplain or mate of an American merchant vessel.

New Jersey has been uneasily tinkering with its prison labor system for several years. Two or three years ago an act was passed limiting the number of convicts to be employed on one contract. Now another stage of the prison labor agitation has been reached and the Assembly has passed by an almost unanimous vote a bill abolishing contract labor.

The love and honor with which Wendell Phillips was regarded by the masses of the people was well illustrated by the throngs who tried to get a glimpse of his remains.

The Governor of Iowa recommends on the subject of school books the organization of a committee of competent educators of that State to "prepare and edit these works, and that the State publish the same, furnishing the books at cost price, and thus ensure great saving to the people and the State."

Exchange: Fragment of conversation overheard—"So your husband is a critic? Now, tell me, does he always write just what he thinks about a performance?" "O dear, no! It wouldn't do. His paper goes into the best families, and profanity is out of the question."

New York World: It is given out from Washington that the '84 ticket of the Workingmen's party will be: For president, Ben Butler; for vice-president, Carter Harrison of Chicago. With such a ticket the platform could be comprised in one word—"hustle."

Among the inmates of the "Old People's Home" at Chicago are Josie Mansfield's grandmother and Guiteau's mother-in-law.

"You say he didn't understand the relations between labor and capital. Wait fifty years, and then ask if Wendell Phillips understood the case!"—[Rev. Joseph Cook.

A Utica gentleman relates that he once asked Theodore Parker, who was dining with him, a question concerning Wendell Phillips' orthodoxy, and Mr. Parker replied, "I do not care to say that he believes or rejects 'the five points,' but I will say that he practices one of them—the perseverance of the saints—which is much better than a belief in the other four."

A theatrical manager who confessed to having had $1,000,000 pass through his hands was asked, "How much have you now?" "Just $13," was the careless reply.

The Burlington Free Press is informed that a "reformed landlord" has written a book entitled "Horrors of Hotel Life." Three chapters are devoted to bed bugs and two to hash. His conscience don't trouble him about the rates he charged. Religion never makes many men forget their pocketbook.

When a man declares that he don't care what the newspapers says about him he is generally lying.

An exchange remarks that if there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a full line of clothes comes down in the mud.

The season for "bob veal" is approaching. Lots of seizures have been made in New York.

An editor who was asked "What does a young man mean when he squeezes a girl's hand," promptly replied, "Business."

"Let the army mule bray," remarks the Utica Observer apropos Logan's coming effort in Porter's case.

That negro in Virginia who has been tried for abducting a white girl cries that it is "mighty hard to sen' a culurd man to the pen'tenshary 'cause a white gal runs arter him."

In Paris women who pass for well-bred ladies give "teas" to which young men are invited and soon all sorts of gambling is in full blast. It takes the police some time to ferret these places out.

Exchange: "Of all the women you ever met, uncle," said a young man, "by whom were you most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling of the back of his head tenderly.

The Dead Letter Office last year received $39,000 in cash, and checks, etc., to the value of $1,600,000. The number of letters was 4,440,822. Decidedly Americans are absent-minded.

Chicago Evening Journal: "Are there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy. "Are you lonesome?"

The Lancet considers the wearing of high heel boots injurious to health.

A harmless cure for freckles is said to be equal parts of pure glycerine and rose water applied every night and allowed to dry.

New York Commercial Advertiser: "Why is your teacher so severe to you? she seems a pleasant sort of a maiden lady," observed a Lexington avenue mother to her complaining little daughter just from school. "I don't know, mamma," was the reply; "but she does't seem to remember so far back as when she was a child."

Chicago News: Mrs. Strong, we are told, was the first cotton-raiser of California. Women, you see, have been the first to raise cotton and Cain.

MOTHERS should remember, in the absence of their physician, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral promptly relieves the croup.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Washington as It Was and as It Is.

The Tariff and the Presidency the Two Great Issues.

Bookwalter of Ohio and His Free Trade Views—General Gossip.

WASHINGTON, February 8.—Since Wednesday I have been in Washington, finding it a great improvement in the climate over New York towards spring. A New York winter is merely an onerous preparation for a dreadful spring, and all familiar with the months of March and April hasten away, some going as far as Florida and Mexico, more tarrying at Washington or at Fortress Monroe. The sheet of Chesapeake water probably softens the climate about Washington more than the degree of latitude would indicate. Even softer is the Delaware peninsula, and at Dover, the State capital, is a large winter sanitarium. The Pennsylvania railroad, having recently purchased the Crisfield extension of their Delaware line, intend to run rapid trains to points opposite Fortress Monroe, and will be able to put travellers who leave Boston at night into Fortress Monroe at 2 or 3 o'clock next day. It seemed to me that Washington society and public manners had improved. Things go better at the Capitol when there is good temper between the two parties, and that seems to be the case at present. The President of the United States is not unpopular with any element. He has undoubted capacity for social life, and his dinners and receptions possess a geniality and tone hardly ever known here. Washington has never until now been a city possessing an independent and rather lofty society. I first saw this place in 1861, while the Seventh Regiment of New York was quartered in the city. The dome of the Capitol was unfinished, and there was hardly a paved street in Washington; a few streets or parts of streets were paved with cobblestones or with a rough imitation of granite block. The place was imperfectly lighted, was hardly graded anywhere, and the great avenue between the Capitol and the treasury was a sort of bog which would dry up and turn into a dust heap. You can imagine how crude the place was when at the conclusion of the rebellion an assassin could stop at the door of the minister of state, within plain human call of the White House, and go up stairs and stab two or three men and come down and get on his horse, and, in half a minute, be actually out of the city limits and in the open mud country. Paine or Powell, the assassin I have referred to, turned his horse from Mr. Seward's door to the next corner, where Vermont avenue starts out, and there he entered what was almost a ploughed field, with tracks of horses and wagons leading in every direction, and so he was gone in the night and not found for two days, and in all that time he had been wandering around the city, lost in it, unable to find the roads that crossed the bridges, and in sheer despair the poor fellow went back to Mrs. Surratt's house in time to be caught. Human government undoubtedly takes decency from its comforts and surroundings. Washington City is now better paved than probably any American city and has more open parks, more shade trees, and I might almost add more new houses than any of our Eastern cities. Soon after the war private fortunes in large numbers began to be acquired, and then people found that it was not enough of life to be merely rich, and that they must connect somewhere with ability and cultivation; the simple and easy hospitality of Washington allowed men of means from other cities to become acquainted quicker than any other place. In New York it is considered bad form to know your next-door neighbor, but in Washington you can go uninvited to the house of a cabinet minister and take your wife and daughter. The lines are being drawn a little closer now, but for several years after the war hardly any such thing was known here as card receptions. People would meet each other on the avenue and say: "Are you going to Fish's tonight?" or, "Will you call at Belknap's or Cresswell's?" Those persons who purchased property here when it was cheap and improved it, and who kept out of the local politics, have all done well. Nearly all the contractors and schemers about the time of the Board of Public Works lost their means. Those who did not lose their means laid the seeds at that time of disease which shortened their days. The government, however, resolutely took hold of the Capitol and facilitated the improvements, and no person now regrets it. The funded debt of the District of Columbia is large, but the government assumes much of it The government here for several years past has been one of the best in the country, though it is now said that politicians have worked into the system, to its injury. A man of means in Washington has a better social position than elsewhere in the country.

It is Rather the Tone to Think Well of Men who bring their money to the Capitol and put it into improvements. The private architecture here is often admirable. The broad streets, often meeting obliquely with frequent pretty parks and plazas, presented to the architects apparent obstacles, which really conduced to the beauty and variety of the edifices. Instead of monotonous straight lines, the dwellings overlap, and present opportunities for bays, for angle towers, and for porticos. These good homes have assisted good breeding. A little art and the politer forms of society followed. The public scandals of Washington at the present day are, perhaps, less than in any political centre. Men are the same, but it is not as much the habit as formerly to publish every deviation from virtue. No doubt in the city there is a certain easy morals, the fruit of patronage and of a shifting society. Women without fixed principles, but with beauty and amiability, come here to secure public employment, and if the lid was taken off every house in Washington there might be material for animadversion; but one-half of public virtue consists in the other half not being known. It really does not matter now to the integrity of the laws and the efficiency of the government if there is not perfect rectitude. Scandal is the worser form of immorality. There is less of what is called blackmailing in Washington, considering the provocation, than anywhere in the country. A large percentage of these lodging-house keepers, employes, etc., are either widows or divorced women or grass widows, and their doings are not of much importance. Besides, Washington has been affected by the improvement of the whole country in refinement and in worldly sense. About the time I came here to reside, say sixteen years ago, the people had next to no information about their government and public life. They had passed through a civil war and were just beginning to be curious about their political society and methods. Consequently the newspaper correspondence from Washington during Johnson's and Grant's administrations, was aggressive, harsh and indignant, and spared nothing. In the course of time these writers discovered that they must not expect politicians and statesmen to live in another world, but must make allowance for them as for other people. Your public man is inclined to be of a warm temperament, to be sentimental and sometimes impracticable. I consider one of the best signs of our times to be more cordial relations between the press and the public service. There never was any good reason for the newspapers and the politicians not to like each other. In its self-imposed work the press partakes of the nature of the public man, and often as well his foibles and frailties. The true position of correspondents in Washington is to run parallel with the gover ment, and not counter to it.

I find in Washington two questions effervescing in all classes: first the tariff and next the next presidency.

The Tariff Question

lies deeper in affairs than I had supposed. The men determined on pressing this question are of an aggressive nature, and they believe that they have got the best issue, and that they are right. Some of them may be shrewd politicians and agitators who expect to profit by the triumph of this measure. But there are others who have for long reflected upon the tariff, and who consider that the Democratic party is to be put on its feet by returning to this original principle of the party. A few days ago a dinner was given to Mr. John W. Bookwalter of Ohio, who had come on here for a visit. The representative free-traders gave the dinner, among them Speaker Carlisle, Henry Watterson, Frank Hurd, Perry Belmont, William R. Morrison and two or three others of that class, in all I believe about nine or ten. Mr. Bookwalter differs from other manufacturers in being a free-trader from study, possibly from interest. He has to buy his iron, steel, brass, copper and other metal to manufacture engines, turbine wheels, reapers, etc. These he disposes of not only in the United States, and particularly in the Southern States, but in South America, Cuba, Australia, New Zealand and even the East Indies. He is a very intelligent man, though he had no college opportunities. When he was a boy he determined to go into mechanics, and in course of time he married the daughter or sister of a manufacturer by the name of Leff 1, at Springfield, O., whose entire business is now Mr. Bookwalter's. He has no partners, and is a rich man. I understand that he has 60,000 acres of land in the United States, much of it in improved farms, and that he is the largest individual grower of wool in Ohio, his herd being in Nebraska. He is a widower, and has been around the world. The free-trade element were delighted to find in him a prosperous manufacturer, who had concluded that the tariff laws were more oppressive than beneficial to him. He was able to bring to their attention many new statistics derived from original observation; for instance, he showed that the largest industry in the United States was making flour, that the product of our 25,000 grist mills was equal to all the cotton, hay, sugar and many other things put together. He said that we ought to export 25,000,000 barrels of flour instead of 5,000,000 barrels, and that the trouble was that the expense of putting up the mills in this country took the profit away and equalized our flour with the dearer article raised in Hungary. Articles entering into the mills, such as stones, the engines and boilers, the glass and the accessory machinery, are all classed so high under the tariff that the mill had cost too much when it was up to compete with Hungarian mills. I understand that Mr. Hewitt, who had got himself ready to ride the tariff issue as the only manufacturer in the land of complete sacrifice and liberality, was a good deal miffed at finding Mr. Bookwalter on the spot, and said to him in a wheezy voice: "If you, sir, were a manufacturer of iron, instead of being a consumer of iron, you would have much more difficulty in becoming a free-trader." Somebody asked Mr. Bookwalter one day how it was that he out of all the manufacturers in Springfield, O. was a free-trader. Said he: "It may not be modest for me to answer that question in my own way, but I think if you will come to Springfield you will find that I have the largest library in that town, and perhaps some acquaintance with those books may have had its influence on my views. I do not think you will find the libraries of my competitors, excellent men as they are, very exhaustive in books on political economy."

The condition of our times somewhat favors a tariff agitation. In many parts of the country general industry is a little flat. Some ascribe this to the stagnations attendant upon high protective stimulation. From what I hear Philadelphia is in rather good condition, while Cincinnati feels dull times. The necessities of the well-intrenched manufactures are accused of being at the bottom of some very strange movements in the Southern iron field. It is charged here that the Pittsburg men, anticipating that the cheaper coal, ore and labor of Alabama will one day undersell them, have been purchasing in large quantities the ore fields of Alabama and Tennessee with the object of keeping them idle. This idea has somewhat disturbed the Southern constituents, who have been expecting great things in the way of manufacturing development. We may be sure that the tariff questions is one of the uneasy spectres that has come to play around us a g od while. It advances at once from the mist of theory and of utility. In theory the free-trader has the advantage. In experience he can point to the large number of mills which are not in operation, but have suspended from excessive production and competition, thereby disturbing labor and giving it but half that employment requisite to keep it from idle things. The Republicans seem delighted that they possess the tariff as a chief issue to beat the Democrats next time. The Democrats here, however, are claiming that the far West and the Northwest in both political parties are for revenue reform or the best approach we can get to free trade, because they are heavily taxed for their lumber and salt and claim that they are discriminated against in the interest of the fishermen and the produce brokers of the East. There is, however, a large protection element in the Democratic party of the East. I have discovered but two manufacturers, Bookwalter and Hewitt, who incline toward free trade. The Democratic argument is that our manufactures will not be weaker, but be stronger when com elled to make their way in the markets of the world instead of tinkering around Congress.

As to the Presidency,

that question has more or less significance through all this tariff agitation. It is one of the causes of tariff agitation. There are some men here who think that if they can ride the free-trade issue to triumph they will reach the White House. The man who seems to lead among Democrats is Payne of Ohio, yet he is bitterly assailed by the free-trade Democracy as an Ohio protectionist, a trimmer, etc. Some of the Democrats are rather inclined to take a former Republican and run him like Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who seems to stand very high here at present for having passed the bill restoring Fitz John Porter. Payne, I think, has rather broken the back of the Indiana candidates by the ease with which he won the senatorial race. Attempts have been made to blend him with the Standard Oil Company, but it seems to be clearly understood that his son and not himself is the beneficiary of that monopoly. Payne also stands well with the old Tild n interest in the East. He occupies a strong geographical position. It is alleged that he could easily carry Ohio. On the other hand, as Ohio is an October State, the point is made against him that it will not do to risk the presidential election on a single State voting a month before the presidential election. I should guess that at this moment it is the intention of the Free Traders to run McDonald against Payne, and either beat him or compel some other candidate to be selected. The Republicans are just going through a rude contest between the admirers of Robert Lincoln and John A. Logan. Logan controls the political organization of Illinois, while Lincoln has a great popular following in that State and throughout the country as the son of a revered father. The Logan men seem furious at the idea that Illinois shall present a candidate over the head of Mr. Logan. The trouble is that Illinois may have to take one of her citizens as a candidate from a pressure outside of Illinois. When you ask an Illinois man who has been belittling Lincoln, if, after all, he could not carry Illinois, he has to stop and reluctantly admit that he would. The present administration at Washington seems wistfully inclined toward a renomination, and its prospects are secondary; for instance, it might take advantage of a battle between the partisans of Logan and Lincoln to secure either side. Lincoln has no way of organizing himself for the presidency, being a member of this cabinet. The friends of Arthur might fall into Lincoln's support, however, rather than to see Logan, with Blaine near his side, taking possession of the White House. Arthur has a certain almost negative power not to nominate himself, but to nominate some friend. The only Eastern man the Republicans are considering is Edmunds, but it seems to me that his support is just what it was in 1880, when a few men not in any organization supported him, but he made no showing on the ballots. Robert Lincoln is rather strong, in that he is a new quantity whom it would be to the interest of ambitious State leaders to put into the presidency in order to have the benefit of their influence with him. I should suspect that John Sherman might take this view. Blaine has not been friendly with Lincoln because the latter would not leave the cabinet after Garfield died. Mrs. Lincoln's receptions in Washington show that her husband is in rising estimation. A good deal is said about the young man being a Todd, not a Lincoln, but anybody can say things of that sort without knowing much about the facts. The Todds, taken altogether, have surpassed the Lincolns in ability. There was one unique Lincoln, but the Todds for a long time had been persons of force, and there is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln marrying Mary Todd raised himself in the social scale, however eccentric her subsequent conduct became.

General Gossip.

Where Oliver Ames' late theatre stood so long, misnamed Booth's, are rising some of the highest shops in town, owned by James D. Fish and Ferdinand Ward.

The Sturtevant House here, owned in New England, rents for $52,000 a year, not including the stores beneath, one of which rents for $3500.

The suit of Josh, alias Joseph Hart, against G. A. Townsend resulted in the plaintiff's damages to character having amounted to $55, or about one-twenty-fifth the amount a negro man would have sold for before the war. The plaintiff had said three years and a half ago: "His newspaper (Truth) is alleged to have been started for the purpose of plunder." Asked on the witness stand what he meant by this sentence Mr. Townsend replied as follows: "I meant that my observation, reading and comparison of the articles and course of the paper showed that it had no worthy motives or respectable ambition to win a good name; that it seemed an outlaw among newspapers, ready to take any man's character to force itself into notice, business or circulation."

A lot and building on Wall street, near the Stock Exchange, sold during the week for nearly $350,000.

Thomas Kinsella, who has been dying during the week, was born in Ireland, and set type in the office of which he became editor, and he declined a seat in Congress, though elected to it. He was a rough diamond, witty, positive, voluptuous, eloquent, and had more natural ability than almost any man I ever saw about a newspaper.

CIVIL SERVICE REPORT.

Three Thousand Examinations in Six Months.

College Graduates' Records Far Inferior to Those of Common School Pupils.

Hubbard's Arguments in Favor of a System of Postal Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, February 10.—The civil service commission will make its report to the President tomorrow, and he will send it to Congress some time this week. This report will cover the operations of the civil service board for the six months between July 16 and January 16, the period in which the law has been in force. Since the rules of the commission were promulgated, in the neighborhood of 3000 persons have been examined by local boards, and of this number over 500 successful candidates have been appointed to places in the various custom houses, post offices and departments. So far as the commission is aware, not a single appointment has been made by any officer of the government contrary to the letter or spirit of the law. The report of the commission will show what proportion of those who passed the examinations were college graduates as compared with those who had simply enjoyed the advantages of common school education. The latter class is enormously ahead of the former, not only as regards numbers, but as to standing in the list. The figures prove that the examinations have been been conducted upon a purely practical basis, and that none of the questions asked were of a theoretical or technical character. The examinations have been held in twenty-six States and territories. No examinations have been held in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Florida, Kansas, New Hampshire or West Virginia, but residents of these States temporarily living in the District of Columbia have been given an opportunity to appear before the examiners in Washington. The commission think that most of the adverse criticism of their action is the result of an imperfect understanding of the law. Several Democratic newspapers have complained because local boards were chosen from among Republican officers in the post offices and custom houses. The act requires these boards to be composed of Federal officials, and the commissioners cannot appoint civilians to do the work. It has been charged that the commission is a mere figurehead, and that appointments have been made contrary to the letter of the law. This statement is untrue. Messengers, laborers, scrub-women, etc., are not in the classified service and they can be appointed at the will of heads of departments, but no clerical positions can be bestowed except upon the certificate of the commission. The commissioners have been importuned by Congressmen and private individuals to certify for appointment of persons who have passed the examinations, but who, under the rules, cannot immediately be given places. The rules require the appointments to be apportioned pro rata among the States and Territories, and the secretary of the commission keeps a list which shows the quota to which each State and Territory is entitled. If an applicant from Ohio, say, has passed an examination and is first in line to be certified for appointment, he may be compelled to wait months before getting a place if there are candidates from other States, the quota of which is not filled. Great pressure has been brought to bear on the commission to favor certain States at the expense of others in the matter of appointments, but the regulations have been strictly obeyed. The legislation of several of the States for the reformation of the local civil service has been a decided encouragement to the United States commissioners, and they feel assured that the results of six months' work will be an ample vindication of the wisdom of Congress in making the civil service law.

SWINDLES BY MARSHALS.

The Chief Object of the Southern Officers to Get Heavy Fees for Light Work.

WASHINGTON, February 9.—Mr. E. B. Weigand, a special examiner of the Department of Justice, continued his testimony, today, before the House committee on expenditures in the Department of Justice. He read a report which he had recently rendered to the attorney-general on the official conduct and accounts of United States Marshal Robert M. Douglass, of the western district of North Carolina. It stated that Marshal Douglass, while honest, was irritable, impracticable and almost without business capacity. He was inattentive to his duties, and declined to consult his deputies concerning the business of the office. One of his deputies was his brother-in-law, James Dick, whom the examiner pronounced wholly incompetent to fill the position he occupied. The witness thought the chief aim of Marshal Douglass was to make his office pay him the maximum amount of fees. There were many charges in the accounts of Marshal Douglass that witness pronounced not merely overcharges but they were not based on fact. Douglass did not dispute the accounts, but defended them by stating that he had a right under the law to make the charges made.

FOR A POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

Hubbard's Arguments—The Western Union a Monopoly Dangerous to the People.

WASHINGTON, February 8.—Mr. Gardner Hubbard appeared before the Senate committee on post offices and post roads today in advocacy of the establishment of a system of postal telegraph. He reviewed his efforts in behalf of a postal telegraph since 1867, detailed in an interesting manner the progress made in electric science during the last few years, and explained its bearing upon the telegraph business generally. He quoted from the report of the Western Union company for 1878 to show that reductions in the rates of the company were made while the question of postal telegraphy was being agitated. When the agitation ceased somewhat, he said all information respecting rates was withheld by the company.

In referring to the purchase of the Atlantic and Pacific Company's lines, he said that the stock of that company at the time it was purchased for $60 per share was without market value. It was controlled by the Western Union Company, and the seller and buyer readily agreed upon a price to suit themselves. They simply consulted their own interests. Did they consult the interest of the public? He thought not. Again, said the speaker, the European cables were of but little value until they were leased by the Western Union Company. The manager of the Western Union went to the cable managers and asked whether they were willing to pool the cable business, or whether they should lay competing lines. The consequence was an agreement to pool the business. In this way the cable rates had been kept up to a high standard. Before the combination was formed rates were about sixpence per word.

The policy of the Western Union Company from its organization up to the present time had been to absorb competing lines and issue watered stock. Several competing lines were now in existence, having been lately started, namely: The Baltimore & Ohio, Bankers & Merchants' and Postal. Mr. Garrett had asserted that he could not be bought out. He had built lines before, and has sold them out, and it was but natural to suppose that he would do so again. Mr. Hubbard quoted Mr. Garrett's statement respecting the sale of the American Union lines to the Western Union Company, and said the Baltimore and Ohio company built lines, made an alliance with the American Union, of which company Mr. Garrett became a director, and although representing the minority, sold out his property, valued at $4,000,000, for about $15,000,000.

Mr. Rife interrupted the speaker, and said that in the transaction mentioned Mr. Garrett did not allow the transfer of the Baltimore & Ohio lines to the Western Union.

"Be that as it may," continued Mr. Hubbard, "the consolidation was effected." Mr. Hubbard took the ground that the telegraph business is bound to be a monopoly, whether transacted by a private corporation or by a government. He thought that at the outset the actual investment of the Western Union Company was less than $500,000. Since its absorption of other lines the aggregate amount expended has probably reached $5,000,000. He thought that the government could do the telegraph business much cheaper than it can be done by corporations.

When asked how he would protect "innocent purchasers" of Western Union stock in the event of a decision to inaugurate a system of postal telegraphy, Mr. Hubbard answered that he knew of no way to protect them. In fact, he did not think there were any "innocent purchasers." If so they would have to suffer alike with those who are not innocent. As the question had been more or less agitated for fifteen years past, he thought that all the stockholders were fully acquainted with the facts in the case.

Chairman Hill (interrupting) said he did not think that the question of innocent stockholders would ever be raised. He understood that there were but about 2900 stockholders, and it had been admitted that one man held a majority of the stock.

Upon resuming, Mr. Hubbard contended that the Western Union Company was a dangerous power, being controlled by three or four men, who sat in their offices and could supervise not only political but the commercial and every other description of news which is transmitted throughout the country. He asked, "Is there anything like the power of this corporation in this country or in any other." Through its agency, he said, the gold and stock company collects the market news in Europe and forwards it to every point in the United States and vice versa. A fraction of a penny in any stock, he continued, is a fortune for any man. The Western Union Company admits no partnership; it allows no rival to exist, and its managers can control every quotation. In saying this, Mr. Hubbard added: "I do not make any charges against this company, but think it is a power too large to be intrusted to any set of men, and it is the duty of the government to protect the sort of news referred to." He alluded to the close contracts made between the Western Union and the Associated Press, and instanced several cases where newspapers which had criticised the reports furnished by the Associated Press and others in which articles in support of postal telegraphy had appeared had received notice that unless they abandoned such publications their news service would be discontinued. The committee will meet again tomorrow, when it is expected Mr. Garrett of the Baltimore & Ohio and Mackey of the Postal company will be present.

Mr. Ferry's Shipping Bill.

WASHINGTON, February 7.—The Senate committee on commerce this morning agreed to report Mr. Ferry's shipping bill as a substitute for all the other bills relating to the merchant marine. Several amendments were made to the bill. Its leading features may be stated briefly as follows: It allows American vessels, under certain circumstances, to employ any officer or captain of foreign birth. The sections of the statutes requiring the payment of consular fees are abolished. In the case of vessels built for foreign account wholly or in part of foreign material, it allows a drawback of 90 per cent. on the foreign material used. All articles of foreign production needed for supplies of vessels engaged in the foreign trade may be withdrawn from bonded warehouses free of duty. It repeals the provisions of law allowing the postmaster-general to detain a foreign-bound vessel to place on board the United States mail and compel her to deliver the same for two cents postage.

The Lowell Bankruptcy Bill.

WASHINGTON, February 9.—The sub-committee on bankruptcy of the House committee on the judiciary will, on Monday, begin the consideration of the various bankruptcy bills which have been referred to it. It is understood that the bill introduced in the House by Mr. Morse will be recommended to the full committee, and that it will be reported to the House within the next ten days. This bill is the same bill that was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Hoar, which is known as the Lowell bill. The House committee will also recommend that the amendments proposed by the Senate committee, which embody most of the suggestions offered by the National Bankruptcy convention recently held in this city be also incorporated into the bill to be acted upon by the House. The prospects of this bill passing Congress during the present session are considered very good.

The Reagan Bill Too Radical.

WASHINGTON, February 9.—The Reagan interstate commerce bill will not receive the favorable report of the majority of the commerce committee. The Adams commission bill with amendments will be reported by the majority of the committee. There is a disposition on the part of the committee to go slowly in this matter. All its members are agreed that some legislation is necessary, but they fear the Reagan plan is too radical as a preliminary measure. The commission plan has worked well in those States where it has been tried, notably in Massachusetts, and they wish to see what its effect as a national measure will be before attempting to go further. Eight of the members of the committee are opposed to the Reagan bill.

GREEN MOUNTAIN POLITICS.

The Next Governor Already Selected—Candidates for Various Offices—Senator Morrill's Successor.

RUTLAND, Vt., February 6.—Politics are in a condition of eternal ebullition in Vermont, and public talk about the next governor began last summer, and the leading candidates began an active canvass a month ago. The name of Frederick Billings of Woodstock, late president of the Northern Pacific, was received with very general favor, and he would really make a good governor. He is not, however, in favor among the railroad magnates, and they opened a vigorous warfare upon him, basing their opposition on the fact that Mr. Billings has not returned an inventory of his property, as required by the new tax law, but has preferred to be "doomed" by the assessors. This seemed the merest pretence, for another candidate in whose behalf the same persons fought most strenuously had done the same thing. Suddenly, however, a letter from Mr. Billings was published, in which he absolutely refused to allow the use of his name as a candidate for governor, and the matter was settled.

In the meantime the railroad men had quietly pushed forward as their candidate George Nichols of Northfield, now and for many years secretary of state; and shortly after the publication of the Billings letter Mr. Nichols appeared as a full-fledged candidate. He is the clerk of the Central Vermont Railroad Company.

It is whispered that it is the ambition of Governor Smith's life to become a United States senator, and that he wants a governor who can be depended upon to appoint him should a vacancy occur. It is argued that one of several contingencies may arise; Senator Edmunds might take a justiceship of the United States Supreme Court, as he once came very near doing; he might be forced to resign from the Senate on account of infirm health, or finally he might be elected president. If one of these things should happen the Governor would appoint a successor. Mr. Nichols has been secretary of state for nineteen years; he has been first a member, then secretary and then chairman of the Republican State Committee for more than twelve years. He has thus made a very wide acquaintance throughout the State—he is said to know twice as many Vermonters as any man living—and as he is a very pleasant gentleman he has as many friends as acquaintances. He is, moreover, a most adroit politician, and as a wire-puller has few superiors. He has started out for the governorship in real earnest, it is understood, and from present appearances there isn't the least doubt that he will get it. He is, it may be added, a physician by profession and a druggist by occupation.

Dr. Nichols' only real competitor for the governorship is the present lieutenant-governor, Samuel E. Pingree of Hartford. Mr. Pingree is a leading lawyer, a soldier with an honorable record, a graduate of Dartmouth and a gentleman. He is not the sort of man to make an active canvass in his own behalf, but his friends are making a vigorous effort, which, however, does not have much promise of success. Mr. Pingree is very popular with the old soldiers, and it is they who are most active in his behalf. Still, he has only a small fraction of the acquaintance which Dr. Nichols possesses, and he is far less skilled in political management.

Another gentleman who has been mentioned by some of the State papers is the present Governor, John L. Barstow, whose official career has been marked by a dignity, independence and faithfulness which have won the esteem and respect of our whole people. But Governor Barstow is not a candidate for re-election, and were such not the case the feeling in favor of rotation in office is so strong that a governor can hardly expect a re-election—at least without a good deal of that kind of work to which men like Governor Barstow do not care to stoop.

Finally—and this probably exhausts the list of potential candidates—the name of Justus Dartt, at present State superintendent of education, has been mentioned, but so faintly that whispered would be a better word. He is not himself a candidate, it is understood, but his friends will probably give him a few votes in the convention.

On the Democratic side the camp is as yet very quiet, but present indications favor the nomination of Bradley B. Smalley of Burlington, the Vermont member of the Democratic national committee and a live, progressive Democrat, who possesses the esteem and respect of even his political opponents.

In the congressional districts, the first will return Hon. John W. Stewart, but whether the second will re-elect Judge Poland is somewhat dubious. Two years ago, when the judge had the regular nomination and there was no organized opposition, he pulled through by the very slender majority of 800 votes. Having learned their strength, it is altogether likely that this year Judge Poland's opponents will make a vigorous fight, and the chances appear to be unfavorable to his re-election.

Upon the Legislature which meets next fall will devolve the duty of electing a successor to Senator Morrill, whose term will expire in March, 1885. At that date Senator Morrill will have served in Congress thirty years,—six terms in the House and three in the Senate,—and he will be 75 years old. He holds his own against Father Time wonderfully well, however, and could easily pass for twenty years younger than he actually is. A number of prominent citizens of Vermont—or rather of the eastern half of Vermont, for an unwritten law gives one senator to each side of the State—are patiently waiting to take his place in the Senate, but it would not be the most surprising thing in the world if all were compelled to wait a few years longer. It is not definitely known whether Senator Morrill will take another term, but it is generally believed that he will, and if he is a candidate for re-election no power on earth can defeat him. He has a very strong hold upon the people of the State, and nothing can shake it. A hold gained not by brilliant abilities or political arts, but simply by the faithful and conscientious performance of all his duties and by his advocacy of what the people of the State regard as the right side of all public questions.

Dusting Off the Blue Laws for Douglass.

[Washington Special in Brooklyn Eagle.]

An amusing controversy is in progress here as to the possibilities to which Fred Douglass has subjected himself by his marriage with a white woman. An old statute has been discovered, in which a fine of 5000 pounds of tobacco figures as the punishment for such marriages. The statute alluded to is 160 years old.

LABOR'S QUIET WARFARE.

One Week's Result of the Fall River Strike.

Promising Outlook for an Extended Struggle—Both Sides Firm.

Meeting of the Weavers—Other Labor Troubles.

FALL RIVER, February 9.—The end of the first week of the strike finds thirteen mills closed. Of the ten mills when the spinners struck Monday, three are running today—the two Border City and the Sagamore. The Border City have not shut down since the strike. Today they reported 700 looms running out of a total of 1850. The greater part of the mills are idle, but few mule spinners are at work and the mill is apparently only running to keep up appearances," for it is apparently the purpose of the Border City to avoid a surrender to the strikers. The Sagamore No. 1, which closed the first part of the week, started up again Friday, but is only in partial operation. The Chace, Slade and Tecumseh No. 1 are closed. Both Wampanoag mills are closed, the strike at No. 1 mill cutting off the supply of yarn and forcing a suspension of both mills. The three Union have closed, but are expected to make an attempt to resume Monday. In addition to these the three Pocasset mills are closed on account of the strike of the weavers. The Bourne and Barnaby mills are also closed for a like cause. The stoppage of these thirteen mills throws about 7000 people out of work, has already caused a loss to the help of over $25,000, and has reduced the weekly production of print cloth 35,000 pieces in addition to the loss of fancy goods production at the Pocasset, Union, Border City and others, and the curtailment of production of the Barnaby Gingham Mill. The print cloth market today closed firm at 3⅝ cents for 64x64 goods. Production for the week was 125,000 pieces; sales, 144,000, deliveries, 192,000. The stock now on hand is but 155,000 pieces. The loss in wages already amounts to a tax of over fifty cents on every man, woman and child in the city. These figures give an idea of the important effect which a strike has on the business interests of the city, and it must be remembered that this strike as yet has resulted in the suspension of less than one-fourth of the total number of mills. The outlook at the close of the first week of the strike is a gloomy one. The developments of tonight and Monday are awaited with interest by operators, manufacturers and business men. As a tradesman remarked this afternoon, in commenting upon the stormy weather of the week: "These clouds are not the darkest that hang over Fall River, and this storm is nothing compared to that which will sweep over business if this trouble continues."

A Compromise Offered.

FALL RIVER, February 9.—The King Philip mill has offered to rebate one-third of its reduction. The spinners consulted with the overseer and asked for fortnightly payments. They were cordially received and the overseer promised to do his best for them. They separated with good feeling, and no trouble is anticipated at that mill. This is the mill where Treasurer E. C. Kilburn had his salary reduced from $7000 to $5000 by his own request. The mill is not included in the Board of Trade.

The Weavers' Meeting.

FALL RIVER, February 9.—The weavers held an adjourned meeting at Carrollton Hall tonight for the purpose of perfecting the organization of the union started yesterday afternoon. The hall was crowded. There were some 600 present, a large part of whom were women and girls. Several speakers called attention to the difficulty under which the weavers labored in comparison with the spinners, who had the advantage of permanent organization. It was voted to ask the Spinners' Union to share with the weavers' contributions received from outside the city.

"The Spinners' Union have plenty of funds behind them," said one speaker, "and can afford to loaf. We have no funds. They can call upon all the trades unions of the country for aid. We cannot. They ought to be generous with us. Many of us are poor, and can't afford to remain idle. We can aid the spinners if they aid us. We can also injure them by refusing to join in the strike, and by working with "knobsticks yarn." Other speakers followed in the same strain. The presence of outsiders was discovered about this time, and led to some confusion. There was also a dispute over whether all present should vote, or only those who had paid a membership fee. A motion was made that the meeting adjourn to meet Monday night at 7.30 in Spinners' Hall, and that no outsiders be admitted.

"What do you think of it?" asked one weaver of a companion just before the close of the meeting. "I think it's going to be a failure," was the reply, given in a tone of despondency.

When the meeting adjourned the officers requested that the names be not published, as they would be blacklisted if they were. Over two thousand have promised to join," said the chairman, when questioned regarding the outlook, "but they don't like to take active part, on account of the danger of losing work."

Secretary Howard smiled when informed of the request of the weavers for the spinners to divide funds. "What they need," said one of the spinners' executive committee, when questioned as to the probable success of the Weavers' Union, "is a good permanent secretary who will devote his time to the union."

Weavers from King Philip Mill Join the Strike.

FALL RIVER, February 11.—The weavers at the King Philip mill struck this morning. They went to work as usual, but one after another, as the day went on, stopped his machine and went out. The weavers met in a lot near the mill and appointed a committee of six, three English and three French, to wait upon the treasurer and ask first that the 10 per cent. reduction be returned; second, that the amount of fines for bad work be abated; third, that weekly pay be substituted for fortnightly. The committee reported that Treasurer Kilburn said that he could not restore the 10 per cent.; that he would restore 2½ per cent., the same as had been given the spinners; that he would return the 10 per cent. as soon as the other mills did; that he could not promise weekly pay on account of the extra trouble to the mill, and that he would pay every four weeks instead of monthly. He said he did not know the fines were so large as reported, that fines were necessary to ensure good work, and if they were aggrieved he would see to it. The report of the committee caused considerable discussion. Some were in favor of returning to work at noon, and others insisted on further concessions. It was finally decided to adjourn to 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Poverty and Suffering at Arctic.

PROVIDENCE, February 9.—The stopping of the Arctic mills, which were formerly run by the Spragues, and which ex-Governor William Sprague personally superintended until ousted a few months ago, has caused much destitution and suffering in that village. Since the property was sold at auction, the mills have been stopped, and a large number of families have consequently been deprived of their sole means of subsistence. The severe weather has caused them much discomfort. Credit is hard to obtain, and a few families who have been without any money whatever for some time have been obliged to subsist on the charity of neighbors. Fowls have been stolen, as also wood and coal, from those who are charitably disposed towards the poor. Some are too proud to ask for assistance, and suffer for the necessaries of life. Many are anxiously awaiting the action of the present owners of the mills, hoping that arrangements will be made soon to start them up. They cannot help comparing their present condition with the state they were formerly in, when the Spragues were at the head of affairs, and gave continuous and remunerative employment to men, women and children.

The Trouble in Troy.

TROY, February 9.—Fourteen of the alleged members of the Moulders' Union patrol about the Malleable Iron Works were held to await the action of the grand jury today on the charge of conspiracy to injure the business of the proprietors.

The proprietors of the Malleable Iron Works in this vicinity, in which the labor disturbances occurred, were arrested this morning charged with maintaining a nuisance in obstructing the street with pig iron. The arrest is the outgrowth of labor troubles.

Miners to Meet.

PITTSBURG, February 9.—Mr. George Harris, a president of the national executive board of the Miners' Association, has called a meeting of the presidents of the different State organizations, to be held in this city, Thursday, February 14. The object of the meeting is to take such action as is required by the miners' interests. Just what this will be the officers refuse to state. Representatives from Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland and Illinois will be present.

Lowell Mill Statistics.

The publishers of the Lowell Vox Populi have issued No. 47 of their little pamphlet, "Annual Statistics of Manufactures in Lowell and Neighboring Towns," giving full particulars as to the industries of the vicinity at the present time. The capital invested in the various manufactures is $18,000,000; number of mills, besides appendant buildings, about 170; spindles, upwards of 896,250; looms, 24,445; female operatives employed (in all branches), 13,294; male operatives, 13,846; yards of cotton made per year, 237,276,000; yards of woollen, about 9,370,000; carpetings, about 3,348,000 yards; shawls, 120,000; yards of cloth, all varieties, 255,663,533; pairs of hosiery, 16,180,000; dyed and printed over, 100,122,000 yards. The manufactures consume 75,114,984 pounds of cotton, 15,754,000 pounds of wool and 19,200 tons of iron.

SHOT DOWN WITHOUT WARNING.

A Terrible Tragedy in the Streets of Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., February 9.—A terrible tragedy was enacted on the main street here this morning about 11 o'clock. Three brothers—Frank, Jack and William Flynn—were proceeding home in a hack when a party of seven men, armed with double-barrelled shot guns and Winchesters, stepped out from the door of a saloon and opened fire. The Flynns were armed, but the attack was totally unexpected. Jack Flynn was shot through the forehead by a ball from a Winchester and died in a few minutes. Tom Flynn was shot through the breast with a Winchester, probably fatally. Frank Flynn received a shot through the hand, inflicting a slight wound. Frank Hall, the driver of the hack, was shot through the back of the neck and died an hour afterward. Robert Hargreavy, a bystander, was shot through the breast and will probably die, and J. H. Craig, a prominent lumberman, received a charge of buckshot through the back, and his condition is considered precarious.

The difficulty originated some weeks ago on account of Frank Flynn endeavoring to prevent Doran from opening a gambling house. It culminated at the time in Doran making a cowardly attempt to assassinate Flynn, failing in which he fled the city. He returned secretly a few nights ago. Flynn was unaware of his presence in this city till the fatal volley was opened on him. Intense excitement prevails and threats of mobbing the prisoners are made. Seven of them who were arrested and are now in jail are S. A. Doran, the two Pruitt brothers, Howell and three others. The citizens are loud in condemnation of the murderous and cowardly act. Judge Wood has been telegraphed to by leading citizens, requesting him to adjourn court at Malvern and return here, and hold a special session to try the murderers. If he consents, the law will probably be allowed to take its course. If he does not, the citizens boldly threaten to burn the jail and hang the prisoners.

QUIETING AN INSANE MAN.

Evan Hughes Beaten by Two Attendants in an Asylum to Bring Him Into Subjection.

UTICA, N. Y., February 8.—The inquiries concerning the injuries and death of the asylum patient, Evan Hughes, were continued yesterday. District-Attorney Matteson conducted the examination before the coroner.

Weir and Brown, attendants in charge of the ward where Hughes was injured, gave conflicting testimony. Weirs said Hughes was a dangerous man, and that witness and Brown tried to put him in a restraining chair. "The struggle lasted five minutes, after which," said Weir, "he calmed down." Witness continued: "I went out a little while, and when I returned I saw Brown near the bathroom with a basin and sponge."

"What in time is the matter?" said I. "Have you had trouble?"

"'Yes, and I wish you had strapped him down before you left,' was Brown's answer. 'He tried to kick and bite us.' Presently Dr. Backus came and discovered that the patient's jaw was broken. I was as much surprised as any one."

Brown testified that Hughes was violent, and he and Weir tried to restrain him. "Weir hit the patient on the face, and I hit him in the abdomen to quiet him. The fracas continued five minutes. When Dr. Backus asked how Hughes came to be injured I said I didn't know. The doctor found the jaw fractured. The way the thing occurred was this: Weir stood behind Hughes and struck him twice, once with the side of his fist on the cheek, the other time on the back of the head. I hit him once with my fist in the abdomen. I struck too far down to break any ribs. Hughes was all right when he came into our care. Witness tried to keep the patient in a chair by standing behind him and clasping his arms around him. While in that position Hughes lurched forward and both went to the floor, the witness on top. The ribs might have been broken at that time."

Brown illustrated to the jurors the situation, and all expressed themselves satisfied that the ribs might have been broken in that way. Brown weighs 200 pounds.

Dr. Gray testified that Hughes' insanity ran to murder as well as suicide. The affair in the ward was reported to Dr. Gray, and a few minutes later he attended the patient and asked him how he got hurt. Hughes said he had been in a fight, and all went over the chair together. When asked who hurt him, he made no reply. "It is one of the rules of the institution," said the superintendent, "that no attendant shall under any circumstances strike a patient." Dr. Gray said a trustworthy statement could not be obtained from the patients. The examination was adjourned.

The investigation is being conducted by a special Assembly committee on lunatic asylums.

FACE TO FACE WITH FLAMES.

Overwhelmed by Sixty Feet of Hissing Flames—Terrible Accident to Firemen at the Burning of an Allentown Factory.

ALLENTOWN, Penn., February 7.—The extensive furniture factory of Crossman & Kluenter was destroyed by fire last night. Several people were killed and many injured. The structure had been erected as fireproof. The roof was of brick and arched with iron girders; but hardly had the firemen put their ladders up, when the power of the steam inside burst the building with a loud explosion, and a sheet of flame some sixty feet in width swept out with a horrible hiss. Ladders and men went down beneath the falling walls, and the men were buried in the ruins. The flames that illuminated the scene died away almost as quickly as they appeared, leaving all in darkness, with the wounded lying almost within reach of their friends.

One of the first taken out was Harry K. Kurtz, superintendent of the Allentown Gas Works. His leg was broken below the knee and his face badly burned.

One after another of the wounded men were taken out, until 1 a. m. the following list of casualties were reported:

Killed—William Lehr, son of Henry E. Lehr, both arms and leg broken and skull crushed. He lived about two hours.

Charles Miller, a member of the American Hose.

David Clauss, a member of the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company.

An unknown man.

Injured—Curtis Horr, leg broken and face burned.

Kenneth Emanuel, a member of the American Hose, badly burned and cut about the face.

Peter Mayer, a member of the American Hose, left leg broken and internally injured.

Charles Bohlinger, a member of the Liberty, face badly cut, and Frank Saenger, a member of the American Hose, badly cut.

Peter Beisel, a member of the Revere Hook and Ladder Company, legs slightly hurt.

Edward Martin, a fireman, badly cut.

There are undoubtedly other bodies in the ruins.

Four Firemen Injured.

PHILADELPHIA, February 7.—The brick building on Willow street, above Twelfth, occupied as the manufactory of the Phillips Electric Cable Manufacturing Company, was burned today. Four firemen were seriously, but not fatally, hurt by falling timbers. Loss on the building and contents, including four miles of ten-wire copper cable ready for shipping to the United States Cable Company, $28,000.

EX-GOVERNOR TALBOT RESIGNS.

Mr. Wrightington Placed in Charge of the Department of Out-Door Poor.

At a special meeting of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity yesterday, ex-Governor Talbot resigned, and Mr. Charles F. Donnelly was unanimously elected chairman of the board.

It was voted to place the charge of the department of out-door poor in the hands of Mr. Wrightington, superintendent of the in-door poor, until new by-laws can be adopted making Mr. Wrightington general agent of both departments, which will be the consolidation desired by Governor Robinson. Mr. Wrightington at once assumes charge of the department made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wheelwright.

Where Tom Bowen Got His Fourth Jack.

[New York World.]

Senator Tom Bowen of Colorado has what is called a poker face, and is said to be the best poker player in the world. He always has a poker hand, too, or the persons playing with him think he has, and he derives a large income from the game. They say of him out in Denver that when he wanted four jacks once at poker, and had but three, he quietly dropped his fourth card and substituted his photograph. He played it for a jack, too.

Only Temporarily Disabled.

[Norristown Herald.]

A servant girl in New Haven stole her mistress' false teeth. The woman told a policeman that "sheesh cosh shwenshy shollarsh, ansh she shwash wosh shusha wresh ashdo shieesh fawshe sheeth—." "Wait till I find an interpretor," interrupted the policeman, thinking the woman was a newly arrived Hungarian; but she was an American, and when her teeth were in she could talk the head off him.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

A Port-au-Prince Riot as Described by French Officers.

Massacre an Every-Day Affair, and General Pillage a Pleasing Pastime.

Inconstancy of Glory—How Offenders are Put to Death.

The officers of a French vessel, the Chasseur, which recently put in at New Orleans, have been telling a Times-Democrat reporter some very interesting stories of scenes in Port-au-Prince during one of the numberless riots that unhappy capital has during the past year indulged in.

Commander Courrejolles was particularly entertaining. The Chasseur was stationed there at the time of a late riot and received on board 185 French refugees, who dared not remain on land. In order to protect the consulate and the French colony the commander had to land his crew and do some disagreeable and fatiguing service.

The government of Hayti, it is well known, is an instructive political experiment, testing the practicability of self-rule by the negro race. It is republican, after its fashion. The president is Salomon, a negro, and the people are divided into two parties—the Nationals, who are blacks, in the majority, and control the country, and the Liberals, composed of mulattoes and whites. Some time ago, owing to some little difference of opinion, a number of Liberals were exiled. These, about 300, becoming homesick, after a while determined to come back, and took possession of the town of Miragua, where they intrenched themselves. The military were immediately ordered out by President Salomon, and as it is their custom to make war at long distances with the least danger possible, they laid siege to the city. The siege lasted eight weeks. In the meantime two other towns in which the liberal element was sufficiently strong broke out in open revolt. President Salomon, who was, by legislative decree, declared to be the father of his country, and who is therefore called papa in the innocent idiom of the natives, immediately ordered out all his troops, composed of 3000 generals in regular service, and other thousands in service, and notified the rebels that if they did not surrender there would be trouble. After some little resistance the Liberals gave under, and the government was triumphant.

This, however, was not sufficient for Salomon, who was not ignorant of the lurking treachery and dissatisfaction which covered that peace, and who dreaded another outbreak. He, therefore, determined to do away, after the national fashion, with the mulattoes and whites, his antagonists. To this effect he caused to be circulated among the blacks, and cared not how loud he said so himself, that if any of them wanted to make plunder among the Liberals and enjoy a little sport in shooting whites and mulattoes there would certainly be no interference by the government. Acting upon this congenial hint, some sort of a riot was gotten up, in which twenty-five whites, mulattoes and blacks were killed and wounded.

The officers of the Chasseur say that they were at breakfast when the firing began, and going on deck saw the forts commanding the city firing their guns. They soon found out that it was a signal calling the negroes of the surrounding country to the feast of pillage, for, swarming down the heights and through the streets, they saw pouring into the town

Black Hordes of Armed Negroes,

seemingly prepared for the occasion. Without losing time, Commander Courrejolles landed a force of sailors and disposed it so as to protect the consulate and the French colonists without unnecessarily mixing in the conflict.

The riot proper, as these gentlemen relate, lasted only a few hours, the Liberals being quickly reduced, but the killing and pillaging lasted about forty-eight hours, during which forty-five men were killed, houses burnt and an enormous amount of booty taken. It would no doubt have continued indefinitely had not the foreign consuls issued an ultimatum notifying the government, who had on hand sufficient troops to quell the disturbance, that unless the pillage was stopped at once the foreign men-of-war in port would open with their guns on the city. This document, backed as it was with improved gunnery of large calibre, had immediate results, and the pillaging, burning and killing ceased as if by magic.

During the riot Commander Courrejolles, his officers and his men were on several occasions grossly insulted by the negroes, who contemptuously called them cochons de blancs (white hogs). In one instance the commander's life was threatened, a negro levelling a gun at him, and being only prevented from firing by his companion, who exclaimed: "Don't shoot him; he is a consul." In extenuation of these offences the government, immediately upon the restoration of tranquillity, sent two generals in full uniform to Commander Courrejolles. They made the proper excuses, and apologetically told him that if there was any person or persons in the city offensive to him whom he would like to have shot, he had only to point them out, and the government would be happy to accommodate him in that small matter. The commander, who had nobody at that moment he wanted specially to have killed, thankfully declined the generous proffer. It is said, however, that others were not as indifferent as himself to this open-hearted and frank offer from a paternal government. Two Haytiens quarrelled, and one shot at the other. As usual, he missed and killed a Spaniard. He was arrested and taken before the consul, who was asked whether he would like to have the fellow shot. The quiet answer was: "I don't think it can do any harm," and the poor fellow was executed.

Concerning these military executions as they are done in Hayti, one is forced to admit that they must really be very disagreeable to the person who is shot. To begin with

Everybody Is Liable to be Militarily Shot.

To the squad of soldiers on duty that day the execution is entrusted. Often one has to be of the squad to shoot a friend, acquaintance or relative. Then, also, the government is apt to change its mind from day to day, and be very revengeful on the morrow against those who on the eve have done the shooting. The great point, therefore, with the soldier concerned in these executions is not to shoot straight, so as to be able to be afterward morally convinced that he has missed his man. In consequence, at the word "Fire!" every soldier averts his face and pulls the trigger without looking at the victim. The result is that the poor condemned fellow is half missed, half wounded, almost half killed at repeated times, and that the firing has to be begun over three or four times until death finally ensues.

Another incident of the riot is typical. Commander Courrejolles was with the main body of his men in reserve, within supporting distance of the consulate, which was guarded by Ensign Kerthuel and his detail when one of the three thousand negro generals in active service rode by. As the shooting was still being kept up in the city, the commander asked him how matters stood. The general exultingly answered: "The riot is over and has been quelled long ago!" "Then why is the firing kept up?" rejoined the commander. "Oh," said the general, "just for the fun of the thing, and to let the boys enjoy their victory. You see, I have five cartridges remaining in my rifle, and I am going back there to shoot it off!"

Ensign Kerthuel, who was entrusted, as previously stated, with the protection of the consulate, was seriously approached by a negro general, who in a friendly manner told him: "Look here, young man, you are exposing yourself and your people; they absolutely refuse to permit themselves to be pillaged. You ought to talk to them and let them be more reasonable, otherwise there will be trouble." The young officer cannot tell this anecdote without a broad smile.

When the unfortunate Ensign de Lassujade died, several of the prominent officers of the government attended his funeral. Later an ex-Haytien minister of war having been killed by the explosion of a gun, the officers of the Chasseur made it a point to be present in uniform at the obsequies. The next day a general, in full regalia, aide-de-camp of President Salomon, came on board the government yawl to officially thank the commander in the name of the President for his courtesy. The very next day a dilapidated-looking individual, in civilian clothes, accosted the Chasseur in a skiff, imploring to be taken on board as a refugee. He was recognized as being the general, aide-de-camp of the day previous; he stated that he was in disgrace and ordered to be shot, and loudly begged for protection.

WHILE DEFYING CAPTURE.

Difficult Shot of an Ex-Confederate Sharpshooter Just in the Nick of Time.

SAVANNAH, Ga., February 9.—On Thursday morning, Jacob Worthington, a wealthy farmer of Madison, Fla., awoke to find that during the night his two children, a team of horses and $500 in money had been stolen. Suspicion pointed to a laborer, whose whereabouts a search failed to reveal. Collecting an armed band, Worthington started in pursuit, and, upon arriving at Boston, Ga., late at night, learned that the kidnapper had passed through there with his plunder just a few hours before. Hard riding overtook the fugitive yesterday afternoon at a gorge on the banks of the Chattahoochee. The kidnapper drew his revolver and threatened to kill the first man who approached. Several shots were exchanged without effect. The kidnapper then placed the children between himself and his pursuers, threatening to kill them if further molested. While he was delivering his harangue, Mr. Oxendine, an ex-Confederate sharpshooter, pressed his rifle to his shoulder and shot the desperado dead. The children and horses were recovered, but the money has not been found.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

MONEY AND STOCK REPORTS.

Boston and New York Discounts, with Items Gleaned from the Markets.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, February 9, 1884.

The week closes showing no changes in the ruling conditions of the money market. It is the old story, a large surplus of loanable funds, for the use of which only a moderate inquiry exists. Rates remain very easy, and to acceptable parties are quite low; indeed, there continues a good demand for worthy paper, the only trouble lying in its scarcity. The banks are accommodating their regular customers at 4½@5 per cent., and are discounting the average run of good mercantile paper at 5@5½ per cent., and there is some good paper offering, although not so well known, at 6@6½ per cent. Paper of a high grade, composed principally of corporation notes and acceptances, rule at 3½@4 per cent.; but as such grade continues very scarce, transactions are reported as few and far between. Call loans on collateral still range from 3@4½ per cent. per annum, according to the nature of the security, while the savings banks and trust companies are very willing to make short-time loans, at low rates, as low as 3½ per cent., in some instances, but in all instances the best of security and a liberal margin is required. Outside of the banks, the note brokers report discount rates as ranging from 3½@5 per cent., and also state that business is very dull, with "nothing doing" in their special line. With the country banks, local discount rates range from 5@5½ per cent.

Between banks during the week the rate for balances has rated at 1½ per cent.

The gross exchanges at the clearing-house this morning were $10,027,184, while for the week they amount to $62,485,345; the balances this morning were $1,519,763, and for the week, $8,296,119. New York funds today sold at 5@8 cents premium per $1000.

Foreign exchange holds firm, with rates against us, on the rise of last Thursday. There is still no movement of securities to London, and a further advance of ½c. is necessary in the price of sterling before a profit can be made in exporting gold. Today's prices for exchange were as follows: Sight, 4.89; sixty days, 4.86; commercial bills, 4.84¼; francs, sight, 5.13¾@5.14⅜; sixty days, 5.16⅞@5.17½.

There is no change to notice in the New York money market, rates remaining easy. Call loans on stock rule at 2@2½ per cent., and when collateral are government bonds, at 1@1½ per cent. Double-named paper of the first-class is quoted at 4@4½ per cent., and that of slightly of a lower grade at 5@5½ per cent. Single-named paper of the best grade ranges from 5@5½, and ordinary, 6@7 per cent. Time loans are ruling quiet at 4@4½ per cent. per annum.

The bank statement today was a favorable one, showing up as follows:

Loans, increased	$3,074,700
Specie, increased	4,274,500
Legal tenders, decreased	879,400
Deposits, increased	6,324,300
Circulation, decreased	92,100
Reserve, increased	1,796,025

The banks are now $21,239,120 in excess of legal requirements, against $19,262,695 in excess last week, and $6,419,950 in excess the corresponding week last year.

Government Bonds.

The market for these securities remains quiet, but with firm prices. The only change worthy of note during the week was for the 3 per cents., which, after advancing to 101, dropped back to 100½, subsequently reacting to the former price.

The closing bids today as compared with those of last Saturday, show the following changes: A decline of ⅛ in the registered 4½ per cents., which are now quoted ex-interest, and an advance of ½ per cent. for the 3s.

The following quotations for United States bonds give the closing prices Saturday afternoon and the opening prices this morning:

	Bid Feb. 9.	Bid Feb. 11.		Bid Feb. 9.	Bid Feb. 11.
US4½s,91,r	113¼	113¼	US Cur 6s,95	—	129¼
US4½s,91,c	114⅜	114⅜	US Cur 6s,96	—	131¼
US4s,1907,r	123¾	123¾	US Cur 6s,97	—	133¼
US4s,1907,c	123¾	123¾	US Cur 6s,98	—	135¼
US3s	101	100¾	US Cur 6s,99	137	—

Closing Quotations of Bonds and Stocks.

(Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.)

LAND COS.	Bid	Asked	RAILROADS.	Bid	Asked
Boston Land	6 3-16	6⅝	Eastern	37	38½
Boston W.P.	2¼	2½	Fitchburg	—	117
Brookline	2¾	—	North'n NH	110	—
Maverick	1½	1¾	Old Colony	138	138½
BONDS.			N Y & N E	13⅞	14
A.T&SF 1sts	121	122	Rutland pref	14½	15
A.T&SF 1g	116½	—	Rutland com	2⅝	—
L R & F S 7s	90	—	Union Pac	80⅝	80¾
Eastern 6s	110⅝	110⅞	Wor & Nash	57	58
N Y & N E 7s	97¼	97½	T, C & St L	62½c	1
N Y & N E 6s	87	89	Wiscon Cen	13¼	13½
Or Short L 6s	94	—	Mexican Cen	10	10½
U P 6s	113½	—	Ia Falls & S C	79	—
U P 7s	107¼	107¾	MINING COS.		
A & P 6s	—	91	Allouez	62½c	1
A & P inc	—	18¾	Atlantic	7½	8
Mex Cen 7s	55¼	55⅝	Bonanza	1¼	—
Sonora 7s	97	98	Brunsw'k An	—	5
RAILROADS.			Cal & Hecla	233½	235
A.T & S F	78⅜	78¾	Catalpa	32½c	40c
F & P Mar	29	30	Franklin	11½	12
do pref	100¼	101	Harshaw	50c	75c
L R & F S	17½	20	Huron	1¼	1½
do pref	40	—	Osceola	15	17
La & Mo Riv	—	23	Pewabic	1¼	1½
M. H & O	22½	25	Quincy	42⅜	43
Metrop R	—	69	Sullivan	27½c	—
Connotton V	30c	37½c	TELEPHONE COS.		
Bos & Alb'y	178¼	178½	Bell	171	172
Bos & Lowell	107	—	Mexican	2⅝	2¾
Bos & Maine	162	162½	Tropical	1¾	2¼
Bos & Prov	166	167	Erie	35½	36
Ch & W M	35	40	New Engl'd	42	42½
Ch, B & Q	127	127¼	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Cin, S & Clev	14	—	Pul Pal Car	113¼	—

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, February 9.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 21@22c ℔ lb; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at at 23@24c ℔ lb; and Yellow Metal Bolts at 20c ℔ lb. Ingot Copper is quiet at 14⅞@15c for Lake, and Baltimore and other brands at 14¼@14⅜c ℔ lb. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 17@17½c ℔ lb.

CORN.—The market has been quiet and prices are about the same. We quote:

Steamer mixed at 64@64½c; steamer yellow at 65½@67½c; high mixed at 68@69c ℔ bush. No grade Corn, 58@62c ℔ bush as to quality.

CRANBERRIES.—We quote sales of choice Cranberries at $12 00@13 50 ℔ bbl.

DRIED APPLES.—The demand for quartered and sliced Apples has been good. We quote:

We quote sales of Southern quartered, 5@6c ℔ lb; do new sliced, 7@10c ℔ lb; New York quartered, 6@8c ℔ lb; do sliced, 6@8c ℔ lb; East and North quartered, 8@10c; do do sliced, 8@10c ℔ lb; fancy evaporated, 14@15c ℔ lb; choice do, 12@13c ℔ lb; common to good, 10@11c ℔ lb.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20 00@23 00 ℔ ton. Fustic has been in fair demand at $20@24 ℔ ton. Lima and Sapan Wood are quiet and prices are quite nominal. Lima Wood is also quiet and nominally the same.

EGGS.—The receipts have been light and prices have ruled quite firm. We quote:

Fresh Eastern Eggs sell at 33@35c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 33@34c ℔ doz; Western, 3 @34c ℔ doz; Southern, 33@34c ℔ doz; Limed, 25@28 ℔ doz. took county, ...@...c ℔ doz; York and Ver

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $21 00@22 00 ℔ ton; Fine Feed and Middlings at $22 50@25 00 ℔ ton; Cotton Seed Meal at $26 50@28 50 ℔ ton on spot and to arrive.

FLOUR.—The market has been quite steady and demand fair from the trade. We quote:

Springwheats—Western superfine, $3 00@3 25; common extras, $3 25@4 00; Wisconsin, $....@....; Minnesota bakers, $4 25@5 75; Minnesota patents, $6 25@6 75. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $6 25@6 50; do common to good $6 00@6 25; New York roller flour, $5 50@5 75; Michigan, $5 25@5 50; Ohio and Indiana roller flour $5 25@5 75; St Louis and Illinois, $5 75@6 00 ℔ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 25@5 50; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 00@5 ..; Michigan straights $5 00@5 25; Winter wheat seconds, $4 00@4 60 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour, $3 60@4 00 ℔ bbl; Cornmeal, $2 75@2 80; Oatmeal, Western ground, $4 75@5 25; Oatmeal, cut fancy brands, $5 75@6 25

FRESH MEAT.—There continues a fair demand for Beef and prices are steady at quotations. We quote:

Beef hindquarters, 12½@13c ℔ lb; do common, 7@10c lb; do choice forequarters, @7½c ℔ lb; do common to good, 5@5½c ℔ lb Extra Mutton has been sold at 9@10c ℔ lb; common to good do, 4@6c ℔ lb; choice Spring Lamb, 7@9c ℔ lb; common to good do, 4@6c ℔ lb; choice Veal, 9@10c ℔ lb; fair to good do, 7@8c ℔ lb; common do, 4@5c ℔ lb; Worcester county choice do, 9@11c ℔ lb; Worcester county common 7@9c ℔ lb.

Dressed Hogs—Western dressed, 7¼@8c ℔ lb; do do extra heavy, 8¼@ ..c ℔ lb; City, 8¼@8½c ℔ lb; Live Hogs 6 ..@7¼c ℔ lb.

FREIGHTS.—Ocean freight rates have become firmer. We quote:

To Melbourne the rates are 21@...c ℔ foot for measurement goods; to Sydney ...@...c ℔ foot for measurement goods, and 21@......c to Adelaide for measurement goods. To Brisbane ...c ℔ foot for measurement goods; and to New Zealand 25@27½c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 12s 6d; butter and cheese 17s 6d; cotton, 9 64d; leather, 40s ℔ ton; sack flour 10s 0d ℔ ton; measurement goods, ℔ 40 cubic feet 15@20s; corn, 3d ℔ bush; barrel flour, 1s 3d ℔ bbl; wheat, 3d; ℔ bush. We quote rates to London—Bbl flour, 2s 0d; measurement goods, 27s 6d; sack flour, 15s 0d; corn, 3½d; wheat, 3½d; butter and cheese, 25s 0d; provisions, 2 s 0d ℔ ton. To Glasgow—Corn, 4¾d bush; wheat, 4¾d ℔ bush; barrel flour, 1s 9d ℔ bbl; sack flour, 15s 0d ℔ ton; provisions, 20s 0d ℔ on; butter and cheese, 22s 6d ℔ ton; measurement goods, 40 cubic feet 25s 0d

Coal Freights—From Baltimore to Boston, $1 40@1 50 ℔ ton; from New York to Boston, $1 20@1 25; from Philadelphia to Boston, $1 50@ 60 ℔ ton.

FRUIT.—There has been a moderate demand for Malaga Raisins. We quote loose Muscatel at $2 10@2 20 ℔ box and London layers at $2 30@2 35 ℔ box; Valencias at 6¾@7c ℔ lb; and Sultanas at 7½@8c ℔ lb. Smyrna Figs at 10@20c ℔ lb; ordinary, ..@...c ℔ lb. Currants have been sold at 5¼@5½c ℔ lb. Citron, 15@15½c ℔ lb; Turkey Prunes sell at 5½@5¾c; French have sold at 10½@11c; Dates have sold at 4¾@5c for frails and 6½@12c ℔ lb for boxes. Southern Peanuts are in fair demand, and sell at 8¼@10c ℔ lb for Virginia and 6½@7c for Wilmington. Florida Oranges have sold at $2 05@4 50 ℔ box. Valencia Oranges have ranged from $4@7 ℔ case, and Palermo Lemons have ranged from $2 50@5 ℔ box. Palermo Oranges have been selling at $2@2 75 ℔ box.

GUNNY BAGGING.—The market has been quiet for Domestic Bagging; prices range from 11¼c for 2¼ lbs; 10¼c for 2 lbs; 9½c for 1½ lbs; and 10c ℔ yard for 1¾ lbs.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay has been quiet. We quote the sales of choice Eastern and Northern Hay at $15 00@... 0 ℔ ton; good, $14@15; fine, $13 00@14 00 ℔ ton; poor, $10 00@12 00 ℔ ton; damaged Hay has been selling at 9@10 ℔ ton; Western Timothy, $16@.... ℔ ton; Swale Hay, $8 @9 ℔ ton; choice Rye Straw, $13@18 50 ℔ ton: do common to good, $12 00@12 50 ℔ ton; Oat Straw $9 ℔ ton.

HOPS.—The market for Hops has been quiet and we quote fancy, 1883, 23@24c ℔ lb; choice, 20@22c ℔ lb; fair to good, 15@18c ℔ lb; common, 10@12c ℔ lb.

HEMP.—The market for Manila Hemp is quiet and prices are held at 10¼c ℔ lb. Sisal Hemp has sold at 4¾@4⅞c ℔ lb. Jute Butts are quiet at 2⅜@2⅞c for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES.—The market for Hides is quiet but prices remain without any material change. We quote current prices; Calcutta Cow—slaughter, 12½@13c; Dead Green, 10½c; Buffalo, 8½@....c; Buenos Ayres, 23@23½c; Rio Grande, 21½@22c; Montevideo, 23@24c; California, 22@21c; wet Buens Ayres, 11@11¼c; dry Western, 15@16½c; wet do, 9@10c; Southern dry, 15@18c; Goat Skins—Madras, 55@60c; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cape Good Hope, 24@25c.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Bengal, fine, $1 65@1 80; good consuming grades, $1 40@1 60; ordinary, 80c@1 25; Guatemala, 65@90c.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices of fine Para have ranged from 92@94c; coarse do, 53@54c.

IRON.—The demand for Pig Iron has been firm and a better feeling prevails.

American Pig at $21@24 ℔ ton. In Scotch Pig the sales have been at $21 50@23 00 ℔ ton. Bar Iron has been in fair demand; refined has sold at $1 85@2 ℔ 100 lbs. Common Sheet Iron has been selling at 3½@4½c ℔ lb. Steel Rails range from $34@35 ℔ ton for future delivery.

LEAD.—The market for Pig Lead has been quiet and we quote:

Lead Pipe has been selling at 6¾c ℔ lb; and Sheet Lead at 7½c ℔ lb; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ℔ lb. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¼c for solid and 4c for tea.

LEATHER.—Sole Leather has been in better demand; sales of Hemlock have been at 20½@25c ℔ lb, as to quality. Cotton tanned ranges from 33@37c for backs, 29@32c for crop. Rough Upper has sold at 21@27½c, as to quality, including selected lots. Rough Calf Skins have been selling at 44@48c ℔ lb; finished Calf ranges from 90@95c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in moderate demand.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at 95c@$1 ℔ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $..@..; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $12 00@13 00; Hemlock boards—Nos 1 and 2, $11 00@12 00; refuse, $..@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $30@33; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@34 00; ship stock $28@30; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $18@20; black walnut, $75@90; cherry $70@75; white wood, inch, $28@32; do do 5s, $22@26; oak, $38@55; ash, $35@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $40@55; saps, $33@50; spruce, $18@30; shingles, $1 75@5 50; spruce laths, $2 50@2 75; pine do, $2 75@3 00.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been a firm market for Spirits of Turpentine at 37@...c ℔ gal. Resins have been quiet, with sales of common at $2 30 ℔ bbl, $2 40@2 65 for No 2, $2 75@3 for No 1, and $3 50@4 for pale. Tar and Pitch remain quiet, with sales at $3 50 ℔ bbl; Wilmington Tar, $3 25@3 50.

POTATOES.—The market continues to be well supplied and prices are low. We quote:

Eastern Rose Potatoes at ...@...c ℔ bush; Northern Rose at 40@45c ℔ bush; Eastern Prolifics, 43@45c ℔ bush; Burbank Seedlings at 35@45c; ℔ bush; Houlton Rose 45@48c ℔ bush; Aroostook Rose, 45@...c ℔ bush; Provincial cargoes, 40@43c ℔ bush. Sweet Potatoes at ...@.... ℔ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a moderate demand for Turkeys and Chickens. Game is quiet. Quail firmer. We quote:

Northern Turkeys, extra, 20@21c; fair to choice, 15@18c; choice Chickens, 18@20c; choice Fowl, 14@15c ℔ lb; com to good 10@13c ℔ lb; live fowl, mixed lots,...@...c ℔ lb; live Spring Chickens, ...@..c ℔ lb for heavy weight.

Western Turkeys, choice, 17@18c ℔ lb; fair to good, 14@16c ℔ lb; common, 10@13 ℔ lb; choice Chickens, 13@15c ℔ lb; Chickens and Fowls, mixed, 12@13c ℔ lb; common, 10@11c ℔ lb.

Geese, 10@14c ℔ lb; Ducks, 12@18c ℔ lb; Grouse, $1@1 15 ℔ pr; Quail, $1 25@1 50 ℔ doz; Wild Pigeons, $1@1 50 ℔ doz; Venison saddles, 14@16c ℔ lb; Rabbits, 16@20c ℔ pr; Hares, 16@25c ℔ pr.

PROVISIONS.—Prices have advanced, in sympathy with Western markets. We quote

New mess at $17 50@.... ℔ bbl; and Boston clear, has sold at $18 00@18 50 ℔ bbl; backs at $19 50@20 ℔ bbl. Beef has been in fair demand, with sales of Western mess have been at $13 00@14 00; Western extra mess at $13@14 00. We quote sales of Western plate at $14 00@15 00; extra plate at $14 00@15 00 ℔ bbl. Smoked Hams have been in fair demand and the sales have been at 12½@13½c ℔ lb as to quality. Lard has been firm, with sales at 10@10½c ℔ lb, including city.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $120 00@125 00 ℔ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $55@85 ℔ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 7⅜@7⅝c ℔ lb. Grease has been selling at 5½@6¾c ℔ lb, as to quality.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, 20@45c ℔ lb; Imperial, 20@45 ℔ lb; Hyson, 17@35c ℔ lb; Young Hyson, 18@35c ℔ lb; Twankay, 10@25c ℔ lb; Hyson Skin, 10@25c ℔ lb; Congou, 18@25c ℔ lb; Souchong, 18@55c ℔ lb; Oolong, 15@55c ℔ lb; Japans, 16@34c.

TIN.—There have been sales of Straits at 18½@18¾c ℔ lb, English 20@20½c

TIN PLATES.—There have been sales at $5 25@7 00 ℔ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—There has been considerable inquiry for fine washed fleeces, but sales have not been to any extent. Sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 36@37c for X, and 38@40 for XX, and 40@41½c for XX and above. Australian Wool has ranged from 39@45c, as to condition. For Michigan fleeces the market has been quiet, but have been sold principally in the range of 33@40½c ℔ lb. Combing and delaine fleeces have been in moderate demand and the sales of fine Michigan and Ohio delaine have been at 38@41c; and fine and No 1 combing at 43@45c ℔ lb. California spring Wool has sold at from 15@21c ℔ lb. Pulled Wools are quite active, with principal sales at 34c ℔ lb for pulled combing. Choice Eastern and Maine supers have sold at 39@42c, and principal sales have been in the range of 30@38c. The market for foreign Wool has been quiet. Carpet Wools are also quiet.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, February 9.

FLOUR—Dull and heavy.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were slightly more active at an advance of 1c to 1¼c, due to a rise in Chicago; sales, 3,536,000 bush No. 2 red; February, $1 07¼@1 07⅞; March, $1 08⅝@1 09⅜; April, $1 11⅛@1 11⅞; May, $1 13½@1 14⅜; June, $1 14⅜@1 15⅛; sales on spot, 89,000 bush. Of rye, 11,000 bush sold at 72c for two-rowed Western, and 75c for State. Of barley, 18,000 bush sold at 63c for Western and 67c for two-rowed State. Oats firmer; sales, 210,000 bush; No 2 mixed, 40¾c; February, 40¼c; May, 42¾@43c. Corn futures were slightly higher, but very quiet, and the export trade was trifling; sales, 720,000 bush. No 2 mixed; February, 61⅜@61¾c; March, 62⅛@62¾c; April, 63⅞@64¼c; May, 65¼@65⅞c; spot sales, 76,000 bush. After 'Change—Wheat closed firm; No. 2 red, cash, $1 11¾ in elevator; February, $1 07¾; March, $1 09⅛; April, $1 11⅞, May, $1 14⅜; June, $1 15½. Corn firm; No 2 mixed, 61½c, in elevator; February, 61⅞c; March, 62½c; April, 64c; May, 65½c. Oats steady; No 2 mixed, February, 40½c; March, 41½c; April, 42¼c; May, 43c.

COTTON.—Futures again depressed by dull foreign advices and a full movement of the crop; but the close was steadier. February, 10.68c; March, 10.80c; April, 10.91c; May, 11.03c; June, 11.16c; July, 11.27c; August, 11.36c; September, 11.03c; October, 10.63c, and 10.53c for November; sales, 68,000 bales. Spots dull; middling uplands, 10¾c. Port receipts, 17,500 bales.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee futures unchanged; sales 16,000 bags; March, 10.80@10.85c; April, 10.95@11c; May, 11@11.05c; July, 11.15c; October, 11.25c; fair, 12½@12¾c; sales, 500 Santos and 1500 Rio; also 1700 piculs Java. Black tea strong; 330,000 lbs sold at 32½ for February, 33¼@34c for March, 34¾@35¼c for April, 35⅞@36⅛c for May, and 36¼c for June; also 60,000 lbs Japan at easier prices, or 28½@28¼c for April and 29⅜c for June. Sugar quiet and unchanged.

PETROLEUM.—Refined was firm and quiet at 9⅝c for February and March deliveries; cases, 11⅜@12⅜c; naphtha, 7¼c; crude certificates had another weak and dull day; sales on the two exchanges, 3,934,000 bbls; highest, $1 9½; lowest and closing, 1 09⅛; average daily runs to the 7th inst., 59,597 bbls.; and deliveries, 61,729 bbls.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, February 8, 1884:

Western cattle, 1110; Eastern cattle, 225; Northern cattle, 323. Total, 1658.

Western sheep and lambs, 4000; Northern sheep and lambs, 2944; Eastern sheep and lambs, ... Total, 6944.

Swine, 14 855. Veals, 291 Horses, 231.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$6 75 @7 50
First quality	6 12½@6 62½
Second quality	5 62½@6 00
Third quality	4 50 @5 50
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc	3 12½@4 37½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides	7 @7½ ℔ lb	Country tal	4@ 5c ℔
Brigh. tallow	6½@ ℔ lb	Calfskins	@11c ℔
Country hds	6 @6¼ ℔ lb	Sheepsk's	85c@$1 40
do do h'vy	6½@7 ℔ lb	Lambskins	85c@$1 40

Prices of beef cattle, ℔ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4@10.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.]

GLOUCESTER, February 9—[For the week past.]—The improved demand noticed last week continues, and an increased demand and larger shipments have been the consequence. Receipts of fish for the week have been 292,000 pounds of codfish, 72,000 pounds fresh halibut, and 1,820,000 frozen herring. Prices are unchanged. The market for fresh fish has been well supplied and prices are lower. We quote last prices as follows: Fresh halibut, 10¼c ℔ lb for white; 7¼c ℔ lb for gray; market codfish, 3c ℔ lb; steak codfish, 5@ c ℔ lb; fresh haddock, 1½c lb; frozen herring, 76c ℔ 100. The market for salt fish has been steady but firm, as follows: Georges codfish, $5 50@5 75 ℔ qtl for large; $3 75 ℔ qtl for small and medium; Grand and Western Bank $3 25 ℔ qtl for large and $2 75 ℔ qtl for small; shore codfish, $5 50 ℔ qtl for large, $4 00 ℔ qtl for small; English cured, $5 75 ℔ qtl for large, $3 25 for small. Sales of Cusk have been at $3@3 50 ℔ qtl; haddock $2 25 ℔ qtl; pollock, $2 50 ℔ qtl; hake, $2 25@2 50; slack salted pollock, $3@3 50; smoked halibut, 13c ℔ lb; boneless and prepared fish, 3½@5c ℔ lb; Grand Bank and Georges boneless, 6@8c ℔ lb; scaled herring, 18c ℔ box; No 1 herring, 14c ℔ box; smoked alewives, 90c ℔ 100; salmon, $20 ℔ bbl; Eastern round herring, $3@4 75 ℔ bbl; Nova Scotia split herring, $5 50 ℔ bbl; Labrador split herring $5 50@6 ℔ bbl; new shore herring, $4@4 50 ℔ bbl; trout, $15 ℔ bbl; pickled codfish, $5 50 ℔ bbl; haddock, $5 75 ℔ bbl; halibut heads, $3 50 ℔ bbl; codfish tongues and sounds, $11 ℔ bbl; tongues, $10 50 ℔ bbl; sounds, $12; new trimmed halibut fins, $15 ℔ bbl; alewives, $5 50 ℔ bbl. Fish Oil—Medicinal oil $1 ℔ gal; crude medicine oil, 80c ℔ gal; blackfish oil, 65c ℔ gal; cod oil, 46@48c ℔ gal; porgie oil, 44@45c ℔ gal; shore, 45c ℔ gal; porgie scrap, $15 ℔ ton; fish do, $12 ℔ ton; liver do, $9 ℔ ton. Mackerel are steady. We quote No 1 at $22@25 ℔ bbl; $15 00 ℔ bbl for No 2; $9 50@10 50 ℔ bbl for No 3; No 4s, $4 50@5 ℔ bbl.

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A MUSIC BOX made entirely of metal, finely silver-plated, and finished with great care; size of a watch. When wound plays one of the following tunes: "Swanee River," "Wait till the Clouds Roll By," "Carnival of Venice," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Home, Sweet Home," "Grandfather's Clock," Waltzes, Polkas, &c. We control all our Musical Wonders, and warrant the notes, tones, and tunes to be correct. They are a pleasure in any household, for both old and young. Sample sent postpaid for 30c. (or 15 two-cent stamps). Four for $1.00, post-paid. Address
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DELICATE AND PERILOUS.

The Work Accomplished by General Hazen's Brigade.

How the Confederate Forces Under Bragg Were Flanked at Lookout Mountain.

Preliminary Expedition by a Veteran in the Scouting Service.

[Indianapolis Times.]

"Twenty years ago last night I spent a night with Hazen's brigade which I will always remember," said J. H. Woodard the other night, while a party of old soldiers were discussing their war experiences. "I was detailed in the secret service at General Rosecrans' headquarters, and though I saw some service which I would not venture into now, I can recall nothing which made such an impression upon me as that night.

"While our army was advancing upon Chattanooga I was constantly scouting and became familiar with the woods between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, and especially on the south side of the Tennessee river. Before General Rosecrans crossed the river in his advance upon Chattanooga, I had made a very fair map of the country along the river for Colonel Wiles, then provost marshal-general of the department. After our retreat from the battlefield at Chickamauga, I made three trips south of the river to learn the location of the enemy. By noon on the 22d of September the Confederates had posted a picket line along the entire south bank of the river from the foot of Lookout mountain to quite a distance below Bridgeport, and at every ferry or crossing they had a strong force to prevent any flank movement from the Federal forces. The battle of Chickamauga was a practical victory for Rosecrans, but he was robbed of the credit, though the nation enjoyed its fruits. Rosecrans, with 47,000 men, including teamsters, had fought 78,000 troops on their own ground, and had crippled them so badly that they could not follow him fifteen miles to renew the battle. He had lost nearly one-fourth of his army; the Confederates had lost one-third of theirs. Bragg was at his base of supplies, while Rosecrans was nearly 400 miles from his and dependent upon a

Single Thread of Railway

for connection with it. He knew the enemy would make every effort to break that thread and drive him out by starvation. To prevent this became at once the aim of General Rosecrans, but, of course, time was an element. His plan was to open the river to Brown's ferry or Williams Island, just below the ferry, and without attempting for the present to dislodge the enemy from Lookout mountain, transport his supplies across the peninsula formed by the river to Chattanooga. But to do this he must have a force on the south side of the river at Brown's ferry, to hold the two gaps through which ran the two roads to the ferry. He had a force posted on the north side of the river, but the enemy drove them out of their tents, and for days they were sheltered among the rocks on the side of the mountain. That ferry was also important to the Confederates because it was the key to Lookout valley, and to hold it they had posted 1500 men and two pieces of artillery there, while Longstreet's command lay within easy supporting distance.

"On the morning of October 17 I started to make a reconnoissance of the country around Brown's Ferry and all along the river back to the foot of Lookout mountain, keeping on the north side of the river, but, if I found it practicable, to cross the river below the ferry at some safe point. Of course I had no idea of the uses which General Rosecrans intended to make of the information. As I crossed the pontoon bridge at Chattanooga I saw the general examining the work in progress on the pontoon boat near the bridge. That was the last time I ever saw him, for I did not get back until daylight of the 25th, and General Thomas was in command under General Grant, who was then on the ground. I found General Reynolds after a time and reported to him

The Results of My Trip,

which had extended over all the ground embraced in my directions from Colonel Wiles, including a stay of a day and two nights south of the river, in the vicinity of Brown's Ferry. On the 26th General Reynolds told me to report at 10 o'clock that night to General Hazen as a guide, but gave me a note to General Smith, chief engineer, who, he said, I would find at the pontoon bridge. When I got down there I found General Hazen and Colonel T. R. Stanley of the Eighteenth Ohio. I soon saw that they were embarking men in the pontoon boats, and knew at once that the intention was to float them down to Brown's Ferry. The boats were arranged in the order in which they were to go, the men told off into them in sections, each section having an officer in charge who had detailed orders of where to land and form his line. Colonel Stanley had charge of the advance section, which was to stop at the ferry landing, while the second section, with General Hazen at its head, was to land just above and complete the line, which would place General Hazen, the commander of the expedition, in the centre of the line.

"At 3 o'clock in the morning the boats dropped into the current, and for the next two hours the loudest noise I heard was the beating of my own heart. It was so dark we could not see across the river, which was quite high, and as we hugged along the north shore the swish of the current against the brush along the edge of the water warned us when we were too near land. The river bends from Chattanooga to Brown's Ferry almost in the shape of a horseshoe. The distance between the two points by river is nine miles, while across the country it is only about three. Every man in the expedition knew that it was one of great hazard; that at every foot of the route they were liable to be attacked—perhaps with artillery, but they were 1500 picked men, all of whom knew and believed in Hazen.

Not a Relief Picket Saw Us,

and as the day began to dawn, a thick fog rose from the river and settled over it. The boats reached the ferry about 6 o'clock, just at daylight, and were within twenty feet of the shore before they were discovered by the enemy's pickets, who fired and retreated to their reserves about 200 yards from the river. As the boat containing General Hazen neared the shore, I noticed that he was standing up with his sabre under his arm, and when it struck the land he was the first man out of it. Colonel Stanley just below us had drawn the first fire, but before our line was formed, the enemy had rallied and opened on us. I don't know how Hazen formed that line, for he ordered an advance the moment he landed, the object being to capture and hold the two hills which commanded the two roads leading to the ferry. The fight did not last twenty minutes, but in that time Hazen lost six killed and about thirty wounded. Hazen was at the front, but, by good luck, came off without a scratch. While we were driving the enemy the boats went over to the north side of the river for the forces that had marched across the point, but long before any of them were over, Hazen had secured every point of advantage, and, after posting an advance picket, had set his men at work felling trees and building temporary fortifications. During all this time the enemy were attempting to shell us from Lookout mountain, but their firing did no harm. Hazen was there, and within three hours a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river, and the flank movement on Bragg's army had begun. We captured twenty or thirty head of cattle and about 100 wagon-loads of corn.

"I don't know who suggested this plan to General Rosecrans; I only know that he gave it shape, and incidentally called in his chief engineer, General Smith, while the execution in detail belonged entirely to General Hazen. General Smith was not in the boats, and from the moment we left the bridge at Chattanooga until we were securely intrenched on the hills at Brown's Ferry every detail was executed under the orders of Hazen, who seemed obiquitous all the time after landing. Months afterward I was astonished to see that General Thomas gave the entire credit to General Smith, ignoring Rosecrans entirely, and only mentioning Hazen as having commanded the expedition in the boats. It was one of the most delicate and perilous expeditions of the war, and had it failed after the landing, would have resulted in the death or capture of Hazen and his 1500 men. Had Longstreet been on the alert he could have destroyed the whole force, as he was within three miles of them with a strong force. Had it failed, Hooker, who was advancing from Bridgeport, would have been so cut off that he could not have saved his army in case of attack from a superior force, but with the bridge at Brown's Ferry, he could be reinforced or could have retreated had it been necessary."

Medical Advice About Breathing.

[L. W. Clark, M. D., in Chicago News.]

Let a doctor give a little advice about breathing. Breathe naturally—or, in other words, do not breathe at all. Let breathing attend to its own business. The idea that breathing through the nose will prevent taking cold, exclude dust from lungs, etc., is all moonshine. There is more than twenty times as much heat-radiating surface in the mouth than there is in the nose, and a much greater mucous surface to catch floating particles of dust. If we breathe naturally we will breathe through mouth and nose at the same time. This causes two currents of air to meet at almost right angles above the trachea, which causes them to rebound and spread out over the heated mucous membrane, there receiving heat and leaving its particles of irritating dust on the moist walls of the throat and mouth, thence passing into the lungs warmer and more pure than if it went to the lungs in one unbroken chilling current. For these reasons use you brain for some other purpose than to direct breathing, for I assure you the inner man will attend to that part of his business without your assistance.

QUEER APPETITES.

Strange Dishes Served in Different Countries—Snails, Spiders, Rattlesnakes, Monkeys, and Other Delicacies.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The old saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison is realized in the opposite tastes of people.

The Englishman will not eat a squirrel, but will gloat over a meal of barnacles and periwinkles, the latter a species of sea snail that adheres to the rocks. The New Hollander relishes a feast of decayed shark, yet looks with horror on bread and butter. The Japanese have a prejudice against milk and beef, but will enjoy stewed or roasted rat. The Turks shudder at the thought of eating oysters.

The Digger Indians of the Pacific slope rejoiced in the great locust swarms of 1875 as a gracious dispensation of the Great Spirit, and laid in a store of dried locust powder sufficient to last for years.

The French will eat frogs, snails and the diseased livers of geese, but draw the line at alligators. Buckland declares the taste of boa constrictor good and much like veal.

Sir Robert Schomberg found monkey very palatable, though he says before carying it looked disagreeably like roast child.

Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russians, is their popular tipple. It is described as resembling a mixture of stale fish and soap-suds in taste, yet, next to beer, it has more votaries than any other fermented beverage. A tallow candle washed down with quass forms a meal that it would be hard to be thankful for.

In Canton and other Chinese cities rats are sold at the rate of $2 a dozen, and the hind-quarters of dogs are hung up in the butcher shops alongside of mutton and lambs, but command a higher price. The edible birds'-nests of the Chinese are worth twice their weight in silver, the finest variety selling for as high as $30 a pound.

The negroes of the West Indies eat baked snakes and palm-worms fried in their own fat, but they cannot be induced to eat stewed rabbits. In Mexico parrots are eaten, but are rather tough. The Guachos of the Banda Oriental are in the habit of hunting skunks for the sake of their flesh.

In Kaskaskia, a town on the banks of the Mississippi, "Musical Jack," or fried rattlesnakes, decapitated and skinned, and showing a meat as white and firm as a chicken, is a standard dish.

The octopus, or devil-fish, when boiled first and then roasted is eaten in Corsica and esteemed a great delicacy.

In the Pacific Islands and West Indies lizards' eggs are eaten with great gusto. The natives of the Antilles eat alligator eggs, and the eggs of the turtle are popular everywhere, though up to the commencement of the last century turtle was only eaten by the poor of Jamaica. Ants are eaten by various nations. In Brazil they are served with a resinous sauce, and in Africa they are stewed with grease or butter. The East Indians catch them in pits, carefully wash them, and eat them in handfuls like raisins. In Siam a curry of ants' eggs is a costly luxury. The Ceylonese eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. Caterpillars and spiders are dainties to the African bushman. After they have wound the silk from the cocoon the Chinese eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm. Spiders roasted are a sort of dessert with the New Caledonians.

The Viennese are the greatest snail-eaters in the world. The town of Ulm, on the Danube, is the principal place where snails are fattened for the market. Those which are fattened on strawberries command the highest prices, while 60,000 pounds are annually exported from the isle of Crete. The great African snail, that attains a length of eight inches, is converted into soup. Cocks' combs are considered a delicacy in the Paris restaurants, while the Englishman swallows shrimps in their entirety.

HOW WE FREEZE TO DEATH,

And How to Restore Those Who Are Not Quite Dead.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"By the way," continued the scribe, "if I should happen to take it into my head to lie out tonight and freeze, what would be the process?"

"It is very simple," replied the old doctor. "Did you ever notice how drowsy you become in cold weather? The extreme parts of the body when subjected for a time to a temperature impressively low readily lose their vitality; the circulation in the small vessels becomes weaker and weaker until it stagnates, and they are said to be frost-bitten. I know a man who, while on a drunken spree, lay out in the woods and had his toes frozen off. But to proceed. The influence of cold being extended and still further protracted, there is great drowsiness, with lassitude and extreme dislike to muscular exertion. If you succumb to the feeling of drowsiness and sleep you drop into the sleep of death. You would first suffer intense pain, afterward you would experience a benumbing effect, and if walking your steps would become uncertain and tottering. Your utterance would become indistinct, and irrestible drowsiness would seize you. You would drop into sleep from which it would be impossible to arouse you, and death would speedily follow."

"If you should happen along in the nick of time and find a man at the point of freezing to death, what would you do?"

"The first thing to do is to restore warmth, but it must be restored gradually. It has been found that in case of insensibility from cold the sudden exposure of the body to an elevated temperature is certainly fatal. If reaction takes place, it is short and violent, and the patient soon dies, not unfrequently in a state of delirium. In order to avoid this danger the man should be first rubbed with snow, if at hand, which, though in itself cold, is, when near the melting point, much warmer than the frozen body; or the patient should be immersed in a bath of very cold water, made gradually less and less cold until the temperature is raised to the natural standard. As soon as the muscles and other soft parts are sufficiently relaxed to admit of easy motion, artificial respiration should be resorted to. It might be done by throwing cold water upon the face or dashing it upon the shoulders. The sudden impression of cold upon the surface is a powerful stimulus to the respiratory process. When blowing into the mouth is resorted to, it is best to breathe two or three times deeply, so as to give the patient a better quality of air."

"Is cold injurious to one's system?"

"Yes; upon the weak and exhausted cold acts as a permanent debility. There is not indeed a more frequent exciter of disease than cold, when applied to the body under certain circumstances. A short exposure will, of course, do little harm, but should a person be out long in it—say for instance he should lose his way on a winter night—the result would be dangerous. It is exceedingly dangerous to go from a heated room into the cold air. The fair votaries of pleasure and dissipation often fall a sacrifice to the persuit on this account, and many a young dancer has found in the chilling blast the call to an early tomb."

Punctuality in Correspondence.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Punctuality in correspondence is a virtue which many well-meaning but inert people need to have forcibly impressed upon them. A business man attaches a certain disgrace to the neglect of correspondence, and to let social letters remain long unanswered is usually construed as an intimation that they are not welcome. As a matter of course, any one is at liberty to discontinue a correspondence, and a short-hand way of doing so is to send no reply to letters received. The carelessness to which attention is now called is quite a different matter. It does not mean to be a notice to quit. It goes on the assumption that it can treat letters as Garrick treated his friends, according to Goldsmith, kick them off and whistle them back at pleasure. When a social "call" is not recognized by return within a reasonable time, society establishes the right on the part of the one discourteously treated to consider acquaintance on any intimate footing at an end. Why should not a like rule be applied to epistolary relations? A letter as clearly deserves timely recognition as a social visit.

A New Papa.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Little Pet—"Do you know that we are to have a new papa?"

Little Jack—"No; I dess you is 'staken."

Little Pet—"No, I ain't. Nurse said mamma was goin' to be married again and that would give us a new papa."

Little Jack—"Who is it?"

Little Pet—"That Mr. Simpkins, that never brings us any candy."

Little Jack—"Is ma doin' to make him our papa?"

Little Pet—"Yes."

Little Jack—"Serves 'im right."

BIRDS AND SUPERSTITION.

Some That Bode Good Luck, Others That Warn of Death.

Croaking Ravens, Ill-Omened Owls and Thieving Magpies.

Crowing Hens and Sailors' Yarns About the Petrel.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

From the earliest ages there has lingered about the feathered creation a vast amount of superstition. The appearance of certain birds during times of trouble or death has augured disaster for the hereafter of the afflicted, and the singing, crowing or cackling of certain birds has been by the credulous strangely mixed up in the affairs of State. The old doctrine that the souls of people passed into animals, which was a tenet of the philosopher Pythagoras, has even believers today. In 1872 a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe who was encamped in the Rue Duhesme, Paris, was taken sick and died. Among the funeral ceremonies, a live bird was held to the lips of the dead girl, with a view of introducing her soul into that of the bird. In certain districts of Russia bread-crumbs are placed in a piece of white linen outside of the window for six weeks under the belief that the soul of the recent inmate will come in the shape of a bird to feed upon the crumbs. When Deacon Theodore and his three schismatic friends were burnt in 1681 the "Old Believers" affirmed that the souls of the martyrs flew off in the bodies of the pigeons. You could not tell an Italian boatman of the Molo in Venice that the beautiful white dove which is to be seen flying about the lagoons did not contain the spirit of Daniel Marvin, the patriot. The hieroglyphics found so abundantly in Egypt indicate that a bird signifies the soul of man. When they burnt up St. Polycarp his blood put out the fire, and from his ashes arose a white dove, which flew toward heaven. Every one has heard of the dove that appeared and bore off the soul of Joan of Arc.

Talismanic Stones.

There used to be a belief that certain birds possessed talismanic stones which had peculiar virtues. One of these stones was obtained from the head of the vulture, and it was supposed to give the owner health and success in obtaining whatever favors he sued for. Eagles, it was thought, possessed a stone which had the virtues of a Jonathan Wilde and the shrewdness of a detective. It was a thief-catcher stone. Milo, the wrestler, who could knock down a bullock with his fist, used to own a stone which had been taken from the gizzard of a fowl, and was called the Alectonious. It was the possession of this that was supposed to give him such superhuman strength. A stone like a crystal, about the size of a bean, was taken from a cock, and the Romans believed that it made the wearer invisible. Corvia was the name of a stone taken from crows' nests, and it possessed, according to chroniclers of the middle ages, like peculiar powers. Every one who has read Longfellow's "Evangeline" recollects the lines:

> Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
> Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of her fledgelings,

Referring to a stone that this bird found on the seashore, which possessed the faculty of restoring the blind to sight.

There are a great many birds whose appearance has been and still is considered the sign of death, and even to this day as fully believed in in some parts of the world as is the death-watch of the ticking spider or mournful howl of the cur dog when any one is sitting up with a sick person. The raven is one of the birds that is especially ill-omened. Gay, in his dirge, speaks of

> The boding raven on her cottage sat,
> And, with hoarse croakings, warned us of our fate.

The Danes, if a raven appears in their village, say it is a sure sign that the priest will die, and in Cornwall, Eng., there is no avoiding evil and death when a raven croaks over your house. The old soothsayers used to predict all sorts of dire disaster from the appearance of certain birds. When the swallows lit upon Pyrrhus' tent they said he would be slain at Argos, and when they lit upon Mark Antony's ship, as he was sailing after Cleopatra, they declared he would die in Egypt. Swallows followed Cyrus the Great from Persia to Scythia, and the wise men said his time had come. And the ill-omened ravens were in the wake of Alexander the Great when he came back from India and went on a spree at Babylon. Bishop Hall says: "If a bittern fly over a superstitious man's head at night he at once makes his will;" and Homer declares that cranes forebode disaster. In India there is a night bird that is very fond of eating dead bodies, just as the gentle cat in our climate will scent a corpse from afar, and come down the chimney after a piece of it; or the armadillo in South America will burrow into new-made graves and wood coffins to satiate its unholy appetite. Now, the Mahometans believe if this India bird called the burree churree drops any portion of the corpse on a live person, they will die in forty days. The wise owl has been the subject of a great deal of superstitious dread. When the suicide of Dido was predicted the owl appeared as a prodigy, and when the Earl of Arundel's last hour had come two large owls perched on the battlements of Wardour Castle. Lady Macbeth hears the owls hoot during the murder; and Hogarth, in his "Four Stages of Cruelty," introduces him in the murder scene. When they sentence a man to death in Ethiopia they carry him to a table where an owl is painted, and if he wants to be in the fashion he will speedily commit suicide. In some parts of Europe owls are nailed to barn doors to avert evil consequences, and in the doleful death of Cock Robin the owl performs a melancholy mission.

Thieving Magpies

are birds about which considerable superstition lingers. One of them fortells misfortune, which can only be obviated by pullin off the hat and making a polite bow to the bird. They say in Lancashire:

> One for anger, two for mirth,
> Three for a wedding and four for a birth;
> Five for rich, six for poor,
> Seven for a witch. I can tell you no more.

Many people seeing a magpie when they set out on a journey will return, and it is a not infrequent sight to see peasants in Catholic countries cross themselves before them. Russians believe that when witches die they turn into magpies, and, according to the poetry of the people, when the wife of the false Demetrius died she turned into a magpie.

Even in America the prejudice against killing robins, robin red breast, is common. Though they make excellent eating, and are especially relished by convalescents, yet it is considered almost a sacrilege to shoot them.

> Dick took a robin's nest from the cottage side,
> And 'ere a twelvemonth pass'd his mother died,

is a line which fastens itself more firmly on the wild schoolboy's memory than all the trouncings that could be given him. It makes the cows give bloody milk is one of the superstitions, and cattle will die and corn will blight if you rob their nests says another rustic authority; but when the cherries begin to ripen the farmer is very apt to load up his old shot-gun and blaze away at the lovers of ripe cherries, despite his superstitious wife.

Crowing Hens

have always been looked upon with a sorry, superstitious suspicion. Who that has not heard the old warning which every tomboy girl who romps with her big brothers has dinned in her ears:

> A whistling girl and a crowing hen,
> Always come to some bad end.

Or

> Are fit for neither God nor men.

Along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is a sure sign of death. There is a story told of an old woman who lived in East Kibreth who heard one of her hens crow near the house. She told a neighbor of the fact, who predicted that no good would come of it. Soon she lost her husband. A month passed by, and she heard the fatal crow again, followed by the news of the death of her only son. A week later her hen crowed again, and her daughter died. Then the old woman got mad and wrung the hen's neck. There are many superstitions attached to birds flying about a house and tapping on the window pane or resting on the sill, as it is said that death speedily follows. When there is sickness in a house if the servants hear a cock crow in the night they will frequently leave, and in some parts of England and Scotland it is considered fatal for a sick person to hear a robin sing. Mr. S. Baring Gould says: "I was once in the chapel of St. John's College, Hurstpierpont, one evening at 6 o'clock, when a robin entered at the open circular east window in the temporary apse, and, lighting on the altar, began to chirp. A few minutes later the passing bell began to toll for a boy who had just died."

There are many beautiful legends and not a few baneful superstitions that cluster about the dove. From its gentle and loving nature and the purity of its plumage it has probably been preferably selected as the image of the Holy Ghost. The Apocrypha states that the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, selected Joseph as the spouse of the Virgin Mary by alighting on his head, and in the same way, says the sacred historian, Eusebius, was Fabian designated as the divinely appointed Bishop of Rome. There is a legend that the Council of Nice, when the creed was signed, was attended by a dove, who signed for the Holy Spirit, and when Clovis was crowned King of France a dove sat upon his head. When found in the possession of persons about to be married doves are supposed to bring bad luck, and frequently they dispose of them on this account.

Sailors are full of superstitions about birds following a ship, declaring that storms are inevitable. The stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, as it is called, always to their illogical mind indicates a tempest. The truth is, the bird is a storm lover, and by the violence of the storm the food upon which it lives is brought to the top of the waves and greedily snapped by the bird before it sinks again. The bird possesses some innate faculty by which it knows of the approach of the storm. Sailors declare that it never goes ashore, but lays its egg under one wing, and holds it there till it is hatched; but naturalists have long since found their nests with their solitary white egg in them off the islands of Nova Scotia burrowed into the sand.

SNORING HUSBANDS.

A Sure Cure for the Unfortunate Habit—How a Lady Tried It.

[Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.]

There is a lady in Allegheny who has a receipt for the cure of the disagreeable habit of snoring, which she will sell very cheap.

The lady, who is a most estimable wife and mother, is united to a quiet, undemonstrative gentleman, who, as both husband and father, can scarce be improved upon. His one failing, if so harsh a term may be applied to the misfortune, was that he would snore. For quite a number of years his amiable wife had borne the infliction with a Christian fortitude and equanimity that has characterized all the acts of her married life, but recently the gentleman has unaccountably become possessed of a high-tenor snore that would reach the nerves of a cast-iron man, and cause an asthmatic steam exhaust to blush. Arguments, pleadings, pokes in the tickle-ribs, back-action kicks and various other devices for exorcising the unruly sounds that poured from his open mouth were unavailing. He himself deeply regretted his unfortunate procilivity, and really tried to conquer it.

Recently his wife told her troubles to a lady friend. The friend was one of those good motherly creatures who have a cure for everything, from a boil on the nose to hereditary rheumatism. She immediately prescribed a sure and safe relief for the snoring. It was as simple as it was efficacious and consisted merely in inserting a candle into the opened mouth of the snorer and tickling his palate with it. A candle was prescribed as the only article that could be used without injury to the patient's teeth as he convulsively closed them on feeling the tickle. It was to be used upon the snorer without his previous knowledge, so that the shock received would permanently cure him of his habit, as it is a well-authenticated physiological fact that the mind of a sleeper actively retains impressions so obtained.

Without intimating her designs upon him his wife procured a brand-new tallow candle and secreting it under her pillow awaited an opportunity for its use. It was well on to midnight when this occurred. At about that ghostly hour her husband, in the pleasant phantasies of his dreams, rolled over on his back, and, with a few gentle, preliminary snorts and puffs, commenced his solo. Wider and wider opened his mouth as the deep unearthly corrugation of sound issued forth. At last it was stretched to its full extent, and the roar that came rumbling out notified his wakeful spouse that the appointed moment had arrived. Tremblingly and with a thumping heart she seized the candle, and holding it, swinging like a pendulum, by the wick end, she suspended it over the yawning mouth of the sleeper. The lady's hand shook so with suppressed excitement that she could scarce pilot the butt end of the white monolisk between his teeth. It was entered just as a tremendous snore was making its exit. There was a moment's awful silence, and then the bottled-up breath came pealing forth in such a horrible, unearthly manner that his wife gave a little shriek and—dropped the candle. Down plunged half its oleagenous length into the throat of the innocent sleeper, fairly plugging up that useful channel of life. He could not snore, he could not yell, he could barely breathe. What terrible thought shot through his sleep-dazed brain will never be known. His jaws came shut with a mighty snap, severing the grease of the candle and firmly imbedding its wick in the centre between two incisors. There it was, safe and sound, and firmly fixed. But the man was not there. With the face of a boiled oyster and the appearance of a bare-limbed lunatic he was gyrating around the room, his eyes bulging from his head, his arms wildly sawing the air, and a great, glistening white thing sticking out of his inflamed countenance like a pig's tail prematurely placed. Wash-pitcher, bowl and stand went over in one dire crash. Chairs, table and bed clothes mingled in a sort of household hail storm. His wife cried murder, thieves and fire, and made vain attempts to seize upon the projecting end of the thing. He could not speak, he could not breathe. The only act he could successfully perform was to dance around like an enraged lunatic. At last he seized the candle and by one mighty wrench drew it forth, stripping the inside half off the wick and leaving his mouth filled to running over with the broken tallow.

His wife is no longer annoyed by his snores. He sleeps on a cot bed in the northeast corner of the third story, up against the roof, and vows that any woman whose heart is black enough to attempt the murder of her husband by strangling him with a candle deserves neither husband nor home comforts.

THE WORK OF NIMBLE FINGERS.

Some Notable Stenographic Feats—Transcribing One of Beecher's Lectures.

[Chicago News.]

"Feats in short-hand? Let me tell you of one or two." The speaker was Mr. John Ritchie. "I was assigned one night to make a verbatim report of a lecture by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The train in which the distinguished pulpit orator was to arrive chanced to be late that night. The lecture, which was to have begun at 8 o'clock, did not start until about 10.45. I saw at once that I would have to move hastily to get the report ready before the paper went to press, as it would be late before the speaker had finished. How did I manage it? Well, I prepared a great number of small, narrow strips of paper, and a lot of larger sheets about the size of ordinary copy paper. It was 12.45 when Beecher spoke his last sentence. Then I got six men around me to transcribe while I dictated from my short-hand notes. I gave ten or fifteen words to each man at a time, which they wrote out on the narrow strips, and another man with a paste pot and brush arranged the copy in order on the larger sheets. At 1.45 o'clock the lecture was in the hands of the compositors, and it appeared complete in the paper that morning. Yes, that was about the biggest thing I have done."

Does the Mississippi Run Up Hill?

[L. B. Russell, Refugio, Tex.]

1. The polar diameter of the earth is said to be twenty-seven miles shorter than its equatorial diameter. The distance from the centre of the earth to any given point on its mean surface varies between the length of its maximum and minimum radii in direct proportion to the geographical distance of the given superficial point from the equator and the poles.

2. Owing to this difference the oscillations of a pendulum are perceptibly slower at the equator than the poles, this fact being one of the proofs adduced by scientists in support of the spheroidal hypothesis, on the assumption that the attraction of gravitation diminishes in inverse proportion to the distance from the earth's centre. And this principle, if true, must obtain proportionately for all intermediate points between the equator and the poles.

3. The source of the Mississippi river is about 1500 miles, "as the crow flies," north from its mouth, while the altitude of its source above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, into which it flows, is only about 1500 feet. The distance from the centre of the earth to the mouth of the Mississippi would therefore seem to be five or six miles further than the distance from the earth's centre to the source of the Mississippi.

4. The premises being considered with special reference to the law of gravity above adverted to, does the Mississippi river run up hill?

Zeno Admired and Followed by Mr. Conkling.

James N. Scovel of the Camden Courier has been trying to draw out Conkling in favor of Arthur. He received a letter telling this story:

When the Persian embassy was about to take leave of the Grecian court, once in olden time, they asked and received some message from each of the personages present. When the turn of Zeno came he said: "Tell your master that you saw a gray-haired old man in Athens who knew enough to hold his tongue." Please ascribe to my admiration for Zeno and his teachings my silence touching your forecast of my action in the politics of the future.

FEMALE DUELLISTS.

Encounters Among Women on the Field of Honor.

Their Combats Conducted With all the Decorum Customary to Such Occasions.

Remarkable Heroism of the Countess de St. Belmont.

[Alta California.]

If women, as a general thing, do not countenance, and have never countenanced, modern duelling, and are naturally averse to all systems of individual combat—for varied and sometimes heroic reasons—still they have their womanly sympathies at play, either upon one side or the other, in all encounters and controversies where they may be interested, however trivial or majestic the difficulty of its cause. During the existence of judicial duelling in European countries ladies of rank were always to be found among the respectable spectators, and there have been instances of the presence of woman upon hostile fields since the prohibition of judicial duels, particularly in Italy and France. There are also records of hostile encounters between women—conspicuous among which was the duel with pistols between Lady de Nesle and the Countess de Polignac, in 1721, in the gardens of Versailles (France). The ladies had indulged in a most disgraceful quarrel two evenings before, at a grand fete at the palace, over the Duc de Richelieu—that wondrous character in the history of France—during which Lady de Nesle, losing control of herself, had sprung like a tigress upon her rival, and attempted to tear a diamond necklace from the countess' neck. Failing in this, however, she snatched the blush roses from their nest in the snowy besom and flung them in the face of her rival. Up to this time, says some English writer, the Countess of Polignac had kept down, by a powerful effort, the mighty rage which was inwardly consuming her, but this last indignity destroyed even outward calmness, and, casting aside all further reserve, she attacked Lady de Nesle in the same way she herself had been assaulted. In a few moments jewels and flowers and ribbons and laces strewed the floor, and there is no telling to what extent the extraordinary exhibition would have gone had not the enraged amazons been separated by the Marquis de Malbuisson and Mlle. Nathalie de Condacet. Out of this grew the duel, the Countess of Polignac being the challenging party.

The Ladies Met at 6 O'clock

in the morning, in July, 1721, and fired one shot at each other without effect. Their seconds (the Marquis de Malbuisson and the Comte de Penthievre for Polignac and M. de Renusac and Vicomte D'Allagne for de Nesle) then rushed in to prevent further hostilities; the fair demons, however, would not be appeased, but called for a change of pistols and then blazed away—this second time with satisfactory effect, for the marchionness fell dangerously wounded by a bullet in her left side, while the countess was just quietly touched in an ear.

A duel took place at Paris January 31, 1772, between Mlle. de Guignes and Mlle. d'Aiguillon (two ladies of quality), who had quarrelled about precedency at a soiree, and retired to a garden adjacent to the scene of disturbance, and fought with knives until both were wounded—the former in the arm and the latter in the neck. It is recorded of Mlle. Moussin, a French prima donna, that, after killing three men in duels in the woods near Paris, by sword, she fatally wounded her fencing master, Serane, and fled to Brussels, where she domiciled with the elector of Bavaria for a brief period. Lolo Montez was also skilful with both pistol and rapier, but it does not appear that she ever engaged in anything of a hostile character above the dignity of a street fight. She once challenged a journalist at Grass Valley, Cal., to meet her with pistols according to prevailing rules governing such meetings; and, upon his refusal to do so, thrashed him with a cowhide upon a public street. In 1845 she was a witness in the trial of M. Bouvallon for killing M. Dujarier, at Paris, and said in her testimony: "I was a better shot than Dujarier; and, if Bouvallon only wanted satisfaction, I would have fought him myself." Dujarier was the friend of Lola Montez, and in his will, written the evening before his death, he bequeathed the (afterward) Countess of Lansfeldt 100,000 francs. On the 21st of August, 1777, Mlle. Leverrier (a young lady of good family), who had been jilted by a navy officer named Duprez met the latter in the street and handed him a pistol and told him to defend himself—at the same time she drew a weapon and shot her false one in the face, while he discharged his pistol in the air. An extract from a Georgia newspaper, published in 1817, says:

"Last week a point of honor was decided between two ladies near the South Carolina line,

The Cause of the Quarrel

being the usual one—love. The object of the rival affections of these fair champions was present on the field as the mutual arbiter in the dreadful combat, and he had the grief of beholding one of the suitors for his favor fall dangerously wounded before his eyes. The whole business was managed with all the decorum and inflexibility practiced on such occasions, and the conqueror was immediately married to the innocent second, conformably to the previous conditions of the duel."

A Buffalo, N. Y., paper of August, 1853, gives an account of an arrest of Catherine Hurley and Jane Hall, "who had met on the toll-bridge on Ohio street, in the presence of a vast assemblage, to fight a duel with Allen's revolvers." No other accounts of similar performances have come under the observation of the writer.

A very interesting anecdote, however, touching female heroism may be related of the Countess de St. Belmont: When M. de St. Belmont, who defended a feeble fortress against the arms of Louis XIV., was taken a prisoner, his intrepid wife, Mme. la Comtesse de St. Belmont, who was of a most heroic disposition, still remained upon the estates to take care of them. An officer of cavalry having taken up his quarters there without invitation, Mme. de St. Belmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behavior, which he treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved that he should give her satisfaction, and sent him a challenge which she signed, "Le Chevalier de St. Belmont." The officer at once accepted the challenge and repaired to the place appointed. Mme. de Belmont met him dressed in male attire. They immediately drew their swords, and in a short time the heroine disarmed him, when she said, with a gracious smile: "You thought, sir, that you were fighting the Chevalier de St. Belmont; but you were mistaken—I am Mme. de St. Belmont. I return your sword, sir, and politely beg you to pay proper respect to the request of a lady in future." The heroic woman then took her departure, leaving the vanquished officer covered with shame and confusion.

The most singular combat, says an English writer by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair disheveled and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot, having a dispute with one Ringsdale about the title of a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground and decide it by combat. On the day appointed Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the place appointed. After a stubborn fight she dismounted her adversary, and when he was on the ground she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and let down her hair upon her shoulders. Agnes afterward married into the Dudley family; and in honor of her heroic action her descendants have always used the above described crest, with the motto: Galæa spes salutis.

Just a Little Too Steep for Him.

The fine lately imposed upon M. Clovis Hugues by the French Chamber of Deputies calls to mind the case of Grassot, of the Palais Royal Theatre. At that house there was a rule that bad language should be punished with a fine. Grassot came late to rehearsal one day and was roundly scolded by the director, M. Dormeuil. Suddenly he interrupted the lecture with "Pardon me, Monsieur le Directeur; but how much would it cost me to call you an idiot?" Dormeuil, boiling with fury, thundered, "You would be fined twenty francs!" "Twenty francs?" murmured the other softly, and with a sigh: "Ah, me! It is too much; too much! I cannot, in the present state of my finances, afford the pleasure. But if it had been only five francs——!"

Changes in Niagara's Name.

[Niagara Falls Courier.]

The name Niagara has passed through many orthographical changes in the last 200 years. In 1687 it was written Onlagoragh. In 1686, Governor Dongan appeared uncertain about it and spelled it Ohniagero, Onyagara and Onyagro. The French in 1688 to 1709 wrote it Niaguro, Onyagare, Onyagra and Oneygra. Philip Livingston wrote in 1720 to 1730 Oetjagara, Jagera and Yagerah, and Schuyler and Livingston, commissioners of Indian affairs, wrote it in 1720 Oujagerae, Ochiagara, etc. In 1721 it was written Oujagora, Oniagara, and accidentally, probably, Niagara, as at present. Lieutenant Lindsay wrote it Niagara in 1751. So did Captain de Lancey (son of Governor de Lancey), who was an officer in the English army that captured Fort Niagara from the French in 1759. These pioneers may, however, be excused in view of the fact—as will be attested by postmasters—that some letter writers of today seem quite as undecided about the orthography of this world-wide familiar name.

ABOUT OPERA GLASSES.

What They Are Made Of, Who Make the Best and What They Cost.

[New York Tribune.]

What with sapient eye-glasses and owl-eyed opera glasses, the average playhouse audience has become an aggregate of petty masked batteries, each of which is trained on the others with merciless directness and continuity. Some facts as to the "great guns" in this raking fire were recently learned from a courteous salesman at Tiffany's. Said he:

"I should say that, judging from our experience, the sale of opera-glasses has increased threefold over sales of two years ago. Indeed, to meet the heavy demand, we imported as many as a thousand pairs for this season. Imported? yes, for there are no opera-glass makers in this country known to the trade. Voigtlaender of Vienna and Chevalier of Paris are considered the best makers, though others, like Lemaire and the firm of Bardou et fils, both of Paris, are not without reputation. London runs to the first two the same as New York. Besides stock from Voigtlaender and Chevallier we keep glasses stamped with our own name and made for us in Paris; we consider these quite as good as the former, but sell them at a slightly cheaper rate. Tell you something about the materials used? Well, opera-glasses have either six or twelve lenses. The latter, as you may suppose, possess double power; they are also more achromatic—have less foreign coloring than the six-lens glasses. For the eye-pieces flint glass is used; also rock crystal, which is smoother and clearer yet. For the end-piece flint and crown glass is used, the first being best made concave and the other convex. Of course the quality of the glass varies, and then the grinding, focussing and adjusting are of importance, depending on the maker. We might look at the frames and mounting now. Our cheapest pairs have brass frames, lacquered black, and mountings of seal leather. These range in price from $5 to $15, depending on the size and the number of lenses, six or twelve. Only one quality of glass is used in them. Those of the next higher grade range from $15 to $50, and have aluminum frames, the price varying with the quality of glass and the size. The aluminum frames have a silverish color, which never tarnishes. More of these frames are sold than of any other kind, their extreme lightness making them popular. Sometimes the silverish color is exchanged for black by means of lacquer. The next grade of opera-glass includes those with mountings of mother-of-pearl, of smoked pearl and of oriental pearl. The coloring of the last two is artificial. These same two have heavy frames ($13 to $50), and the light aluminum frames ($30 to $75). The mother-of-pearl frames cost from $35 to $70. In all three the heavy frames are gilded with French gilt.

"Now we come to what are called the 'fancy' glasses. Ivory and shell are no longer included in these, as the first discolors quickly, and both of them crack and break easily under atmospheric influences. The fancy glasses have frame and mounting alike, and are the enamelled, the gold, the silver and the aluminum. The enamelled glasses cost from $100 to $175; the plain gold from $150 to $260; the plain silver $100; the etched silver $130; and the aluminum plain $75, enamelled $85. Of course you know there are exceptionally high priced glasses also. See, here's one of gold inlaid with diamonds and sapphires, and costing $500. We have had one inlaid with rubies and costing $5000. The novelties just now in this class of glasses are mountings of what is called Persian gold (a maroon color brought out of the gold by chemicals acting on the alloy, and causing also an enamel effect), a mounting of white calf-skin and a mounting made entirely of aluminum. Here's a very striking one—a round of the silvery aluminum covered with lace-work of gold. It costs $250. The Persian gold mounts cost $185 and $350. For dress occasions, a frame of aluminum and a mounting of mother-of-pearl is popular. Are vest-pocket glasses still sold? I had a dozen two weeks ago and have only one left now. Voigtlaender makes these also, their price being $18."

SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.

What a City Man Showed His Friend From the Country.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"I will Now show you one of the Saddest Sights ever Witnessed by a Mortal Eye," said a City Man to his friend from the Country, "and as I Have Lived here all my Life, it is safe to Bet that I am Pretty Fly. You will Observe that Little Shop across the way, where a Great Crowd of People are standing, and you will See that they are Wringing their Hands or Crying. Look! One of them has Opened the Door, and is on his Knees in the Attitude of Supplication. The others have Pushed In, and are Anxiously Awaiting a word from the Man in Blue Overalls, who is Sitting in Front of the Stove. Do you think the Little Shop is a Soup House, or that the People are trying to Get on the Police Force? If that is your Idea, I can Say that you are Slightly Off your Base. All of them are richly Clad. Many of them Sport the Dizzy New Market. He of the Fat Face and Comfortable Stomach is an Editor. In his Pocket he carries a Big Boodle. He is Feared and Respected by everybody Because he Throws a Nasty Pen. Next to Him is an Honest Detective who Owns a Block of Houses. Does the Man in the Blue Overalls care a Continental? Does he Do Anything to Relieve the Misery of those Sad People? He Does Not, and it will be a much Colder Day than this when you see him Move an Inch, because he has the Whole Gang where the Hair is Short. The Man in the Blue Overalls is a Plumber, and that is Why he tells those People to Pull down their Vests. But when the Spring Time comes he will Send in a Bill for Work by the Hour, and Then there will be a General Howl, and the Editor will call him a Fiend in the Newspaper. This is One of the City's Sad Sights."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The Largest Collection of Books to be Found in the United States.

[Washington National Republican.]

The library of Congress contains 300,000 volumes, and is the largest collection in the United States. Some years ago the library of the Smithsonian Institution was merged with the Congressional library, and has now become a part of it. Ancient and modern history embraces the largest collection, containing about 100,000 volumes. Biography and travel stand next in order, with 80,000 volumes. The law department, with its 35,000 volumes, stands third on the list; and of poetry there are at least 20,000 volumes. The medical works present a front of 8000, and the standard novels comprise a carefully selected list of about 5000. No novels of a lower order than those commonly known as standard are allowed in this valuable collection. The books are allowed by law to be loaned out to the President of the United States, members of his cabinet, judges of the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims, the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and the diplomatic corps in Washington. The same privilege is also extended, by courtesy, to many of the gentlemen employed about the Capitol building and to the clerks of the various congressional committees. To any other person, male or female, over the age of nineteen years, is accorded the privilege of going to the library and reading room at such hours as the room is open.

Pressing Old Suits.

[Yonkers Statesman.]

"Have you been making use of your leap year privileges, Bella?" asked Clarisa Fussanfeather to a friend she met at the dressmaker's the other day.

"To be sure I have," replied Bella, laying down her bundle she had brought in with her.

"Do you mean to say that you have proposed to some one?" exclaimed the affrighted Clarisa.

"That's what I mean to say."

"To whom?"

"To papa."

"Oh!" and then the blonde Clarisa breathed freely once more. "How did you propose to him?"

"I proposed that he should give me a new black silk suit."

"Well, how was your proposal received?"

"Rejected."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, I do. He told me to press my old suit, and that's why I'm down here this morning."

Amazed at the Price.

[Utica Observer.]

A couple called on an Adams, Jefferson county, squire, and gave him to understand that they wished to be married. The justice, "in his usual impressive manner," tied the knot. The groom, after fumbling around in several pockets for some time, produced a dollar, which he handed to the justice, which was pocketed, and he turned his attention to other business. Seeing no change forthcoming, the newly-tied man, in an amazed tone, broke out with: "Good heavens! how much do you charge for marryin' a feller?"

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Girl and the Coat.

[Exchange.]

> A girl who once lived at Nantucket
> Wore a bustle as big as a bucket;
> She filled it with oats,
> But some naughty old goats
> Slipped right up behind her and "tuck" it.

How to Know a Fool.

[Tid Bits.]

By six qualities may a fool be known—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

Pen, Ink and Paper.

[Ogden Palmer.]

> Pen, Ink and Paper, in trade's peaceful strife,
> The strongest spokes in the great wheel of life,
> Have sown the seeds of truth throughout the world—
> 'Gainst foulest wrong the keenest shafts have hurl'd
> Yet these three champions, ever prone to change,
> Are known as stationery; truly, truth is strange.

A Model Household Recipe.

[Philadelphia Call.]

To get rid of the smell of fresh paint in a chamber or living room slice a few onions and put them in the middle of the room. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the onions. This can easily be done by putting on another coat of paint.

February.

[Spenser.]

> Then came old February, sitting
> In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
> Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
> Which through the flood before did softly slide
> And swim away; yet had he by his side
> His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
> And tools to prune the trees before the pride
> Of hasting prime did make them burgeon wide.

An Unsympathetic Brother.

[Texas Siftings.]

Birdie McHennepin and her brother were at the seashore. "Oh, see that!" exclaimed Birdie. "See what?" inquired the stoical John. "Why, see that little cloudlet, just above the wavelet, like a tiny leaflet, dancing o'er the scene." "Oh, come, you had better go out to the pumplet, in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."

"The Boy Was Slade."

[Larned (Kan.) Chronoscope.]

> A boy once took it in his head
> That he would exercise his sled.
> He took his sled into the road,
> And, lordy massy! how he slode
> "What fun upon my sled to slide!"
> And as he laughed, before he knowed,
> He from that sliding sled was slode.
> Upon that slab where he was laid
> They carved this line: "The boy was slade."

Work Every Hour.

[Emerson.]

Work every hour, paid or unpaid, see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own appropriation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

"Dood Night, Mamma."

[Detroit Sunday Times.]

> He stole into the silent room,
> Soft footed, with hushed breath,
> And dropped his weary head beside
> The pallid face of death.
>
> He kissed the still, unsmiling lips,
> Caressed the silken hair,
> And marveled at the wealth of bloom
> That made her bed so fair.
>
> No tears, no moans. He knew ye not,
> O, sad, mysterious Powers!
> He only lisped: "Dood night, mamma,
> Asleep among the flowers."

Responsibility Defined.

[Exchange.]

A little boy was asked by the school mistress what was the meaning of the word "responsibility." The boy hesitated a moment, and then replied: "When a boy has only one suspender button on his pants, and he has to climb up a tree at a picnic, then there is a great deal of responsibility on that remaining suspender button, for if it were to fly off he would——" "Hush? Don't mention it," exclaimed the teacher.

Coasting.

[Philadelphia Call.]

> Away we go over the snow,
> Seeming to skim 'tween sky and below!
> Away we glide down the hillside,
> Swept along by a slippery tide!
>
> Up again, then down we go,
> Leaping, laughing over the snow!
> A sudden lurch and there we are,
> Contemplating a shooting star!
>
> It takes a hard knock to make us cry,
> When swiftly over the snow we fly!
> Ah, what if life were the happy way
> We find on the hill of a winter's day!

To Test Your Intellect.

[Hartford Post.]

Digest a chapter of Herbert Spencer and one of Thomas Carlyle along in the forenoon, with a Matthew Arnold essay for lunch.

Fill up with Emerson and Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller immediately after dinner.

If after this you can put your impressions of what you have read on paper in a clear and forcible style, you have an intellect that is water-proof and just as good as new.

Judge Not.

> Judge not; the workings of his brain
> And of his heart thou canst not see;
> What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
> In God's pure light may only be
> A scar, brought from some well-won fight,
> Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
>
> The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
> May be a token that below
> The soul has closed in deadly fight
> With some infernal fiery foe.
> Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
> And cast thee shuddering on thy face!
>
> The fall thou darest to despise
> May be the angel's slackened hand
> Has suffered it, that he may rise
> And take a firmer, surer stand;
> Or, trusting less to earthly things,
> May henceforth learn to use his wings.

Phineas Weeps.

[Maine Exchange.]

The usually beaming Clough descended from his stage-box with a sad face and went into the Elm House with tears glittering in his eyes, Wednesday morning. The nigh horse's head was down and the off horse blinked most solemnly. In a voice choking with emotion, Landlord Young, who had observed with alarm the perturbation of the North Auburn stage, inquired: "What's the matter, Phin?" The worst soon was known. There was one less Shanghai rooster at North Auburn. Death had penetrated Clough's hen-coop. It was the stateliest and most imposing Shanghai rooster in Androscoggin county.

Ten Cents and a Moral.

[Harper's Bazar.]

> Here is a silver dime, my son;
> Looks like lead, it is blackened so.
> Not a bit like the shining one
> I dropped in my pocket a week ago.
> Dingy? Yes. Don't you think it strange
> It should lose its sheen in so short a time?
> Would you like to know how came this change
> For the worse to a brand-new silver dime?
>
> The cause is simple and easily told,
> But lay it to heart, O son of mine!
> See if it does not a moral hold
> For a bright, brave boy, with a wish to shine.
> I draw from my pocket a copper cent—
> See, there is the secret: the silver dime,
> Dropped in this pocket by accident,
> Has rubbed against copper all this time.
>
> And the cent is never a whit more white,
> Nor improved at all, by its company,
> While the silver dime comes out less bright,
> And its value is questioned, as you see.
> Now, the moral for boys is very clear.
> You see it, my son? Well, lay it to heart;
> And see, I drop the silver here,
> And the copper there—let them be apart.
>
> THE BOY'S SOLILOQUY.
>
> Oh, yes; the moral is clear as day.
> But I thought I was going to get that dime.
> He gives me the moral—that's dad's way—
> And pockets the money every time.

From Rum to Reform.

[Fairfield Journal.]

Did it ever occur to any one that our most radical temperance men years ago were rumsellers themselves, including an ex-governor of Maine, and nearly all of them got a good start in life by retailing grog by the glass?

ALONG THE LINES;

OR,

HEROES IN BLUE AND GRAY.

The Record of Luke Leighton at Antietam.

By ERNEST A. YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF "FLURRY BROOK FARM," THE "DONALD DYKE" SERIES, "LUKE LEIGHTON," "OUT OF THE RANKS," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

A SOUTHERN FIRE-EATER.

"It gives me great pleasure, madam, to be of service to you in even so humble a manner," and the speaker bowed very low, raising one hand to his slouch hat with genuine Southern courtesy.

"You were very kind, sir," was the simple response, uttered in a sweet, but slightly embarrassed tone.

"Do not speak of it, Miss Elmore," with another profound bow. Then, as she evinced surprise at his utterance of her name, the man added:

"Pardon me, but I feel that I may almost claim acquaintanceship with you. Ralph Elmore, your uncle, you see, is an old friend of mine. A great friend, too. Many a day's sport have we enjoyed together in the old days. He once acted as second for me in a little affair of honor. Of course you have heard Elmore speak of me. Captain Savage, madam—always at your service."

This time the slouch hat was lifted, to the accompaniment of another bow.

A somewhat peculiarly-shaped head was then revealed. A large head, inclined to baldness, and with a broad, white scar prominently visible amid the dark, straggling locks of hair. His face was rather a peculiar one likewise, though not really unprepossessing. Eyes small, nose large, and a monstrous brown moustache entirely concealing the lips and upper half of a squarish chin.

Marian Elmore felt ill at ease in his presence, in spite of his suavity. She had no logical reason for this. Her impression was that his eyes were set too near each other, and that this peculiarity rendered their glances embarrassing.

Perhaps the real cause for her uneasiness was the very evident admiration expressed in both the countenance and manner of Captain Savage. At all events she *was* uneasy, and heartily wished that he would step from her path and permit her to go on.

The polite stranger, for such he really was to Marian, had, as he expressed it, been of "humble service" to her. She had been riding horseback along the narrow, crooked road, enjoying the soft, balmy atmosphere and peaceful quiet of the locality. For, in that sheltered valley, and upon that warm, silent September day, one could have easily imagined that peace actually reigned throughout the lurid South and anxious North. It was near the close of the afternoon. Marian had been in haste to reach the plantation dwelling of her uncle. But, while yet two miles distant from her destination, she met with an annoying mishap—the breaking of a saddle girth. In consequence both the saddle and herself slid to the ground, while the horse, startled by the occurrence, went on its way at an increased pace.

Marian was unhurt; she was not even frightened. Yet she was keenly annoyed by the necessity of completing the distance on foot, with darkness coming on. Hence, as she picked herself up and shook the dust from her skirts, she was greatly relieved by seeing a man check the flight of her steed, and lead the latter back to the scene of the mishap. The stranger had deftly readjusted the saddle and secured the girth with a piece of twine; he had assisted her to remount, with the courteous grace of a cavalier; and in acknowledgment of it all Marian had thanked him, frankly and smilingly, in her simple, New England fashion.

This, to Marian, seemed sufficient. Captain Savage, however, seemed intent upon rendering their acquaintance a permanent one.

To his last remark and bow she made no relevant response. She glanced sideways into the fast gathering twilight. She did not attempt to conceal her impatience.

"You are very kind," she repeated, as though the terms of gratitude were limited. "But you will pardon me if I hasten on. It is growing dark, and I am unattended."

Captain Savage smiled. But he did not step aside. Instead, he carelessley placed one hand to the horse's bit.

"Permit me to attend you, Miss Elmore," he said, in a tone which implied authority rather than request.

Marian was nettled and a trifle alarmed. She knew that several bands of Confederate guerrillas were encamped in the vicinity, and being a "Yankee" she was intensely suspicious of belligerent secessionists.

"Thank you, Captain Savage," she returned firmly; "but I prefer to return alone."

The man looked surprised.

"So you distrust me?" he questioned.

"My uncle charged me to be very cautious; and considering the unsettled condition of the country it is best to heed his advice," she answered.

"Elmore and I are old friends," as I told you. "Then he will welcome you at his mansion whenever you may choose to visit him; and as his guest I shall be glad to thank you again for your kindness of to-day."

Captain Savage coughed impatiently.

"I see you have a Yankee's averseness to making an acquaintance in an irregular way, Miss Elmore," he said, without releasing his hold upon the bit.

Marian tightened the reins; her eyes flashed with determination.

"Release my horse, sir!" she commanded, a slight tremor of anger in her clear tones.

Captain Savage laughed.

"Yankee spirit, too," he exclaimed.

Marian raised her riding whip. It had been broken in her fall, but she brought down all that remained of it. The horse plunged, and strove to obey the incentive of the rider.

But in vain. Captain Savage had already evinced the qualities of a gentleman and a boor. He had shown courtesy, deftness and skill. Now he displayed extraordinary strength of arm. His grasp upon the bit was firm, and the power of his arm sent the horse almost on its haunches.

Marian was now thoroughly alarmed. She had no weapon for self-defence, and realized that she was in the power of the stranger. What she would have done in her extremity, had not a third person arrived upon the scene at this juncture, can only be conjectured. She had been so excited that she had not heard the clatter of approaching hoofbeats, and now, as a horseman rode up, she uttered a cry of mingled surprise and joy.

"Harry Elmore!" she cried, as she recognized the new-comer.

The latter was a young man, strikingly handsome in face and physique. He appeared to take in the situation at a glance.

Without a word he turned his horse upon Captain Savage, who, to avoid being trampled under foot, was compelled to hastily release Marian's steed. Thus young Elmore quickly placed himself between his cousin and her persecutor.

The latter withdrew only a few paces. There he paused, and glared furiously upon the young man. The latter did not long remain dumb, however.

"It seems that I come opportunely," he exclaimed, in a deep, musical tone.

"Yes," Marian answered. Then, in a low tone, she added:

"Let us drive on without delay. I hope you will say nothing to the stranger. He merely pre umed too far upon my obligations. I think he intended me no harm, and as he really did me a favor it were better not to offend him."

The dark eyes of Elmore flashed.

"What favor could you accept from such as Captain Savage, Marian?" he sharply questioned.

"My saddle-girth broke, and I was thrown. He caught my horse and mended the girth."

"All that he might force himself upon your acquaintance. Just like him!"

"Then the gentleman is not a stranger to you, Harry?"

"No. Father knows him too well."

The young man wheeled his horse to the side of Marian's and added:

"We will go on—it is growing dark."

They started together, their steeds having grown restive at the delay, but they were compelled to rein them up a moment later. Captain Savage, with a drawn revolver, had stepped into the middle of the narrow road.

"A word with you, Harry Elmore, before we bid each other good night," he exclaimed, with grim politeness.

"What is it, Captain Savage?" the young man demanded, curbing his anger.

The other lowered his weapon. He had presented it only to command attention.

"Your father was an old friend of mine," the captain went on, his tones resuming their accustomed blandness; "but, had he ever stooped to insult, my honor would have compelled me to seek vindication. Therefore it cannot be expected that I should endure the insolence of his son. In other words, I must request satisfaction. I will instruct a personal friend to arrange details of the affair with you." At this point the speaker turned to Marian, and, with profound bow, added: "I crave your pardon, Miss Elmore, for the mention of an unpleasant affair in your presence, but you will observe that my honor is at stake. Permit me to bid you good evening."

With another bow he stepped aside. The horse plunged forward and cantered up the gentle slope. A backward glance saw the tall form of the strange man moving at a sauntering pace in an opposite direction.

Marian was bewildered. The parting words of Captain Savage to Elmore were like so much Greek to her.

While she was puzzling her brain over the affair, they reached the broad, shaded avenue which led up to the Elmore mansion. Harry, in the meanwhile, had maintained a gloomy silence. He did not speak until he had assisted her to dismount under the shadows of the locusts. Then, in a sharp, pained voice he said:

"You express no anxiety, Marian. I presume you feel none. Yet Captain Savage has dropped his opponents in a dozen duels!"

Then, for the first time, the full significance of the scene just ended flashed upon the mind of the New England girl. She glanced up into the face of her companion. But before she could speak she became conscious of a third presence. At the same moment a strangely musical voice broke the silence.

CHAPTER II.

A UNION SCOUT.

"Pardon me if I intrude. I have something of importance to communicate."

It was the musical voice that said this. The speaker had stepped noiselessly from amid the deepening shadow; he placed one hand lightly upon the arm of Harry Elmore.

The latter faced him in his nervous, abrupt way. He found himself confronted by a man of his own height. A round, smooth-shaven face, and eyes of mesmeric power were characteristic of the stranger, noticeable even in the semi-gloom.

"What do you want, sir?" the young man demanded, a trifle sharply.

"I said that I had something to communicate. If you will listen I will speak," was the reply.

"Ah! I presume you are the 'friend' of Captain Savage? I didn't expect you quite so promptly."

The stranger smiled.

"How impudent you are," he returned. "Let me assure you that I am not the 'friend' in question. My name is Luke Leighton. I come as the friend of your companion here—Miss Elmore."

Harry flashed a quick glance into the face of Marian. The latter looked from one to the other of the two men in mute wonderment.

"Is this an acquaintance of yours, Marian?" Harry asked.

"No, I am not an acquaintance," declared Luke Leighton, answering for her. "Yet I am a friend, as you shall soon see. A few hours since I became possessed of the details of a plot against the safety, perhaps the life, of this lady. The safety of Mr. Elmore is also involved; but it is not for me to offer him protection unless he deserves it."

Young Elmore was all attention in an instant. The words, tone and general appearance of Luke Leighton, were such as to inspire confidence, even in one so naturally suspicious as the young Confederate.

"Explain at once, please. If this lady's safety is threatened I must know the source of the danger," the latter exclaimed.

"On the contrary, I cannot confide her safety to you. I can only speak of the matter as it concerns your father and yourself in your presence."

Leighton spoke firmly. Harry Elmore flung out one hand with a gesture of command. "Explain, I say!" he tersely ordered.

Luke Leighton drew nearer and spoke in a lower voice.

"Your father is suspected of entertaining Union principles—hence his danger. Before daybreak he will be called upon by an armed band of guerrillas to answer to a charge of secretly aiding and abetting the North."

"The charge is false—infamous!" Elmore cried vehemently.

"Doubtless it is. Yet the danger is scarcely less imminent."

"How did you learn of this meditated outrage?"

"I overheard a conversation between two guerrilla captains."

"And you—who and what are you?"

"I have told you my name."

"It is not a familiar one to me."

"I presume not."

"Then, why are you taking so much interest in the safety of my father and his niece?"

"I can explain my interest only in one way. Your father, if I have been rightly informed, is a helpless cripple. Therefore I warn him of danger upon the principle to which I always adhere—protection of the weak and defenceless."

"Ah, if you are sincere, your mission is a laudable one!"

"You will have to take your own risks as to my sincerity. But now I must speak for a moment with the young lady. You must not overhear what I have to say. Afterward she may confide in you as she may choose."

"Do you expect me to intrust her safety to a stranger?"

"No. You are merely to withdraw for a few paces. There you may stand and cover me with a revolver. Upon the least sign of treachery upon my part you may fire. I only ask that I may speak to Miss Elmore in confidence. Is not my suggestion a fair one?"

The young man mused a moment. Marian touched him lightly upon the arm.

"I am not afraid of this man," she declared, quietly.

"Then you wish me to do as he suggests?" he asked.

"Yes. We may commit a grave error by refusing."

Without further hesitation the young man retreated to a point whence he could distinctly observe the movements of Leighton, without being able to hear a word spoken. He drew a pistol, however, and held it ready for use.

"You do not suspect, Miss Elmore, in what sense I am a friend to you," Luke Leighton began, in a low, distinct tone.

"No, sir, I do not," Marian answered.

"You shall not be kept in doubt. You are a New England girl; and if I mistake not, you are at heart a warm sympathizer with the heroes in blue.

Marian scarce repressed a cry of surprise, not unmingled with alarm.

"I am from Massachusetts, sir, and—of course—" she interrupted her faltering confession. And to her amazement, the other calmly replied:

"Of course, your principles are loyal to the stars and stripes. You need not fear to confess to me, for I am a Union scout, and am even now discharging my duty in the Union service."

A moment of breathless silence followed this startling disclosure. Marian clasped her hands with suppressed excitement.

"You—a Union scout—and here!" she uttered, as though unable to fully comprehend the startling fact.

"Yes, Miss Elmore; and I come in your behalf."

"Do you not know that he—Harry—is a reb—a Confederate soldier?"

"Yes, I am fully aware of it."

"You are running a great risk, sir. If he should suspect—"

"I have no fears; I seldom think of personal peril. But I must do my errand quickly, as your cousin may choose to terminate our interview. What I have to say is this: The Federal lines are daily drawing nearer this locality, as are also the Confederates. Within a few days, there is no telling how few, this may be the scene of a terrible battle. Until now this secluded valley has seemed secure from invasion. But it is no longer safe. And in the event of a battle you will either be compelled to flee across the Potomac to the North, or penetrate yet deeper into the heart of the Confederacy for safety. This is not all. Your uncle is in personal danger, as I have already hinted. There is danger upon every hand. But I would protect you from it all."

Luke Leighton spoke rapidly and with deep earnestness.

"You would protect me?" Marian echoed.

"Yes, but I can do so only in one way. You must leave your uncle and entrust yourself to my protection."

"How can I leave him? He is as kind and affectionate toward me as he could be were I his own daughter."

"If he is as considerate as he should be, he would not oppose anything which was for our safety."

"You do not understand. He is a stanch secessionist, and if he were to choose a haven of safety for life he would chose the far South."

"Very true. But the choice must be yours—not his. The fact of your being from the North precludes safety for you among those who so bitterly hate the Yankees. I have more than a common interest in your welfare, otherwise I would not offer to risk so much for you. Beside, I have not spoken of your most imminent danger—from the band of rebels who are to call here before morning."

"What of them? Tell me all, for I do not wish to rest easy under a false sense of security."

"There is little to tell. Your uncle is suspected of abetting the North secretly. The grounds of the suspicion are your presence and roof. There are spies everywhere, even in the midst of households. It is the purpose of the guerrillas to take you prisoner. There are strange and exaggerated rumors afloat, and you and your uncle are implicated in them. For your safety I am willing to risk my very life."

"Why do you risk so much for me? And how do you know so much concerning me?"

"Do not ask me now. To explain would involve the telling of a long story. Let it suffice that I am sincere, and that you believe me to be so."

"I do not doubt you, sir. You are so earnest, so kind, I cannot help trusting you. But I do not know what to do. It is all so sudden, so dreadful!"

Luke Leighton at this moment raised his hand in warning.

Marian turned; she saw Harry Elmore advancing toward them.

"If his interview is a rather long one," the young man impatiently exclaimed, "and I think, under the circumstances, it were better to draw it to a close."

The Union scout clenched his hands in deep vexation.

"Have I given you cause for adverse suspicion?" he demanded, somewhat sternly.

"Yes, sir, you have," was the decisive reply.

"How?"

"I have watched you both very closely, and, if I can read the significance of gestures aright, you have been striving to urge Miss Elmore to some action which would be opposed to her interests. More, my memory has not been idle while I have been watching you. The name of Luke Leighton had a familiar sound when you first pronounced it. I now recall distinctly the connection in which I have heard it mentioned before. The name is not a common one; therefore there can be no mistake, you are the most dangerous and skilful scout and spy in the Yankee service. I shall deem it an honor to take you to General Lee's headquarters as a prisoner!"

Harry Elmore had spoken with great deliberateness.

In horror Marian glanced toward him. She saw a smile of triumph upon his handsome face; she saw the revolver which he held, levelled at the breast of the Union scout.

The darkness of evening had now fully descended. But the moon, nearly at its full, had risen above the low hills to the east, and a broad, silvery shaft of light fell upon the strange tableau outlined against the shadows of the locusts.

A minute of breathless silence ensued. It was broken by the clatter of approaching horsemen.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE OF UNIFORMS.

"See here, Sambo, I just want to interview you for about five minutes."

"Sah?"

"Come nearer and I'll explain. If I mistake not you are a handsome nigger, and I want a closer look at you."

Sambo eyed the speaker suspiciously, at the same time making a deliberate exploration of the grayish wool which surmounted his black, wrinkled forehead.

"Who—what yer want, sah?" he queried, taking a cautious step backward, thus increasing the space betwixt himself and the apparition which peered forth at him from amid a dense clump of bushes.

The apparition in question consisted of the head and shoulders of a man—or, more properly, a youth. For the face was beardless, and in the round, blue eyes and about the delicately-curved lips lurked signs of a rollicking, boyish nature. The lips were parted in a half repressed smile. There was certainly nothing in his aspect to terrify the very mature-looking negro. At least, nothing save the coat of blue which covered the shoulders, which were all there was visible of the youth's body.

"I declare, Sambo, you're the shyest one I've met this side of the Potomac," ejaculated the young man. "What are you afraid of? I don't want to eat you, though I own up to being ravenous as a turkey."

The black grinned, and very carefully, as though he expected the ground to give way, he placed one foot forward, then the other.

"Dunno what yer kin want of me, sah!" he remarked in a puzzled tone, as he came to a standstill within arm's length of the bushes which concealed the youth.

The latter cast a hasty, furtive glance up and down the road.

"Anybody else within hearing, Sambo?" he queried, in a cautious tone.

"Spec's not, sah, 'ceptin' Bre'r Toby, mebbe.

"Who's Toby?"

"Marse Ridley's oldes' nig, ob course. Who k'yer fink Bre'r Toby was, sah?"

"I didn't think much about him, only that I didn't care to have him nor anybody else put in an appearance just at present. I say, Sambo, you're about my size, aren't you? A little stouter, maybe, but I guess that jacket and those trousers would fit me tolerably well."

The youth, whose name was Frank Hepworth, surveyed the old negro from head to foot with a critical gaze. Sambo poked his right forefinger meditatively through his wool again.

"Reckon yer am a bit loony, sah, by yer talk," he observed.

"Perhaps I am, Sambo; but I can't help it. I want to swap uniforms with you. Mine is pretty near new and it has plenty of brass buttons. Yours is ragged and dirty enough, but I won't back down on a trade. I find there is a wholesale prejudice against indigo blue in this locality, but nobody seems to mind dirt and rags. A mere matter of preference, I suppose, but I'm going to humor their prejudices. Come, Sambo, dodge into the bushes here and peel off your duds."

Sambo shook his head.

"Yer one ob dem Yankee soger chaps," he returned.

"What if I am? The more reason why you shouldn't be afraid of me. The Yankees are your best friends and are coming to set you free."

The black drew back a pace.

"Reckon dat ole Sambo am better off ter stay wiv Marse Ridley. Bre'r Toby an' I am too ole niggers ter set up fo' ourse'ls."

Frank Hepworth uttered an ejaculation of impatience, and suddenly from behind the sheltering bushes a pistol was raised, the muzzle pointing directly at the cautious black. The latter began to shiver with a mortal fear. The distressed grimaces in which he indulged were ludicrous to behold.

"S—s—sah!" he chattered, "yer wo—wo—won't shoot, wi—wi—will yer?"

"Hardly think I will, with an empty pistol and not a cartridge to my name," was the youth's mental remark. But he said aloud, with all the sternness of voice he was capable of assuming:

"I'll give you just one minute in which to come here and exchange clothes with me. If you hesitate I'll pull the trigger, and I might as well warn you that I'm a dead shot."

This threat served to imbue the negro with a degree of activity which was really marvellous.

In another moment he was standing within the thickly sheltering copse, and hastily began removing his coarse, ragged garments.

Frank Hepworth followed the man's example, and, in five minutes, the change was effected. It would be difficult to say which of the two cut the most ludicrous figure—Sambo in the tight-fitting uniform of blue, or the trim, graceful youth arrayed in loose, baggy trousers and jacket.

The soldier-boy indulged in incautiously noisy mirth; quickly checking himself as the stern reality of his personal danger occurred to him:

"You've got the best of the bargain, Sambo, I declare," the youth exclaimed, laying one hand upon the shoulder of the bewildered negro.

"Can life ob me tell why yer want ter change," the slave returned, seriously.

"Don't et my motives trouble you, my man. Guess I'm a little crazy; so you mustn't question me too closely. The next thing is provender. You've got a cabin, haven't you? And a bit of cold ham and corn bread? I'm hungry, Sambo—real, downright hungry."

There was something almost pathetic in the youth's forced levity. And a close look at his handsome face would reveal signs of recent suffering, and a wanness of hue which only a prolonged fast and great fatigue could produce.

Sambo vaguely comprehended the situation. The musical voice and open, handsome countenance of young Hepworth could not but gain the favor of an unprejudiced stranger, even though he had compelled an exchange of garments at the point of an unloaded pistol.

"Hungry, am yer?" the negro queried, his black face lighting up with intelligence.

"That is just what I am," was the decisive reply.

"Den come down to Marse Ridley's. De missus'll gib yer all yer kin eat."

"No, Sambo; I couldn't think of troubling your missus. Take me to the negro quarters—to your cabin—anywhere. Your old Dinah, or Phœbe, or whatever her name, can scare up a bite of something for me. I'm in a hurry to continue my journey, you see, and can eat while I'm travelling just as well. But, as bear's name, make haste."

Sambo scratched his head meditatively.

'Reckon yer'd better go to Bre'r Toby's. His cabin's highest. 'Sides, yer ben't so likely ter hab de young nigs roun' starin' at yer."

"Just the place, then. How far is it?"

"On'y out yar a piece. I'll show yer. Hi! Dar's Bre'r Toby dis minute. Hoot, dar! hoot, hoot!"

Sambo's concluding ejaculations were uttered in a loud tone, to attract Toby's attention. The latter, a venerable-looking negro, who had been trudging slowly along the narrow roadway, halted abruptly and turned slowly toward the source of the hallenge.

Sambo instantly emerged from his concealment and approached the other. Bre'r Toby held up his hands in amazement as his gaze fell upon Sambo's unique garb. The young fugitive—for Frank Hepworth had escaped, twenty-four hours before, from Confederate captivity—remained within his concealment, and with a breathless eagerness listened and watched the two slaves in the animated colloquy that ensued.

It seemed to him that they would never reach a decision. And at last his heart sank within him as he saw the older negro trudge away up the road. Their conversation had been in too cautious a key for him to learn its import; therefore he conjectured that Toby, for some reason, had refused to feed or lodge a fugitive Yankee.

Sambo returned to the sheltering bushes.

"Bre'r Toby da'sen't hab yer go ter his cabin, yer see——"

The youth interrupted by a painful gesture.

"I would run any risk for a morsel of the plainest food," he cried, sharply.

"Hol' on, sah. Yer'll hab yer grub all de same. Bre'r Toby wouldn't hab a Yankee starve, no how, an' he's g'wine fo' ter fetch yer all yer kin eat, but yer see, dar am a tall, black-whiskered chap a watchin' de quarters teday, an' Toby's 'feared yer's de chap he's lookin' fo'."

Hepworth's impulsive young heart gave a responsive throb to this evidence of the old negro's solicitude. And, as he gazed away toward the western hills, where the sun was sinking into a bed of bronze and gold, bright tears sprang into his eyes, and glistened upon his long, brown lashes.

He had not long to wait for the return of the old negro. The latter came upon them from a direction opposite that whence the youth expected him to appear. And in another moment he produced a supply of corn-bread and meat, the latter so black and smoky that under other circumstances the youth could not have partaken of a morsel.

"De best we hab, sah. De meat am som'at tough, but de flavor am d'licious," remarked the negro as he placed the coarse food in the eager hands of the soldier-boy.

"Heaven bless you, Uncle Toby!" the latter cried, his voice breaking with emotion.

"De Lor' lubs de cheerful giber, so dey say," returned the old man, a glimmer of happiness illuming his dark, wrinkled face.

Frank Hepworth quickly began his strange, uninvited repast. Before he had half satisfied the cravings of his appetite he was suddenly interrupted.

"Hi, dar!" Sambo abruptly ejaculated, in a husky whisper.

Frank sprang from his crouching posture.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"De black-whiskered chap out dar; comin' dis way!"

"Smells a coon, I reckon," observed Uncle Toby, with a wise shake of his head.

"He suspects something and followed you, I fear," said Frank, peering through the undergrowth at the tall figure sauntering down the road.

"Spec's yer'd better cl'ar out," exclaimed the old man, with sudden animation. "Here, Sambo, yer jes' skud out to'rds de quarters. W'en yer git mos' dar, skip cross de road's if fo' de' life. De white chap'll git a glimpse ob yer uniform an' take yer for de Yankee soljer. He'll take arter yer, an' yer mus gib 'im er dreffni chase. Fetch up at de quarters. In a roun'about way. Den sly 'roun' yer cabin an' git inter dem odder ole rags ob your'n an' hide up de blue coat an' trous'rs. Den yer can walk out's if nuffin' hab happened, an' de black-whiskered chap'll hab no idee what 'come ob de blue-coat. Lively 'bout it!"

The old negro spoke rapidly, and with an eagerness which showed that he, at least, valued the life and safety of even a single Yankee. And Sambo, infected by the zeal of Bre'r Toby, became suddenly as eager to aid the young Unionist as the other.

He darted away through the undergrowth with surprising nimbleness, running in a direction parellel with the road, and toward the Ridley negro quarters. He was quickly lost to the view of Hepworth. But he soon emerged upon the road, which he crossed at a fruitless pace. The black-whiskered stranger had by this time reached a point nearly opposite the place of the youth's concealment. He saw the blue-clad figure dart across the road and enter the bushes upon the other side. Instantly he started in pursuit, his long, slim legs making tremendous strides, and his stentorian voice shouting peremptorily:

"Halt, there, or I'll fire!"

But Sambo was out of sight in an instant, and paid no heed to the Confederate challenge.

The pursuer soon reached the point whence the supposed Yankee had disappeared, and then he too passed from the view of the anxious witnesses.

"Dat am a wil'-goose chase, I tell yer," exclaimed Uncle Toby, slapping his knees with delight.

Frank Hepworth faced the old man and seized one of his black, horny palms.

"God bless you Uncle Toby! After this I shall fight with more zeal than ever against the cruel bondage of such people-hearted men as you," he cried, wringing the old man's hand.

Then he turned away, and bounded off in a direction opposite that taken by Sambo and his enemy.

The sun had set, a brief twilight had fallen; it rapidly transformed itself into a calm, moon-lit evening.

The young fugitive felt a sense of security in the increasing gloom, which he could not entertain by the light of day.

Only a few hours prior to his introduction to the reader, the boy soldier had made his escape from a prison-camp of the enemy. For two days he had been a captive, having been taken, with a score of comrades, in a skirmish with a large scouting party of the enemy. He was the only one who had escaped, although the others had made a desperate attempt to do so.

Avoiding the turnpike, young Hepworth made his way as rapidly as possible through the forest, and along narrow hillside paths.

At length he emerged from a patch of dense woodland into a narrow opening. But there his eyes encountered a scene that caused him to return hastily to cover.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE ELMORE PLANTATION.

Marian Elmore heard the sounds of approaching horsemen with sensations of increased dread.

What was to happen next?

Within the last hour one startling event had followed another with overwhelming suddenness. Her novel meeting with the eccentric Captain Savage, the coming of Harry, the captain's strange praising of injured "honor" and the coolly polite challenge, the intrusion of Luke Leighton, the Union scout; the latter's thrilling revelation and proffer of aid, and at last the stern, triumphant command to surrender from the lips of her handsome cousin—a command given to a man whom she had already instinctively believed to possess wonderful power, courage and coolness.

All this within an hour, and occurring in that secluded valley which, until this night, had known naught of the great national strife.

Marian's gaze returned to the face of Luke Leighton. She saw his dark brows contracted by a frown. In another moment he spoke, sternly, yet with no sign of fear.

"I expected something better than this from you, Harry Elmore," he said, genuine surprise blending with the firm reproachfulness of his voice.

"What, pray, can a scout and spy expect from a soldier in the opposing ranks?" the young man asked, with a sneer.

"Honorable treatment—that is all. I did not come here upon a hostile mission. I came as a friend to warn your crippled father of his danger."

Harry Elmore bit his lip, but he did not lower his weapon.

"Such was your ostensible object," he said. "I only have your word for your sincerity, and I have learned to place little confidence in the word of a Union spy."

The young man hesitated a moment and then added:

"Granting, even, that you really desired to befriend my father, you have not disclosed your purpose concerning Marian. But I have divined it. Her sympathies are with the North. You wish to alienate her from her Southern friends. Do you call that honorable action? She is an orphan; my father, as her guardian, has taken her into his heart and home. Can strangers at the North be truer friends than we have been?"

The Union scout took a stride forward; he placed one hand upon Marian's arm. She was strangely thrilled by the power of his touch.

"Your words are fine, young man," he exclaimed. "And so far as her uncle is unconcerned I do not doubt their truth. But you, if I must speak the words, are incapable of a disinterested friendship for this young lady. There is treachery and falsehood in your heart; I have proof of it!"

Marian felt a pang of resentment toward the speaker for his words. To her Harry Elmore had ever been the embodiment of kindness and gentlemanly honor. She drew away from the scout, her eyes flashing with indignation. "You wrong him, sir," she cried. "Harry is the soul of honor; to me has been more than brother, and I shall not listen to a word against him."

"Pardon me," Luke Leighton hastened to respond; "but what I say is for your good. But I see that it is worse than useless for me to offer proof of my charge. I can only request the privilege of withdrawing in peace."

"I shall not grant the privilege. I command you to surrender as a prisoner of war."

Harry Elmore had scarcely uttered the command when the report of a pistol smote the air. And his own weapon dropped from a nerveless hand to the ground, while he staggered backward with a cry of pain.

Marian ran to his side, half frantic with alarm.

"The coward! he meant to take my life!" the young man exclaimed faintly. As he spoke he stooped to recover his weapon, and fired a hasty shot into the gloom wither the Union scout had fled.

"He shot you—you are wounded?" Marian questioned, with eager solicitude.

"Yes; although, thanks to the uncertain light, the treacherous shot has done slight injury. It grazed my shoulder and paralyzed my hand and arm. But his triumph shall not be for long. I have double cause to seek his capture now, and I shall spare no effort to accomplish it."

"No, no, no, Harry. Do not attempt it. Perhaps he did not intend to kill you."

"Bah! I hope you do not excuse his treachery, Marian?"

"I do not excuse it. Yet I cannot bear to think that he coolly sought your life while seeking mercy of you."

"It is a Yankee trick; there is no honor among them. You are fast becoming a partisan of our noble cause; Marian, so I do not think my denunciation of the foe reflects upon you."

The young man took the hand of the girl as he spoke, and raised it tenderly to his lips. There was something so gentle and chivalrous in the act that Marian's heart warmed toward him more strongly than ever before.

"I believe in the cause of the North," she said, speaking in a low, tremulous tone. "Yet I sympathize with the noble and honest hearts like yours that beat with patriotism for their State and private liberties."

Harry Elmore gazed down upon the beautiful girl by his side with more than brotherly affection. For a moment they stood thus in silence. In the exciting event which had just transpired they had forgotten the approaching hoofbeats which had so startled Marian. Now the latter suddenly remembered them, and listened.

But they had ceased.

Can it be that the horseman had passed?

While she was listening to catch even a distant jar or clatter, a figure approached them from the direction of the stables.

It was the negro youth who had taken charge of their horses at the moment of their arrival.

"Marse Elmore is askin' for you, missus," said the youth, in a deferential tone. "He is worried 'bout you, I s'pec's. De pistol-shots 'most skar't him to deaf!"

"Poor, dear Uncle Ralph," she cried, thinking for the first time of the keen anxiety that her uncle must have endured in her absence.

"Hasten to him at once, Marian," the young man said.

"And concerning the warning of the Union spy—shall I tell him about it?"

"Yes. It will be useless to keep anything back. Tell him all—even to the private counsel of the stranger. You will find my father a true and sensible friend, and if you are guided by his advice all will be well."

"I will do as you say, Harry. And—but those approaching horsemen? Where are they? I have a foreboding of something—"

"Nonsense, Marian! That Yankee spy told us a cock-and-bull story to excite your apprehensions. It is not from the Confederates, but from the Yankee invaders, that we have to fear."

Without further remonstrance Marian entered the mansion.

Ralph Elmore was a man of past middle age. His was a kindly, jovial nature—a generous, whole-souled Southerner and stanch secessionist.

His crippled limbs prevented his taking part in the military struggle. But with purse and influence, and by sending his idolized son into the Confederate ranks, he had aided the cause to the extent of his power.

"Marian, child, what has kept you out so late? And that firing—what was that?" he exclaimed, as Marian entered the dimly-lighted room.

She sank upon an ottoman at his feet and took one of his large, fair hands between both her own.

"I am unharmed, uncle," she said, reassuringly. "But it was cruel for me to have kept you waiting and worrying so long. I will tell you all about it."

She went on and recounted the singular events of the last hour from her mishap on the road to the advent of the Union spy.

At the mention of Captain Savage Mr. Elmore muttered an imprecation. Then of Luke Leighton he vehemently ejaculated:

"The Yankee wretch!"

But upon the conclusion of her narrative he remained silent for several moments.

At length he rose to his feet, and, with the help of crutches, he hobbled to a window. As he did so the sound of hoarse, angry voices came in through the open casement.

The planter listened intently for a moment. Then he faced about, his eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Where is Harry?" he demanded. "I must know the meaning of this!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pulpit of Today.

[O. B. Frothingham in the Atlantic.]

The best and the worst has been said about the pulpit, yet it is not probable that any agency will ever take its place. Its very imperfections—and in the nature of things it cannot be all it aims to become—act as a constant spur to its improvement. Other ministrations, honorable and capable as they may be, do not propose to themselves the same objects, and of course cannot produce the same results.

THE comfort afforded is worth many times the cost of a pair of Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles. Cold Feet are impossible while wearing them, and they ward off Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat and Diphtheria. Sold by druggists and shoe dealers. Price, 50 cents.

INTESTATE WILLIAM HALE.

How an Heir Was Found to a Dead Man-Servant's Fortune.

A Forgotten Niece, Found in Holyoke, Whose Right is Questioned.

Another Bit of a Fortune that Awaits Proof of Heritage.

SPRINGFIELD, February 5.—William Hale, a bachelor, and for years an indoor servant employed by the late William Davis of Boston, died in 1878, leaving an estate of over $4000 in the hands of the public administrator of Suffolk county. The estate was about to escheat to the State according to law, when last summer George A. Smythe, a Boston specialist in hunting up lost heirs, took up this case of his own accord. He found a family of cousins in Burlington, Vt., and was about to give them the benefit of his discovery, when he stumbled on the fact that Hale's sister, Margaret, who married one Mead, had left a little girl who, when 3 years old, was adopted by a family in this county. After considerable search the foster-mother of the little heiress was discovered living in Easthampton, Mrs. Adelia W. Burnham. The child, however, had grown to womanhood, was married and is living in Holyoke, the wife of a spool-maker named Belding. The Beldings, husband and wife, gave Smythe a power of attorney, and contracted with him to do the necessary business for them at the Suffolk Probate Court, on condition that after deducting from the proceeds of the estate all cash expenses, the residue was to be divided equally between the heir and her self-constituted benefactor. The Beldings now claim they did not fully understand the terms of their contract with Smythe, that he hurried them into the bargain, and that Mrs. Belding was not at the time in a condition to make a contract. After hearing the evidence in Supreme Court chambers yesterday, Judge Allan said that it did not appear that there was any unfairness in making the contract, and therefore sustained it, but he was not satisfied of its legality. He wished the defence to prove that the contract, since it stipulated a remuneration for the attorney's services, is in accordance with public policy. The attorneys on both sides will submit written arguments in a few days, so the case still hangs fire. Meanwhile the Burlington cousins are endeavoring to destroy Mrs. Belding's right to the property by trying to prove her birth illegitimate. Mr. Smythe, however, has evidence which he will not make public, establishing her right to the property, and says he will get it for her if she will stop fighting him. He has another case right here in the county which he is now at work on. Philip Brainard died in Holyoke in 1877, leaving an unclaimed estate which inventoried $6440. It remained in the hands of Public Administrator Folsom of this city till July 3, 1883, when he turned over to the treasurer of the Commonwealth $5214, which sum can be had by any proved heir of Brainard's.

WINTER IN THE ROCKIES.

Twenty Feet of Snow Sliding Down Mountain Sides—How a Man's Own Snow-Shoes Were Made to Do Service as His Hearse.

WALLINGFORD, Conn., February 5.—Charles H. Miller of this city is just in receipt of a letter from his uncle, F. E. Miller, engaged in mining at Silverton, Col., which tells an almost incredible story of winter in the Rocky mountains. "We are overwhelmed by the heaviest body of snow that has ever been known here," the letter says. "It is terrible. For nearly a week the railroad was blocked, and they say if another as heavy a snowfall were to come they would not attempt to get through till spring. But this is not likely. The road from here to our mill is packed full all the way from three to twenty feet deep.

"Snowslides are very numerous, and at these points the snow is fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet deep. Delmino, a summer settlement, about two miles this side of our mill, consisting of two or three stores and a few houses, is blotted out by a huge snowslide. At Gladstone a two-story building has a body of snow lying against it clear up to the roof. Between Gladstone and the Sampson mill, three-quarters of a mile, are three or four snowslides. The wind blows a constant gale, forming huge banks of snow that descend in slides with irresistible force. There is some fear also that the boarding-house at the mine may go, so that it is unoccupied, the miners sleeping and keeping house in one of the cross-cuts of the tunnel. They can, by excavating a little more, make room for building a shanty in the cross-cut to live in. On Mount Sueffles, the boarding-house of the Virginius mine was taken down in a slide, and six men killed instantly and five others dangerously injured.

One man was occupying a cabin alone, about three-quarters of a mile from our mill, up Cement creek, and in the night a slide came down, broke in the roof of his cabin, which fell upon him as he lay. His body was dug out a day or two after and taken to Silverton for burial, being drawn on the snow on his snow-shoes.

"In October there was a heavy fall of snow, most of which remained, and over which a firm, smooth crust had formed. Then the present very heavy body of snow came on top of that, and at the steep places a strong wind, or a footstep, or even a shout, in some cases, will start it, and once started nothing can stand before it.

CALLED OF GOD.

Plymouth Pulpit Resounds With Phillips' Praise.

An Orator Who Was Not an Orchestra, But a Trumpet of Clarion Note.

His Triumph Over the "Aristocratic Boobies of Boston."

NEW YORK, February 10.—A fine day, after a week of rain, brought out even more than Mr. Beecher's usual audience this morning. His remarks were based upon the passage in the forty-first psalm: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve and keep him alive, and he shall be blest upon the earth, and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies."

It was on last Wednesday, said Mr. Beecher, that, standing upon the steps of the Parker House in Boston, my attention was arrested by a procession as it came up. I saw a soldierly body of colored men with muskets reversed. That silent band intermediate; behind it the officer corps with swords reversed; and then the carriages followed the hearse that bore dust to dust, all that remained on earth of Wendell Phillips. The streets could not hold the crowd, and he whom the mob had sought once and again to tear to pieces now drew tears on every side from the mob, and the obsequious city sought to make up for

Its Vulgar Scorn of Other Days

by its worshipful attention now. It is respecting this man and his times that I shall very briefly and imperfectly speak this morning. Fifty years ago, during my college life, I was chosen by the Athenian Society to debate the question of African colonization, which then was new and aroused enthusiasm. Garrison was then first kindling into that firebrand that never was extinguished until slavery was consumed. Wendell Phillips, a young lawyer, had just begun his career. Fortunately I was assigned to the negative side of the question. And in preparing to speak I prepared my whole life. I contended against colonization as a condition of emancipation. Enforced colonization was but little better than enforced slavery. I advocated immediate emancipation on the broad ground of human rights. I knew but very little then, but I knew that all men are designed of God to be free, and that ought to be the text of every man's life,—the sacredness of humanity as given of God and redeemed from animalism by Jesus Christ, crowned and clothed with rights that no law or oppression should dare touch. Nearly two generations have passed since then, and the young men who are emerging now from youth to manhood are little acquainted with the men or the movements of those days. But a few gray heads are left and can recall all these scenes. It has been said that men are more ignorant of that part of history which immediately precedes their own lives than of any other. Let us, therefore, throw some little light upon the history of the days which immediately preceded our own.

At the beginning in the history of this people, slavery was the accident. It was introduced at a time before the world's eyes had been opened. It came in, indeed, under cover of benevolence. It had not attained very great estate for many years; and yet, in the days of its infancy, it so conflicted with the fundamental ideas on which our institutions and laws were based that

The Northern States Got Rid of It.

Because climate and husbandry were not favorable to it in the Northern States, they were helped to get rid of it; but the spirit of liberty had taken on the moral element in New England and New York and Pennsylvania, and so it was very soon extinguished. In the South it became a very important industrial element. Rice, sugar, cotton were the trinity that dominated the industry of the South. And slavery was favorable to this simple industry. It became, therefore, a pecuniary interest to the South, as it never was in the North. After a time the industry became so important that although throughout the South in the earlier days men recognized slavery as a sin and its existence as a great misfortune, and always hoped the day would speedily come for emancipation, yet all those hopes and expectations were met and resisted and overthrown by the fact that slavery became a political interest. It became the centre which united every Southern State with every other, and gave unity to the party of the South. So that political reasons, rooted in pecuniary reasons, gave great strength to slavery and its propagandism in the South. The North emancipated, the South fortified. It has been said a thousand times, and every time falsely, it was said by one of the most eloquent sons of the South but a few months ago in Cooper Union, where I presided—it was not the time nor the fitting place to expose the misstatement—that the North sold out, and having realized on their slaves invested in liberty as a better-paying stock. It is absolutely a lie. It has no historical verity. In Massachusetts, where to some slight extent slavery existed, as it did not in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, it died by a very simple legal decision, where a case was brought into the courts and the courts determined that it was

Inconsistent With the Declaration of Independence

and the Constitution, sequent, to hold slaves, and the man stood free. After that there was no enactment, but slavery perished of itself by that single decision. In New York a bill was passed early for the emancipation of the slaves, and it was guarded in every way. On attaining a certain age the slave was to become free. Up to that age he was the property of his master, upon whom the responsibility of his support still rested with full weight. After a trial of some ten years it was considered to be a great deal better to be rid of the thing at once, and subsequent legislation determined immediate emancipation. And now against those who falsely accuse the integrity and love of liberty of our great State, let me say that if you will go back to the laws and to the practice under them you will find that with the declaration of emancipation both the primitive form of it and the subsequent form of it, the rights of the slave or of the coming free man were guaranteed and their safety. No man was permitted to take a slave out of the State of New York without giving bonds for his return; and if he came back without his slave, unless he could prove that he had died away, he was himself made a criminal and subjected to criminal punishment, and there is reason to believe that in regard to the great majority of the comparatively few slaves that were in the State of New York, their emancipation was bona fide and they never were sold South. Now and then a man can steal a horse, but it should not lie against the State from which it is taken the charge of abetting theft. There may have been single men or women spirited away. There may have been thievery. I know of none, I have heard of none. But whatever statute could do to maintain the slave in his integrity and secure his liberty was done, and substantially and generally it was effectual. And all this

Cheap Wash of Rotten Declamation

that we hear going through the land that the North sold out its slaves and then went into the business of emancipation is false. (Applause.) The condition of the public mind throughout the North at the time I came to a consciousness of public affairs may be described as the condition of imprisoned moral sense. All men almost agreed with all men that slavery was wrong. "But what can we do?" they asked. "The compromises of our fathers include us and binds us," and fidelity to the agreements that had been made in the formation of our Constitution were regarded everywhere as moral obligations by men who hated slavery. The compromises of the Constitution must be respected, said the priest in the pulpit, the politician in the field, the statesman in public halls. Men abroad, in England especially, could not understand what was the reason of the hesitancy of President Lincoln and of the people when they had risen to arms for the emancipation. But there never has been an instance, I think, when the feelings and moral sense of so large a number of people have been held in check for reasons of fidelity to obligations assumed in their behalf, and I am bound to say, with all its faults and weaknesses, more noble. The commercial question became in the North very soon what the industrial had become in the South, as to slavery. This corrupted the manufacturer and merchant. Every Northern man that could make anything regarded the South as his market. For the South did not manufacture. It had the cheap vulgar husbandry of slavery. Northerners went, took their products, made them up, and sent them back and sold them to the men from whom they had bought the raw material. Every loom, every mill in the North clanked, "maintain—not slavery—but the compromises of the Constitution." That was the veil. The distinction between Abolitionists and anti-slavery men was that the abolitionist disclaimed the obligation to maintain this government and the compromises, and the anti-slavery man recognized the binding obligation and sought emancipation by more circuitous and gradual influences. But abolitionism covered both terms, and it was regarded North as

A Greater Sin Than Slavery Itself.

You young men cannot conceive the feeling in the days of my youth. A man known to be an abolitionist had better be known as having the plague. If he was born to good society, he was the black sheep of the family. If he aspired by industry or genius to good society, he was debarred. The mark of Cain was on him. It was punishable to preach on the subject of liberty. It would expel a man from church if he insisted on praying for the liberation of slaves. I am speaking the truth, and soberly. The church was dumb in the North, not in the West. The great publishing societies supported by the churches were dull. They would not send the Bible to the slaves, because it was against Southern State law to let the slave read the Bible. If a man was known to be an anti-slavery man it almost precluded bankruptcy. The South boycotted him. It was at this time that I drew up the sentence for a member of this church: "I have goods for sale, not principles." Abolitionism was a blight to political hope. It was worse in the Northeast. When I came to Brooklyn I was exhorted not to meddle with the unpopular subject, and weaken my influence. I replied: "I know no Gospel of that kind. My gospel has got the breaking of prison doors, of shackles, in it, of bringing forth the prisoners. I will preach that, or not at all." And the first sermon I preached was a declaration of such principles. And for years, just before the renting of pews, I came out like thunder on slavery. (Laughter.) And the church rose. If a colored man had then come in, he would have been an object of observation and some grumbling, but not of revolt. There never has been a day that he could not take a seat here; but at that time there was no place for him in the theatre or on the cars, except negro pens. One day I invited Fred Douglass to come to this church. He said, "I would be glad to, sir, but it would be offensive to your congregation."

"Mr. Douglass, you come, and if there's any man objects come up and sit on my platform." I mention these things to show the state of feeling.

It was at the beginning of this era that a young aristocrat of Boston appeared. His blood came through the best colonial families. He was an aristocrat by descent and nature; a noble one, but a thorough aristocrat. All his life and power assumed that guise. He was full of kindness to inferiors, willing to do and suffer for them, but he was never of them, nor equalled himself to them. He was always above them, and his gifts of life were always those of a prince. All his life he resented every attack on his person and honor as a noble aristocrat would, and when they poured the filth of their imaginations upon him, he cared no more for it than the eagle cares what the fly is thinking about him way down under the cloud. And all the miserable traffickers, and all the scribblers, and all the aristocratic boobies of Boston were no more to him than mosquitoes are to the behemoth or to the lion. He was aristocratic in his pride, and lived higher than most men.

He Was Called of God

as much as ever Moses and the prophets were. Not exactly for the same great end, but in consonance with such great ends.

You remember when Lovejoy was infamously slaughtered by a mob in Alton, the blood that has been the seed of liberty. At that time it was that Channing lifted up his voice and declared that the moral sentiment of Boston ought to be uttered in rebuke of that infamy and cruelty, and asked for Faneuil Hall to call a public meeting. He was indignantly refused by the Common Council but, being a man of wide influence, he gathered around him enough venerable and influential men of Boston to make a denial perilous, and Faneuil Hall was granted for a meeting to express public sentiment on the murder of Lovejoy. The meeting was made up largely of rowdies. They meant to overawe and put down all expression, but such as then rioted with the riotous. United States District Attorney Austin—and when Wendell Phillips' name is written with letters of light on one side of his monument, down low, and spattered with dirt, let the name of Austin also be written—made a truculent speech and justified the mob, and ran the whole career of the sewer of those days, upholding non-interference with slavery.

Wendell Phillips, just come to town as a young lawyer, without at present any practice, utterly unknown except to his own family, fired with the infamy, and feeling the call of God in his soul, went upon the platform, and his first utterances brought down the hisses of the mob. But he was not a man easily subdued by any mob, and they listened as he kindled and poured on that man Austin the fire and lava of a volcano, and finally turned the course and the feeling of the whole meeting. Utterly unknown when the sun went down, when it rose the next morning all Boston was saying, "Who is this Phillips?" "Who is this Phillips?" The question has never been asked since. (Applause.) Thenceforth he was a flaming advocate of liberty with singular advantages over all his fellow-workers. Mr. Garrison, not unapt as a speaker, yet his tongue was his pen. Mr. Phillips, not much given to the pen,

His Pen was His Tongue.

And another like speaker has never graced our history. I do not undertake to say that he surpassed all others. He had an intense individuality that ranked him among the most noblest orators of this continent or the motherland. He adopted the tenets of Garrison, excessively disagreeable to the whole public mind. The ground was that the compromises of the Constitution were covenants with hell, and no man was bound by them. They advocated universal emancipation at any cost. That is Garrisonism, that is Wendell Phillipsism, and it would seem as though the Lord rather leaned that way, too. (Applause.) I shall only say that while unconditional emancipation was right, yet it could only occur through the mediation of many events, and it is a remarkable thing that Phillips and Garrison renounced the union in the hope of destroying slavery, whereas the providence of God brought around love of union when assailed by the South, and made that love the enthusiasm which carried the war of emancipation through. It was the very antithesis of their ground. Phillips never quailed or retraced a step. He was called rather than one that chose. One of the sweetest of my memories is his standing on this platform. The mob refused to allow him to speak in the old Broadway Tabernacle. I had agreed to pray at the opening of the meeting. In the morning of that day I was visited by a committee of excellent gentlemen, whose feelings will not be hurt now, because they are all ashamed of it—they are in heaven (smiles)—they visited me to say that owing to the peril attending the meeting they had withdrawn permission to use the hall. It was bitter to me to see liberty of speech checked. Henry C. Bowen, who certainly has done some good things in his lifetime, said I could have Plymouth Church if I would take the trouble to get the personal consent of each trustee. I did so gladly. Some demurred, but I made it personal. "You and I break if you don't give me this help." They signed. (Laughter.) The meeting assembled. Mr. Phillips began. You may depend on it by this time the lion was in him, and he went careering on. His views were extreme; he made them extravagant. I remember at one point he made an affirmation that was very bitter, and a cry rose from the whole congregation. He stood still, with a cold, bitter smile in his eye, and waited till it subsided. Then he repeated it with emphasis.

Again the Roar Went Through.

He waited and repeated it again, if possible more intensely. And he beat them down with that one sentence until they were still and let him go on. (Applause.) The power to discern right amid all the wrappings of interest and ambition was singularly his. He chose the lowly. For their sake he abandoned favor and greatness. It was his genius and his glory. He set himself against the spirit of his age almost as if he was a decree of God, overriding insuperable obstacles. He was not an orchestra of a hundred instruments, not a mighty complex organ. The nation slept. God wanted a trumpet, sharp, wide-sounding, narrow, intense. That was Phillips. The call to arms is not particularly musical, but it is better than flutes or harps when men are in battle. He was not a mighty river. His eloquence was the flight of arrows. Where his sentences struck they slew. Always eloquent, always awful. I think his scorn was as fine as I ever knew. His sublime pride made him almost insensible to what other men would consider obloquy. He knew himself superior; he knew they did not know him. Conscience and pride were the concurrent elements of his nature. He lived to see the slave emancipated, but to see the sword cut the fetter. After this he was yet too young to retire, though too old to gather literary or professional honors. His soul still flowed on for the great under masses, though like the Nile it split up into series of mouths and not all of them were navigable. After a stormy life his sun went down in glory, and all English-speaking people write among the names that shall never die the name of the scoffed at, mob beaten wretch, Wendell Phillips. Boston, that persecuted and would have slain him, is building his tomb and rearing his statue. The men that would not utter his name are thanking God that he lived. Let the young heed the lesson that splendid gifts and ambitions may be best used for the lowly. His life rebukes the idea that we are to climb to greatness by toll with current paths of opinion. The way to glory is often by mere adherence to principles. He gave himself to God's work, and inherited some of the majesty of his master. He is a lesson, his death an example, to heroic manhood.

After the benediction, at Mr. Beecher's request, the organist played the Dead March in Saul, the audience remaining standing to the end.

He Preferred to Go Home.

[Boston Letter in New York Graphic.]

Stories of the recently deceased Greek master at Harvard College are the "latest things out." One of these is particularly delicious to many tastes since it hits rather hard upon a lady who is really very learned as well as very witty, while in outward semblance she is a giddy woman of the world. It was after a small dinner party that it was discovered that all in the room save Professor Sophocles and this lady, Mrs. D., were about to play whist. Neither the gentleman nor the lady understood the game, so the hostess, approaching the professor, said: "We are all going to play whist, if you don't mind, you know, and I am going to introduce you to Mrs. D., and you can talk to her while we play." As she spoke they advanced to Mrs. D.

"Hem!" said the Greek, as he closely scanned the lady for a moment, "I would rather go home!" And he walked away, nor could he be prevailed upon to stay and find out his mistake.

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All lovers of choice flowers should send to the Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Penn., for some of their lovely roses. These roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail postpaid to all post offices in the United States. This company is perfectly reliable, and noted for liberal dealing. They *give away* in premiums and extras more roses than most establishments grow. Send for their *New Guide*, a complete treatise on the rose (70 pages, elegantly illustrated), *free*. *See advertisement in this paper.*

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER..........................EDITOR

BOSTON, February 5, 1884.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Now Ready,

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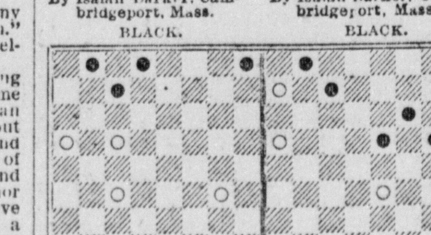
Position No. 1004. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. — **Position No. 1005.** By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and draw. White to move and draw.

Position No. 1006.* By J. V. Miller, Belfast, Me. — **Position No. 1007.** By J. Ashley. [From New York Clipper.]

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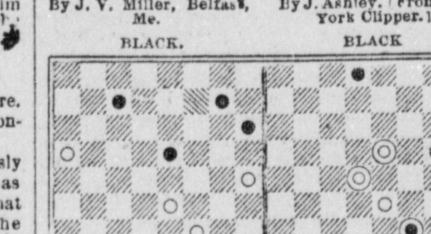

WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win. White to move and win.

*I will give Barker's American Checker Player to any amateur player who will give a correct solution to the above position in all its variations. J. V. M.

Solution of Position No. 1196.

By A. J. Heffner, Boston.

17..14-1	17..21	{2 3 4} 12..8	21..25	11..15
1..5	6..2	18..22	8..12	4..8
28..24	7..11	8..3	25..30	24..19
6..10	2..7	22..26	12..19	31..24
13..9	11..16	3..8	5..9	19..16
10..17	7..11	26..31	19..23	Drawn.
9..6	15..18	32..28	9..13	
		(Var. 1.)		
27..24	24..20	12..8	7..14	7..3
20..27	5..9	21..25	18..27	26..23
32..23	20..16	8..3	14..18	B. wins.
7..10	9..14	25..30	6..10	
28..24	16..11	3..7	11..7	
1..5	14..21	15..18	30..26	
		(Var. 2.)		
17..22	7..11	22..26	27..23	4..8
6..2	15..18	11..15	20..27	7..10
7..11	12..8	18..22	11..20	Drawn.
2..7	5..9	15..11	9..14	
11..16	8..3	26..31	3..7	
		(Var. 3.)		
7..10	6..10	26..31	23..19	17..22
6..2	18..22	23..18	9..13	18..25
10..14	10..19	5..9	32..23	21..30
2..6	22..26	27..23	31..27	Drawn.
14..18-5	19..23	20..27	19..16	
		(Var. 4.)		
5..9	7..10	22..26	9..6	17..21
6..2	15..18	13..9	18..22	23..19
7..10	10..6	26..31	6..10	Drawn.
2..7	17..22-6	27..23	14..17	
10..14	6..13	20..27	10..14	
		(Var. 5.)		
15..18	17..22	22..26	18..22	
24..19	6..10	10..17	Drawn.	
		(Var. 6.)		
9..13	17..22	13..17	17..21	14..17
24..19	6..10	10..15	15..10	27..24
				Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1000.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

24..19	12..16	1..5	18..14	6..10
8..11 {1 2}	1..6	30..26	5..1	14..7
19..15	16..19	5..1	14..9	3..10
11..8	6..1	15..10	1..5	Drawn.
15..10	19..23	1..5	10..14	
8..11	1..5	26..23	5..1	
10..6	28..26	5..1	9..5	
18..15	5..1	23..18	1..6	
6..1	26..30	1..5	5..1	
		(Var. 1.)		
8..4	8..4	4..8	9..6	8..3
3..7	3..7	7..2	7..2	7..10
4..8	18..14	14..9	6..1	3..8
7..3	19..15	2..7	2..7	10..7
				Drawn.
		(Var. 2.)		
18..14	14..9	9..6	6..1	2..7
19..15	3..7	7..2		Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1001.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

7..2	9..14	30..25	10..14	14..30
5..9	6..10	22..26	29..22	Drawn.
2..6	14..18			

Solution of Position No. 1002.

End game by A. H. Nagle.

[From Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

10..15	23..16	7..11	15..18	18..23
18..23	28..19	23..26	26..31	W. wins.
11..7	16..23			

Solution of Position No. 1003.

By M. H. C. Wardell.

[From Lyman's Book.]

30..26	26..23	8..3	23..18	3..7
17..21-1	21..25	7..10	25..30	W. wins.
		(Var. 1.)		
7..10	10..14	17..21	14..17	10..14
8..11	11..15	15..10		W. wins.

Game No. 1726—Will o' Wisp.

By A. J. Heffner, Boston, Mass.

11..15	29..25	7..11-1	18..9	12..19
23..19	10..14	19..15	11..27	11..7
9..13	27..23	3..8	32..23	2..11
22..18	8..11	22..17-A	6..15-B	Drawn.
15..22	25..22	13..22	20..11	
25..18	11..16	26..10	15..19	
5..9	24..20	9..18	23..16	

Note A—Not the best play by any means.

Note B—Mr. Powell plays 6..13 for blacks' best and makes white win. I fail to see any advantage for white if 6..15 is taken.

(Var. 1.)

3..8	20..11	8..27 {2 C} 28..19

Note C—Mr. Powell plays 7..16 here, a hopeless play. I would be pleased to have Mr. Powell continue this variation and show a win. It looks to me like a possible draw for blacks; it at least makes better play.

(Var. 2.)

7..16	4..11	10..19	2..11
18..15	22..18	31..27	26..22
8..11	6..10	16..20	14..23
15..8	19..15	23..7	27..18-D

Note D—Mr. Powell stops here, and says white wins. Will he please show how?

The following are the first three games played in the match between Messrs. Martin and M'Kerrow of Douglass, 1859, for £100 a side and the championship of Great Britain:

Game No. 1727—Single Corner.

M'Kerrow's move.

11..15	3..8	2..9	23..19	31..27
22..18	27..23	23..18	22..17	14..17
15..22	8..12	14..23	9..13	19..23
25..18	23..16	28..24	2..9	18..22
8..11	12..19	19..28	13..22	23..19
29..25	23..27	26..12	9..14	22..18
4..8	6..10	28..32	19..23	19..16
24..20	27..23	12..8	14..17	18..15
10..15	11..16	32..27	22..26	27..24
25..22	20..11	8..3	17..22	[illegible]..10
15..19	7..16	27..23	26..31	16..11
23..16	18..15	3..7	21..17	14..9
12..19	9..14	1..6	23..19	5..14
31..27	15..6	7..2	22..18	10..17
				Drawn.

Game No. 1728—Dyke.

Martin's move.

11..15	4..8	12..19	6..9	31..27
22..17	23..16	14..17	26..22	15..19
15..19	8..12	7..11	18..25	9..14
24..15	32..27	31..27	29..22	18..9
10..19	12..19	11..15	19..23	1..5
23..16	27..23	18..11	27..18	9..6
12..19	3..8	9..18	14..23	2..9
25..22	23..16	11..8	8..11	21..17
8..11	8..12	5..9	23..16	9..13
30..25	22..18	8..4	11..15	17..14
11..15	15..22	9..14	26..31	Drawn.
27..23	25..18	4..8	22..18	

Game No. 1729—Single Corner.

M'Kerrow's move.

11..15	12..19	6..10	2..11	22..26
22..18	27..23	17..14	28..24	11..7
15..22	8..12	10..17	10..14	26..31
25..18	23..16	22..16	24..19	7..2
8..11	12..19	1..10	14..17	31..27
29..25	31..27	18..14	32..27	2..6
4..8	3..8	10..7	5..9	9..13
24..20	27..23	26..22	27..24	6..10
10..15	8..12	17..26	17..22	15..18
25..22	23..16	30..16	19..16	24..19
15..19	12..19	7..10	11..15	Drawn.
23..16	21..17	16..7	16..11	

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with **scurvy.** Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masven, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "**veldt-sores.**" I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN, *Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.*

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CHIMNEY SWEEPS.

Their Business Dying Out—Fires Caused by Soot—Modern Appliances.

"My business isn't what it was," said Boston's oldest chimney-sweep to a GLOBE reporter, "but I still manage to make a living out of it. I have been in the business nearly fifty years, and my father was in it before me, so I probably know as much about it as anybody. Father used to go down chimbleys himself when he was a boy, seventy or eighty years ago, but the custom of employing sweeps had nearly died out when I commenced business. When he used to go down most of the chimbleys were 14 inches square, some of them 14x16; and then they got to making them 12 inches square, requiring a very small boy to sweep them. They have been gradually reducing their size ever since, and now they won't average more than a brick square (eight inches) and," he added with some bitterness, "architects do not know enough to know they are too small."

"What kind of soot is most liable to catch fire?"

"Well, there is no soot more dangerous than that made by cannel coal, what used to be called Liverpool coal years ago. It makes a sort of oily soot, that catches much easier even than wood soot. The soot in least danger of catching fire is that made by hard coal; but that catches easy enough to cause a great many fires, and the custom of removing it ought to be more general than it is. Nothing stops up a chimbley quicker than wood burned in an air-tight stove, with a sluggish draft. It makes a sort of creosote, hard and glazed, like black paint. Birch is the worst kind of wood to burn, for it contains the most sap, and the sap in wood is what makes the soot. I clean my chimbleys now with a long-handled bristle brush—the handle in sections—and I do it well, sir, without soiling a carpet or anything else."

Said another chimney sweep, sorrowfully: "My trade is about done with. I have been in it for nigh onter forty-five year, and have see it slowly die away year arter year, till now it's most nothin'. It's the small flues what done it. In course it's kinder rough on men in my trade, but there ain't no doubt thet small chimbleys is better fur sev'ral reasons then big uns. They's not nigh as liable to ketch afire and big uns is terribly bad 'count er burglars. It's jest as easy fur a man what knows how to do it to go down a big chimbley as it is a pair er stairs. The chimbleys is so small nowadays thet a boy couldn't get his head inter one, to say nothin' 'bout his body; but they'd oughter be cleaned jest the same. More 'n quarter the fires is caused by flames from chimbleys, and them flames is caused by soot ketchin' fire. When people burned nothin' but wood they uster hev ther chimneys scraped an' swept very of'en, pr'aps as of'en as once a month; but now they let soot gather in 'em fur years. Sence high-toned people tuk to usin' wood agin, an' some on 'em cannel coal, trade's been a leetle better; but there ain't but one or two in the city thet makes a livin' out er it, the rest on 'em has ter do somethin' else besides. I clean chimbleys now with a steel wire brush consid'bly larger 'n the flue. It has a long, pliable steel handle to it, made in sections, an' will go anywhere, no matter how crooked the flue is. It stirs up the light soot, an' lets it fly out, an' the heaviest of it drops down inter the fireplace, from where it's took away without damage. It's better to sweep chimbleys when it's cold and windy, for the draft works better then. Some burn out ther own chimbleys with a bundle of straw. That's well enough, if the wind's all right; but if the wind blows down the chimbley it is liable to run the flame an' soot down inter the room, an' cause a heap er damage."

The reporter next visited "Jim" Johnson, on Richmond street.

"Yes, sah," he said; "I was de last man to sweep a chimbley in Boston, shoah's yer born. De fust one I swep' was in Philadelphy, 'bout fifty year ago, an' de last one was de Tremont House chimbley, in dis city, jist thirty-nine year ago."

"Was there much danger in entering a chimney?"

"De danger was mostly frum de smoke-jacks, what folks used ter do der cookin' on. Dey was built inter de fireplaces, stoppin' 'em up. Den we had to go up one chimbley, cross over an' go down inter the chimbley with de jack in it, or start from de roof, go down to de jack, clean de chimbley an' go out de way we come in. I used ter use a short-handle brush in one hand, an' a scraper (like a small hoe) in de ouder. When I was small I could walk up a chimbley with my knees an' elbows, using de brush an' de scraper at de same time as easy as a fly kin walk on de ceilin'. I'd start from a fireplace an' take two sides agoin' up an' two comin' down, gettin' out, 'casionally, as much as two barrels er soot. I come nigh gettin' my head broke one time. I had a chimbley to clean, wid a cap to it, shaped like a tent, an' had jest pulled myself under de cap when it give way and fell on me, jammin' me inter the chimbley. My boss come roun' arter awhile an' got me out all right, but it were a close case fur dis chicken, you hear me."

Odd Things About Sleeping Car Expenses.

[Elevated Railway Journal.]

One of the principal expenses of the sleeping-car is the laundry bill. At Boston the monthly wash-list includes 6000 pieces of linen, and the bill is of corresponding amount. Each car contains twenty-four berths, and its outfit includes 100 sheets, 100 pillow-slips, 30 hand-towels and 10 roller-towels. The entire equipment of the Pullman company includes 50,000 sheets, 46,000 pillow-slips, 16,000 hand-towels and 6000 roller-towels. The company also uses about 13,000 blankets. A sleeping-car is emptied and cleaned as soon as it reaches its destination, and the soiled linen immediately sent to the laundry. The Pullman company washes and repairs its blankets in the cities where the principal offices are situated.

The Wagner company, however, send theirs to be cleaned at the mills in Pittsfield, Mass., where they were made. The total equipment of the Wagner company is 4000 woollen blankets, 13,851 linen sheets, 12,202 pillow-slips, 5740 hand-towels and 2342 roller-towels. The aggregate expense of keeping the beds of this company clean amounts to from $2000 to $3000 a month, or $30,000 a year, while the Pullman company is $9000 to $10,000 a month, notwithstanding the reduction of cost to the lowest possible point. Sheets are washed for one and a half cents apiece, and pillow-slips and towels for one cent each.

An addition to other expenses is that of providing the sleeping-cars with combs, brushes, whisk-brooms, feather dusters, soap and other toilet articles; and this item is largely increased by the incessant thefts committed by passengers. It is not an uncommon thing for an apparent gentleman, after using a hand-towel, to slip it into his pocket, and if detected, say, "Why, I mistook it for my 'kerchief."

The Better Way.

[Wall Street News.]

A few days ago a business firm in Cincinnati got into trouble among themselves, and one of the partners posted off to a lawyer to ask advice. When he had related his case, he inquired:

"I presume the correct way is to ask that a receiver be appointed?"

"That's one view of it," replied the lawyer.

"Why, I didn't know there were two views to such a question."

"Oh, yes. If none of you dare set fire to the store and burn up everything and call it square, you'd better ask for a receiver and let him be two months stealing you all blind. I should advise the torch, as that will save paying the two months' rent."

The partnership still exists.

An Honest Verdict.

[San Francisco Post.]

A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness stand of how he gazed at her intently and then, suddenly throwing his arms around her, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court room. "The ju-ju-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. The judge consented, and she went on the stand. "D-d-did you wear the j-j-jersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-was your ha-ha-hair b-b-banged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, your honor, we acquit the p-p-prisoner on the ground of emo-mo-motional insanity."

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